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LOUIS VUITTON



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LOUIS VUITTON





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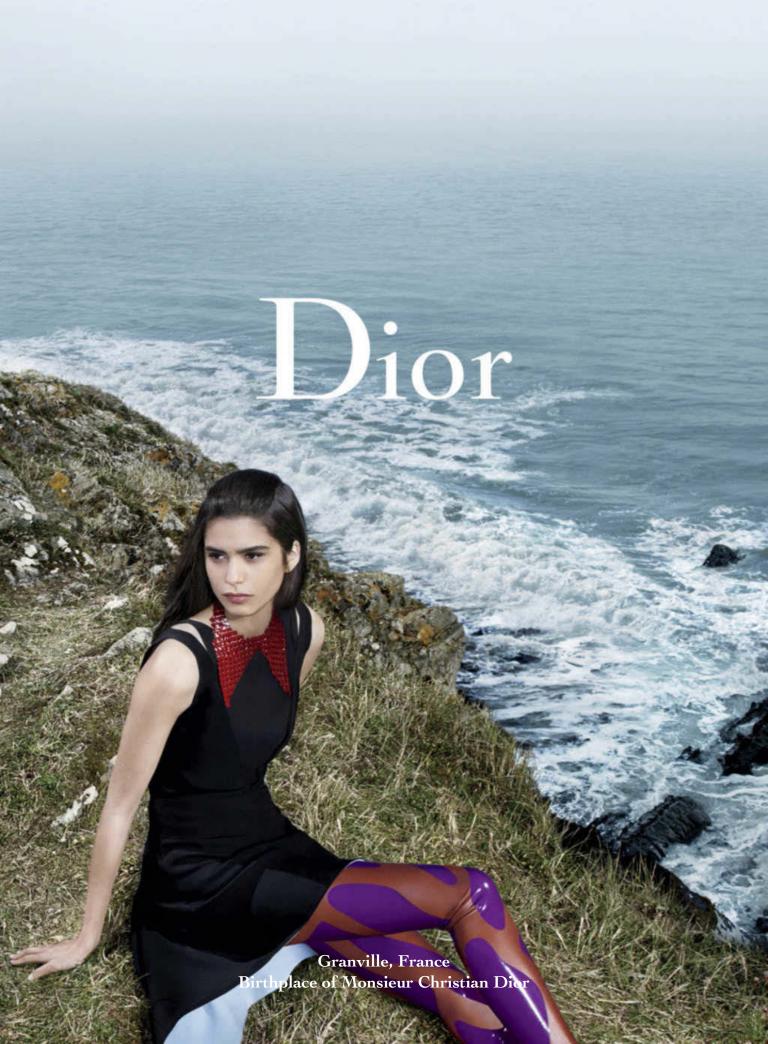
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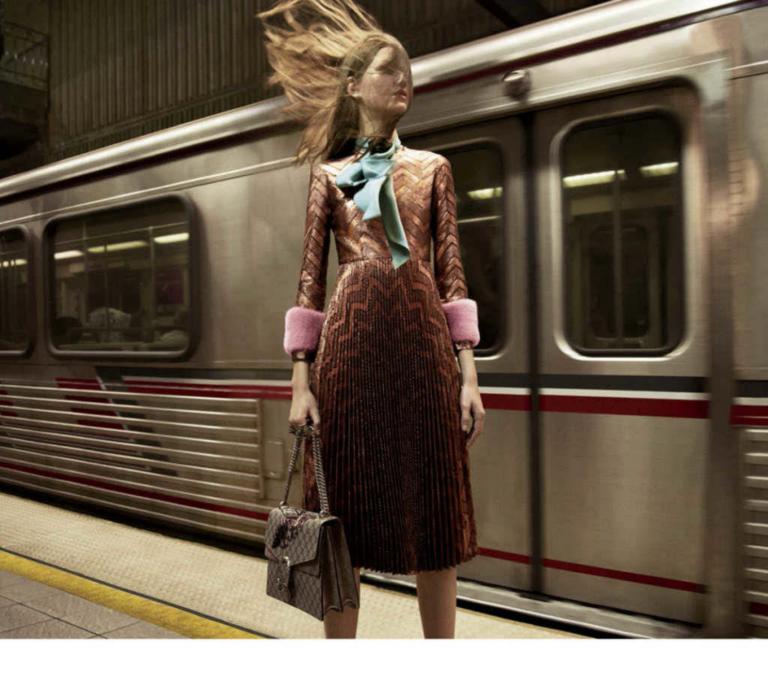
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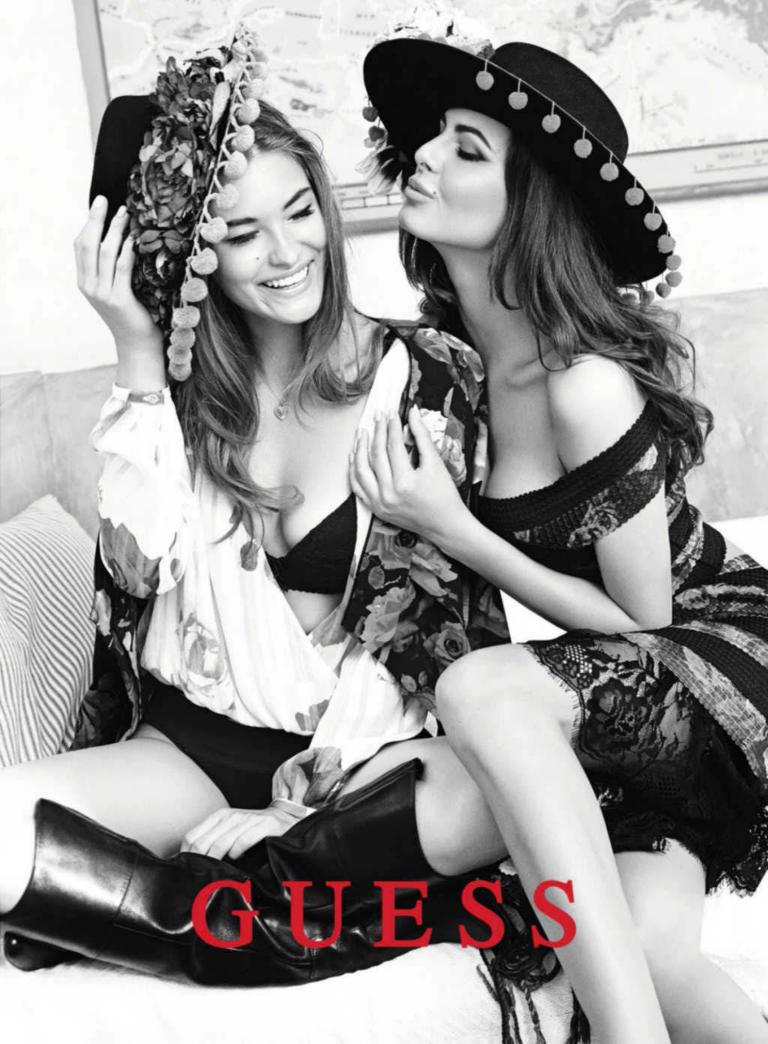


















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THIS MONTH IN CULTURE!

Lisbeth Salander continues to inflict her brand of punk-rock vengeance in *The Girl in the Spider's Web*. Former crime journalist David

The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo author Stieg Larsson left off. September 1

Lagercrantz picks up where the late

THE LITERIN BOYL MANDEL MOVEL IN THE SPIDER'S DAVID WEB

September 4 Dedicate it to the one you love: Brooklyn band Soda Shop's self-titled debut album blends tambourines, dreamy vocals, and '50s nostalgia into swing- and slow-dance-worthy tracks.



September 10 The emotional extremes of artist Barnaby Furnas, whose work subversively mixes beauty with carnage, go on display at Marianne Boesky Gallery in New York.

September 11 Actress Mélanie Laurent directs *Breathe*, a film about a friendship between two teen girls that involves intimacy, codependence, and obsession all at once.



September 13
At L.A.'s
MOCA, artistic
madman
Matthew Barney
premieres River of
Fundament, his latest
cinematic epic. Let
the comparisons (with
Björk's recent MoMA
show in NYC) begin!

September 15 Nina Arianda and Sam Rockwell take *Fool for Love*—Sam Shepard's play about two ex-lovers stuck in a seedy motel room with a *lot* to work out—to Broadway.



September 23
Cookie Lyon,
the badass
impresario on
FOX's supersmash
Empire played by
Taraji P. Henson,
has already starred
in a gazillion
GIFs. Another
gazillion are surely
on the way with
the launch of the
show's second
season.





September 25
Peerless iconoclast
Peaches releases
her new album Rub,
with predictably sick
tracks featuring Kim
Gordon and Feist.

The world finally gets to find out if comedian Trevor Noah is up to the task of hosting *The Daily Show. September 28*



September 27 Names will be besmirched and cigars will be smoked in ABC's new soap Blood & Oil, which relocates Dallas to North Dakota and stars Gossip Girl's Chace Crawford.



Before I Wake: James Bridges/courtesy of Relativity Me Wyche/© Barnaby Furnas/courtesy of the artist and Ma

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September 1

Going for the gold! In L.A., Salvatore Ferragamo celebrates its shiny new Beverly Hills flagship with a special-edition, gold-and-black "Hollywood Exclusive" bag. Meanwhile, Michael Kors serves up his Gold Collection of jewelry and fragrances-just the duo to complement a Kors-approved jet-set tan.



September 29 Legendary shutterbug David Bailey explores the relationship between woman and bag (Tod's Cape bag, to be precise) in a series of images titled The Cape Attraction. Want more

Bailey? Pick up Tears and Tears (out from Steidl this fall), a compilation of the artist's beautiful darkroom mishaps.



September 30

Kick off Paris Fashion Week at the newly revamped Les Bains, the legendary nightclub turned hotel/restaurant/ watering hole, where tout le monde will be partying like it's 1977.



Clockwise from top fleft: courlesy of Ferragamo; Catherine Ferraz/courlesy of MOVE; Guillaume Grassel/ courlesy of tus Bains; Board Balley/courlesy of Tods; courlesy of Steidt; ⊚ Condé Nast Archive/Corbis; courlesy of Michael Kors; Noan Fecsk/courlesy of The Mark Hotel

September 9

FIT's Couture Council honors Manolo Blahnik with its Artistry of Fashion award for nearly 45 years of shodding such icons as Tina Chow (here with the designer in 1978) and-yes!-SJP.



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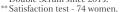
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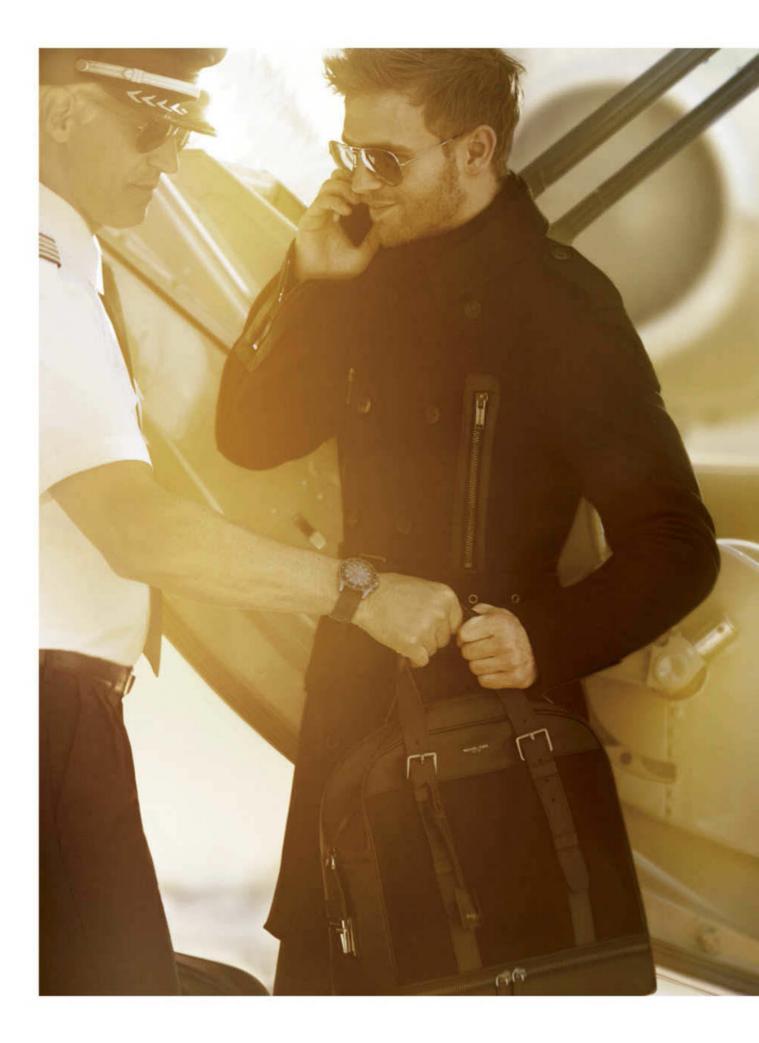


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TRENDS, AND ACCESSORIES

Fall classics in the making: high-gloss boots, sky-blue bags, and wear-everywhere capes-plus Fashion Director Samira Nasr's top picks of the season

474 "DEAR GOOGLE..."

ELLE teams up with Google to answer the most-searched beauty questions from around the globe. By Katherine Kluznik

480 FOR. LIKE. EVER.

Some beauty products are classics for a reason: These are the doctor/stylist/ editor favorites from the last 30 years

495 BACK TO THE FUTURE

Makeup legend Pat McGrath puts her own millennial spin on four signature ELLE beauty looks. By Megan O'Neill





Thirty of the world's most captivating designers—alongside their muses interpret what makes the ELLE look unforgettable. Photographed by Max Vadukul

594 EVERYTHING IS ILLUMINATED

Keira Knightley is a force to be reckoned with: The actress talks motherhood, marriage, and turning the big 3-0 with writer Holly Millea. Photographed by Paola Kudacki. Styled by Samira Nasr

FASHION

228 JET-SETTER: PARIS MATCH **ELLE France editors share insider** secrets to the best Parisian haunts. By Jennifer Arellano

378 FASHION NEWS

This month's chicest happenings and the hottest stuff from around the globe

380 NEXT GEN

Presenting the 15 young designers who will be on everyone's radar this fall-and beyond. By Alison S. Cohn

384 ON THE BUBBLE

Designer Kei Ninomiya, a Comme des Garçons alum, ventures out with his own inventive label. By Alison S. Cohn

390 WORKBOOK: EDITORS' EDITION ELLE editors from the beauty, features,

art, and photo departments explain how their respective beats inspire their professional looks. By Noah Silverstein

602 ROAD TO MARRAKECH

Opulent silks, furs, and chiffons come to resplendent life in one of Morocco's most enchanting cities. Photographed by David Bellemere. Styled by Samira Nasr

Maximalism, in the form of daring patterns and striking colors, returns to fashion's forefront. Photographed by Paola Kudacki. Styled by Simon Robins

628 BEYOND THE PALE

Pile on the pastels with the sweetest '60sinflected mohair sweaters, wool jackets, and shearling shifts. Photographed by Liz Collins. Styled by Simon Robins

638 THIS IS 30

ELLE unites 35 extraordinary womenactresses, athletes, politicians, artists, and more-to share what being 30 means to them. Plus: Eight essays-from the likes of Candace Bushnell and Roxane Gay-on lessons learned in their thirtieth year. Photographed by Mark Seliger. Styled by Brandon Maxwell

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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PRESENTS A MOVIE BY GREGG ARAKI HERENOW KENZO.GOM/HERENOW





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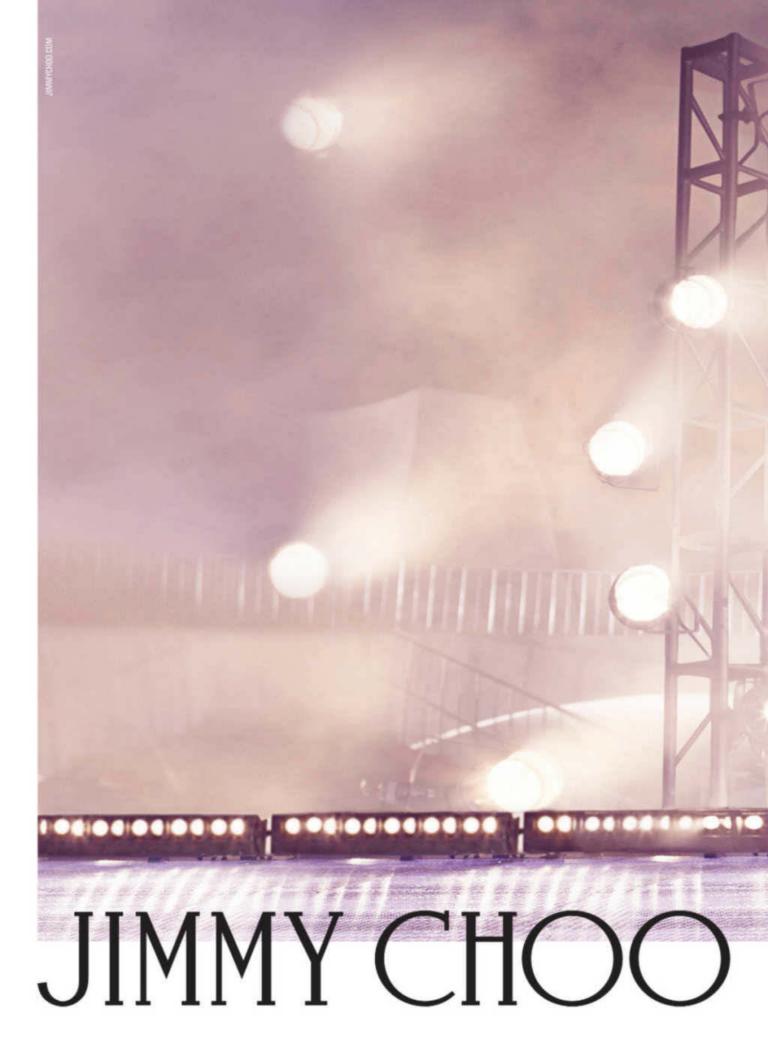








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240 THE ELLE AGENDA: LIFE, LOVE, AND WORK SURVEY

Is life ultimately better for women now than in 1985? We poll more than a thousand American women to find out what Gen ELLE loves, hates, and can't live without. By Ben Dickinson

248 30 YEARS OF ELLE: ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL

How's this for a throwback: An oral history of ELLE's 1985 genesis...ELLE's celebrity discoveries..."Cherchez la Femme" decoded...Our best lines...Men we love...Pop culture's most provocative moments...and more!

280 WALK THIS WAY

Fashion News Director Anne Slowey reflects on 30 adventurous, risktaking, and illuminating years in the fashion industry

290 WHO OWNS JOAN?

Writer Lizzy Goodman considers the ultimate intellectual/fashion crossover star, Joan Didion



433 ELLE INTELLIGENCE

Grammy-winning singer Jess Glynne debuts her first solo album...A new book explores the taboo of opposite-sex office friendships...Author and poet Mary Karr shares how to hook a reader in *The Art of Memoir...* and more!

445 THE ELLE 30

'Tis the season for all things pop culture! Our expanded annual guide to the must-know movies, books, music, news-makers, and more!

535 CHOW BELLA

Superstar chefs Christina Tosi, Anita Lo, April Bloomfield, and Nancy Silverton throw ELLE a very special birthday party. By Charlotte Druckman. Photographed by Martyn Thompson

540 SEPARATED AT BIRTH

Writer Paul Ford couldn't bear a future where his twin daughter and son wouldn't earn equal incomes—so he took matters into his own hands

544 BORN TO RUN

Hillary Clinton has been running for president practically from birth. Rebecca Traister tracks the highs and lows of her amazing race

550 ASK E. JEAN

Relationship hell? E. Jean Carroll to the rescue!

666 HE'S TALKIN' TO YOU

Mickey Rapkin chats with legendary actor Robert De Niro about the women in his life, advice to his eldest son, and who should be our next president BEAUTY, HEALTH & FITNESS

467 RUNWAY 360

Straight from the fall runways: Eyeenhancing makeup, the new dark lip, supermodel cures for damaged skin and hair, and more. By Julie Schott

504 LOVE NOTES

Four designers share the stories behind their latest fragrances. By April Long

516 ORIBE ALMIGHTY

King of volume Oribe dishes out advice for damaged hair, blow-outs, and the surprising hair mishap he finds sexy. By Megan O'Neill

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158



Keira Knightley (far leff) wears a leather jocket and caliskin belt from Ralph Lauren Collection, stretch-polyamide swim bottoms from Rochelle Sara, rose gold and diamond earrings from Pomellato, silver-plated brass cuffs from Jennifer Fisher, and a silver fulf from Saskia Diez. Krightley (left) wears a double-jersey dress, and pin, from Prada, and silver-tone, thinestone, and pearl earrings from Balenciaga. Knightley (left) wears a double-jersey dress, and pin, from Prada, and silver-tone, thinestone, and pearl earrings from Bottenciaga. Knightley (right) wears a viscose dress from Chanel and rose gold and pink spinel earrings from Pomellato. Knightley (far right) wears a silk-blend jacket from Loewe, and white gold, ceramic, and diamond earrings from De Grisogono. To get Knightley's makeup look (far left), try Illusion D'Ombre Long Wear Luminous Eyeshadows in Mirage and Miriffque, Le Volume de Chanel Mascara in Noir, Eclat Lumière Highlighter Face Pen Beige Tendre, and Rouge Coco Ultra Hydratring Lip Colour in Adrienne. All, Chanel. To get Knightley's makeup look (left), try Écrifure de Chanel Eyellner Pen Effortless Definition in Noir, Les 4 Ombres Guadra Eye Shadow in Prélude, Les Beiges Healthy Glow Sheer Colour SPF 15 in No. 50, and Rogue Coco Ultra Hydrating Lip Colour in Vera. All, Chanel. To get Knightley's makeup look (right), try Stylo Eyeshadow Fresh Effect Eyeshadow in Campanule, Joues Contraste Powder Blush in In Love, and Roque Allure Interse Lorgov Yeux Precision Eye Definer in Brun – Teak, Les & Ombres Multi-Effect Quadra Eyeshadow in Rissé Rivol, Joues Contraste Powder Blush in Rose Pétole, and Rouge Coco Ultra Hydrating Lip Colour in Misia. All, Chanel. To get Knightley's makeup look (right), try Stylo Eyeshadow Fresh Effect Eyeshadow in Tempanule, Joues Contraste Powder Blush in Rose Pétole, and Rouge Coco Ultra Hydrating Lip Colour in Misia. All, Chanel. Photographed Dyeala Kudacki: styled by Samina Nasr, hair by Kevin Ryan at At + Commerce: makeup by Romy Soleimani at Tim Howard Management

Clockwise from top left: Gorunway.com; Mark Seliger; Manolo Camp

126 CONTENTS









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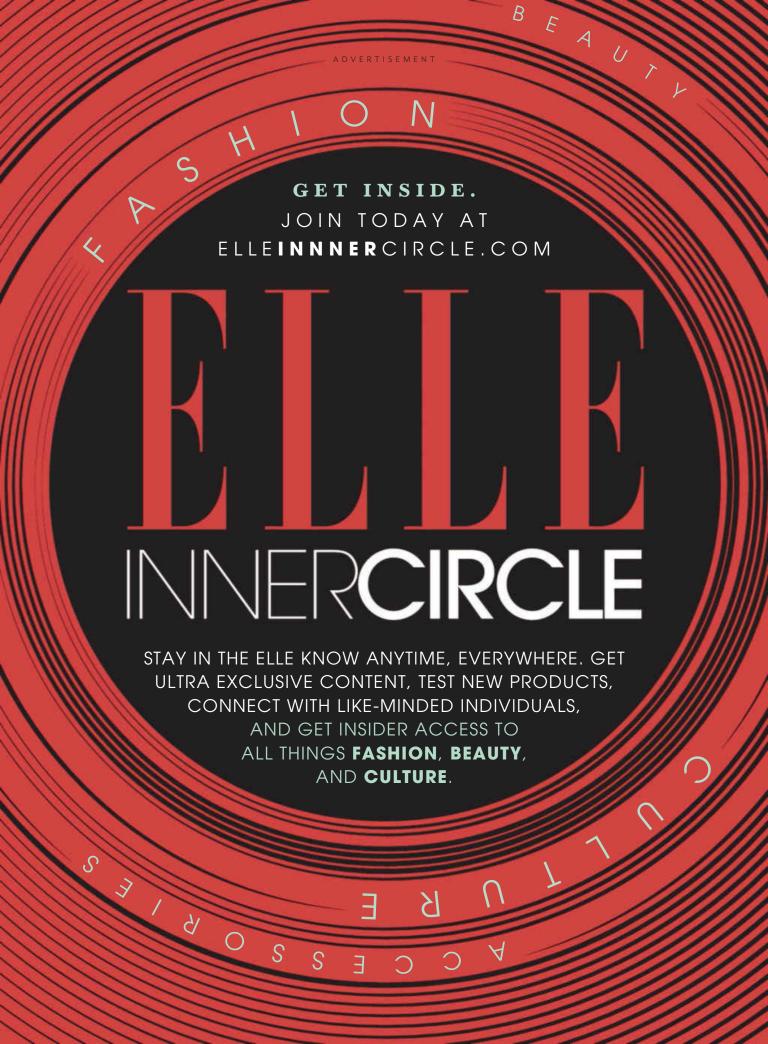












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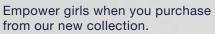
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A collection in collaboration with Ellen DeGeneres' new lifestyle brand of products that embody her iconic style, values and charm.



chasing the origins of the latest trend in diet-based beauty: ingestible collagen

528 THE BATTLE FOR YOUR LIBIDO

How about a prescription for a better lover? Following last June's FDA endorsement of a female sexual-desire drug, the debate is just getting started. Molly Langmuir reports

532 IT LIST

IN EVERY ISSUE

70 CALENDAR

82 FASHION CALENDAR

178 ELLE.COM PREVIEW

204 BEHIND THE COVER 209 BEHIND THE SHOOTS

216 REPLY ALL

218 CONTRIBUTORS

236 EDITOR'S LETTER

395 ELLE SHOPS

660 SHOPPING GUIDE

664 HOROSCOPE

HOT CONTENTS

378 FASHION NEWS

Slightly left-of-center women will appreciate FoundRae's downtown, vaguely boho vibe. Launched this season by former Rebecca Taylor cofounder and CEO Beth Bugdaycay, the apparel and fine jewelry-like this 18K gold ring inspired by foil cigar bands-are sure to intrigue.



395 SHOPS

ELLE'S TOP SHOP: Grethen House, 212 3rd Avenue North, Suite 109, Minneapolis, MN 55401; 612-339-5702 WHAT'S THERE: The 62-year-old Twin Cities boutique—which originally opened in Iowa-offers a mix of ready-to-wear and

accessories from avant-garde vets such as Rick Owens and Comme des Garçons, as well as easy, feminine knits from labels Yigal Azrouël, Raquel Allegra, Peter Cohen, and more. VIBE: The Minneapolis location sports a Scandinavian-minimaliststyle interior with lofty ceilings, blond wood floors,

and exposed industrial piping. PROJECTED WAIT-LIST ITEMS: Veronica Beard's army blazers, slouchy leather totes from MM6 Maison Margiela, and Zero + Maria Cornejo's jet-black mohair and shearling coats PLAYLIST: Everything from David Bowie to the White Stripes to a little vintage Patsy Cline for good measure.



301 TRENDS

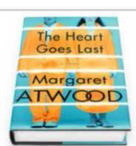
FALL INTO PLACE



433 INTEL

FUTURE IMPERFECT

The Heart Goes Last (Doubleday), Margaret Atwood's first stand-alone novel in 15 years, follows a young couple in a not-sohard-to-imagine dystopian future. A collapsed economy eradicates the middle class and roving gangs of looters and worse patrol deserted neighborhoods. The newly homeless couple jumps at an advertisement for an experimental community offering homes and work in exchange for a yearly stint in a prison work camp. Inside the camp, the terms become more complicated, and Atwood treats us to a



dirty romp through power gone amuck, complete with 1984-inspired surveillance and decidedly Stepfordian experiments-some scenes are nearly impossible to read without imagining Atwood giggling as she typed away. As she did in the Booker Prize-winning The Blind Assassin and The Handmaid's Tale, Atwood imagines a truly desperate world, and who we might become in response. -Cotton Codinha

Clockwise from top left: Simon Emmett, Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salemo for RJ Bennett Represents); Wing of Canary Grey Photography; courtesy of the author; Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (styled by Anita Salemo for RJ Bennett Represents); courtesy of the designer (2)



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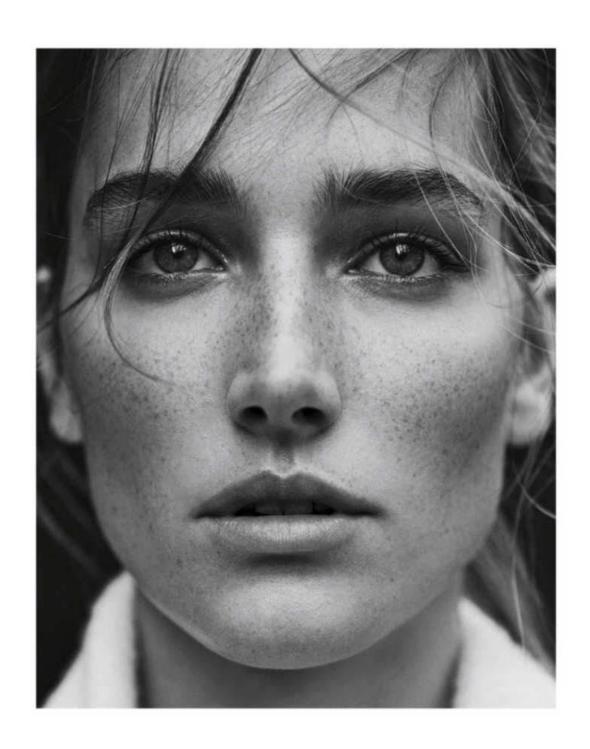
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To celebrate ELLE's 30th anniversary, ELLE.com is hopping in our DeLorean and dialing back the clock

So, yes, 1985 happens to be the year that the first domain name was registered, but anachronism notwithstanding, what would our site have looked like our first year in print? And, more importantly, what would we have been talking about? On September 10-Throwback Thursday, naturally-all day long, we'll be revisiting everything from the exaggerated silhouettes and megahair that dominated our fashion pages to the brains, athletes, basket cases, princesses, and criminals who defined an era.

1. The Breakfast Club 2. Jem of Jem and the Holograms 3. Courteney Cox 4. Tina Turner 5. Iman in Norma Kamali 6. Jane Fonda 7. Grace Jones









Justine Harman, senior entertainment editor at ELLE.com

#THISIS30 Help@ELLEUSA ring

in the magazine's milestone birthday with a little social experiment

Thirty is a big year for anyone. And though the number of days is finite, no two women's stories are the same (see page 638 for a photo portfolio of inspiring women our age). In homage to three decades of ELLE, we invite you to show us your 30 on Instagram by hashtagging a picture #ThisIs30.

Xosha Roquemore, actress on The Mindy Project

















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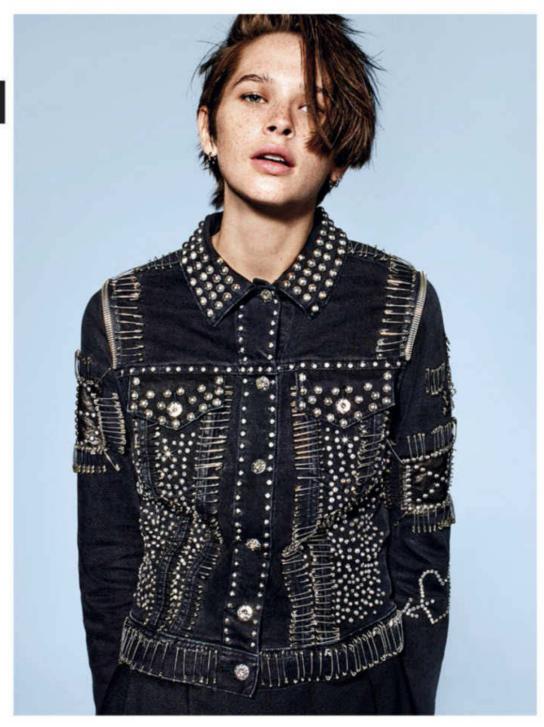








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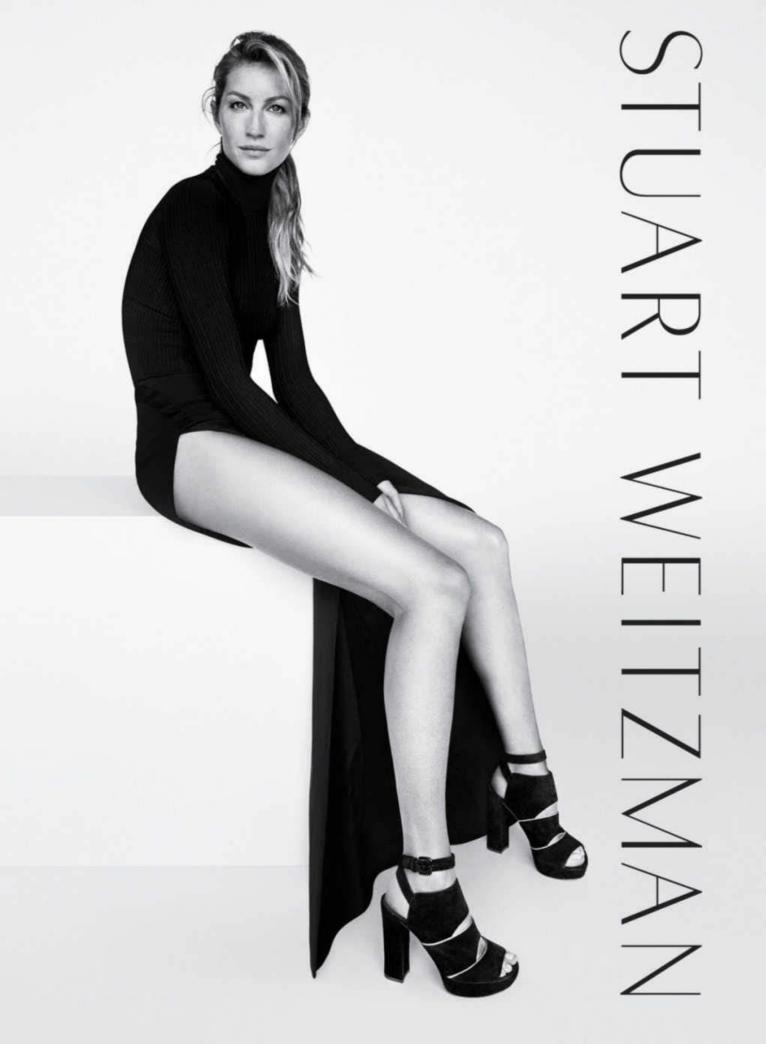




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STUART WEITZMAN





A look at the most valuable players the models, the scenes, the trends—behind this month's most spectacular shoots. By Jennifer Arellano

THE MODEL

Cindy Bruna, below with photographer David Bellemere on location in Marrakech, Morocco, impressed the ELLE team with her tenacity and poise during this month's "Road to Marrakech" shoot. "We were working in 42°C [107°F], and she was wearing heavy furs and coats and never complained. Not only is she beautiful, but an absolute delight on set," says ELLE Fashion Director Samira Nasr, who styled

this story. A primer on the soon-to-be-everywhere Italian and Congolese stunner: Bruna, 20, was born in Saint-Raphaël, France, and dreamed of becoming an accountant until she was scouted by a Metropolitan Models casting agent at age 16 on a Saint-Tropez beach and quickly whisked off to on with six agencies, including Wilhelmina in New York and Elite in London. Her big break arrived in October 2013, when she became the first black model to score an Calvin Klein, in its spring 2014 show. In the last year, Bruna anchored campaigns for Michael Kors, Prada, Chanel, and YSL Beauty. She has walked more than 100 shows-including Balmain, Givenchy, Alexander McQueen-and counting.



Weiss showered the crew and talent with makeup from her company Glossier,

Paris. Since then, she's signed exclusive contract to walk for

> ELLE celebrates fashion's return to maximalism with "Mad Max," photographed by Paola Kudacki at Brooklyn's Outpost Studio. Stylist Simon Robins scoured ELLE's early archives for inspiration and found maxi-





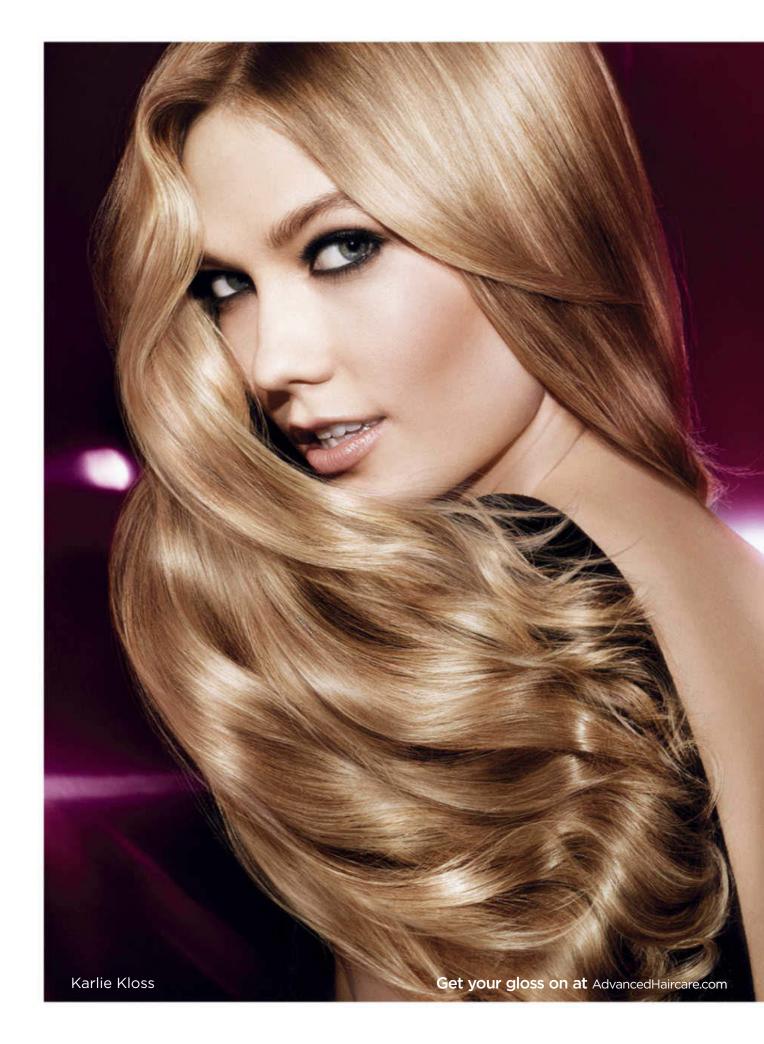


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If you read "No Regrets," our July profile of *True Detective* star and honorary Texan Taylor Kitsch, you know that he is 34 years old, rides a motorcycle (including to our interview), and doesn't eat heavy meals if they aren't dinner. Here's what we couldn't fit in:

"In the July issue of ELLE, Taylor Kitsch was profiled by Lili Anolik, a writer who flies her Fan Flag as proudly as possible. Much of its 3,000 words (particularly the opening and closing) is filled with a breathless adoration for an actor and his most famous character, Tim Riggins—and it's a joy to read. Though I'm not familiar enough with Kitsch or Friday Night Lights to have much of an opinion of him, there's something instantly recognizable about Anolik's total abandon when confronted by an object of her fantasies."

-Bobby Finger, Jezebel

It's easy to see why our July cover star, Amber Heard, is so frequently discussed in terms of her appearance-she's all old-Hollywood glamour, and clothes love her. But one reader deeply appreciated writer Jessica Pressler's glimpse into a lessseen side of the heavily scrutinized star ("The Wild One").

"Amber stuns on the red carpet, and sadly that's the most I knew of her (besides who she is married to). I was happy the story didn't merely feature her relationship with Johnny Depp. Of course, the beautiful celebrity couple is fascinating, but I was more interested to learn about her persistent journey toward becoming an actress. Her urge to be taken seriously is admirable, and her diligence and talent-not just her looks or relationship—will earn her

more challenging, non-That Girl roles." -Alyssa Fisher, e-mail

An Amber Heard ELLE interview quote from the cutting-room floor: "You find these placeholder girls that are there to provide a bounce for the male character. We know he's funny because she's serious, and she's mad at him. We know he's strong because she needs saving. Her job is to validate this personality trait of our hero.'

Number of pages Kitsch had written (at press time) of a feature-length script based on ĥis short film, Pieces

Pounds Kitsch lost for True Detective

Hours spent together by Kitsch and True Detective creator Nic Pizzolatto in their first meeting

Times Kitsch employed

the F-bomb

during his

interview

Street: train stop in Washington Heights where Kitsch would sleep during his "homeless modeling days"

QUEENS OF SILICON VALLEY

For ELLE's second annual Women in Tech issue and dinner (sponsored by St. John and held this year at Prospect, award-winning chef Nancy Oakes's San Francisco restaurant), we honored 10 of the tech



world's most influential women-including Eventbrite cofounder Julia Hartz, Julep chief executive Jane Park, and director of Google for Entrepreneurs Mary Grove. A few stats on what else was in the room:

Stanford degrees: 3 Companies founded: 7 Average age of honoree: 34.5 Twitter followers, total: 120K Shares of the story: 14.8K

216 LETTERS Reply All

ELLE readers, sound off! Send your letters to ELLE, Letters to the Editor, 300 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019, or e-mail us at elleletters@hearst.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



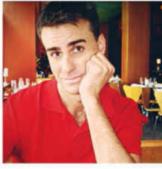
BVLGARAI



From new apartments to new jobs to new haircuts, see what ELLÉ staffers were up to at 30



YASHUA SIMMONS Associate Fashion Editor [ELLE's astrologer] Susan Miller told me 2015, my 30th year, would be one of great voyages. Here, I'm on assignment in Marrakech shooting for our September and October issues.



DANIEL FISHER Associate Art Director Thirty was a changeeverything-in-my-life kind of year. Here, I'm about to board a plane headed for New York to start a new chapter. Leaving San Francisco after 15 years was one of the hardest things I've done.



BARBARA GROGAN Photo Director I turned 30 after my oldest son Billy was born. This was taken our first Fourth of July together watching the fireworks.



TERRI SCHLENGER Copy Chief I am a newlywed in this photo; now I have *three* great men in my life (my husband and our two boys)!

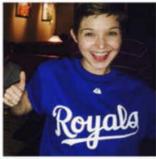


BRENDÁN CUMMINGS Research Chief What I love about this photo is that it shows me in my element: on an adventure in a foreign country. I've had a passport since I was six months old, and my childhood obsession with airplanes and all the places they could take me has only grown since then. This was taken while hiking in Motlatse Canyon near Kruger National Park, South Africa.



EMILY DOUGHERTY Beauty and Fitness Director To get a new corporate headshot, I was sent over to the ELLE photo studio. The go-to photographer for this kind of thing at ELLE? None other than the brilliant Gilles Bensimon. The end result was much too glamorous to use for any corporate endeavor, but the whole experience was just so ELLE. He also offered to snap some passport photos for me.





AMELIA HOFFMAN Photo Editor October 15, 2014: The exact moment the Kansas City Royals (and eternal underdogs) went to the World Series! I was only a year old when they won in 1985. I finally got to witness my team's Cinderella moment.

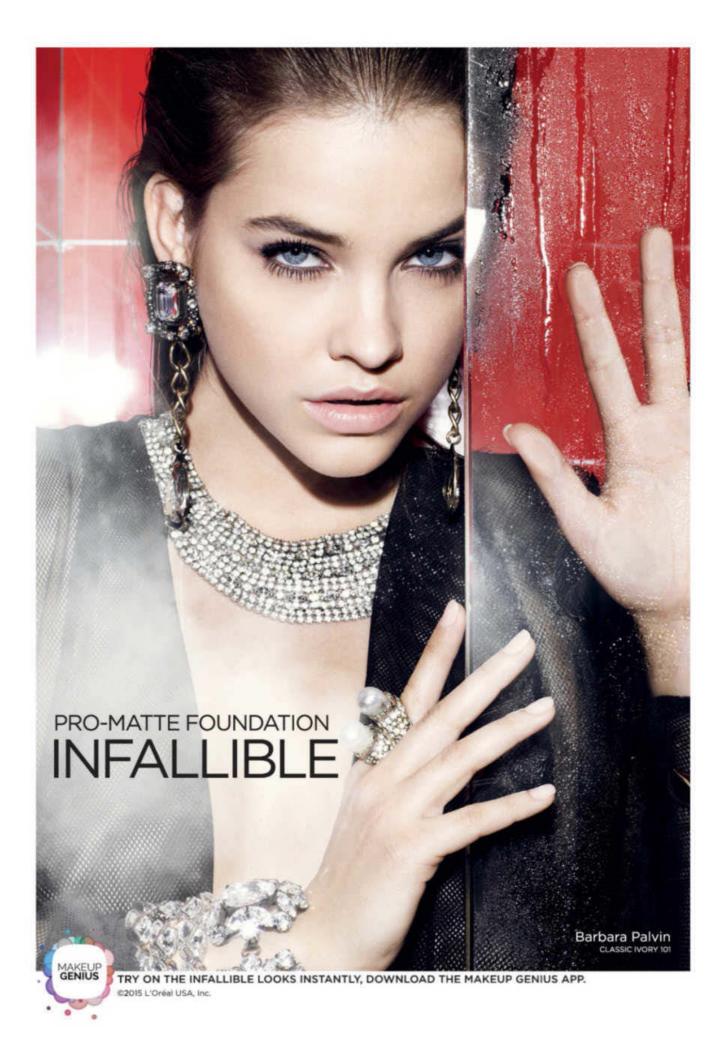


JENNIFER WEISEL Entertainment Director When I was 30, I worked at ELLE, having successfully switched careers from politics to magazines. I'd scored the perfect (and perfectly cheap) 475-square-foot West Village apartment in a building where my college buddies also lived. And I got married in the Boston Public Garden, where I'd taken my very first step. I'd finally hit the jackpot on the three keys to happiness that I'd been pursuing since graduation-work, love, home. It felt like the start of a thrilling new chapter: adulthood.

Dougherty: Gilles Bensimon; Slowey: © patrickmcmullan.com; remaining images: courtesy of the subjec



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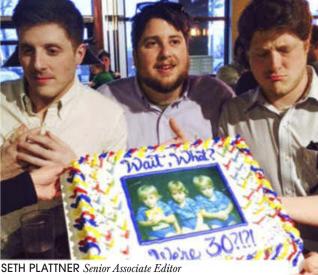




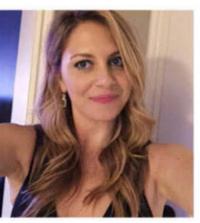
JOANN PAILEY Market Director Thirty was when I realized my "little" sister and I may be four-plus years apart, but neither of us felt like the older or the younger anymore—we relied on each other for advice and support equally. I hope we carry that into our nineties!



MAGGIE BULLOCK Deputy Editor I'd just bought my first apartment and met my future husband. In my mind, I was still flailing, but in fact, my life was starting to come together.



I had the unique pleasure of sharing my thirtieth birthday with two people: my triplet brothers, Ross (middle) and Brad (right). As you can tell, we were thrilled. Since then, my thirties have been exactly how everyone told me they would be-exponentially better than my twenties.



RACHEL BAKER Senior Features Editor Thirty is my spirit age. Well, 30 and 17-I've felt one or the other for as long as I can remember. It felt great to finally be able to say, "I'm 30!"



what a lucky life is that?



COTTON CODINHA Editorial Assistant ELLE U.S. and I are almost exactly the same age (though ELLE certainly has me trumped in terms of international editions launched in that time). As we close this issue, I'm closing out my last weeks of 29, and when we see it on the newsstand, I'll be 30. To greet my new decade, I've chopped off my ribcage-grazing hair to just below my chin and booked a flight to Reykjavik with my sister. Thirty: I have high hopes for you.



EVAN CAMPISI Design Director I took over as design director at Nylon right before turning 30. This is a photo of me standing in front of our September issue wall in 2012. It was the biggest issue I had done at that point in my career.



AMANDA FITZSIMONS Senior Editor Turning 30 while working on this issue has been unexpectedly therapeutic. This never happens when I ruminate-I'm more confident in where I am at this age. My goal for year 31: get my driver's license.



MEGAN O'NEILL Beauty and Fitness Editor Big fan of 30! You're not as nervous about things, you're not biting your nails as much, but you're not at all jaded either. It's this wondrous middle-place where everything is still thrilling but your brain doesn't have you doing weird 21-year-old things.



SUSIE DRAPER Director, PR/Editorial Brand Strategy [Turning 30 was] exhilarating and overwhelming. I wouldn't be where I am if I hadn't taken the time to reflect on what that meant to me.



ELVIS CRUZ Associate Art Director When I look at this picture of myself at 30, I'm reminded of how carefree I was! My little princess had not yet been born, and I was only one month into my job at ELLE, two things that would change my life in wonderful ways.





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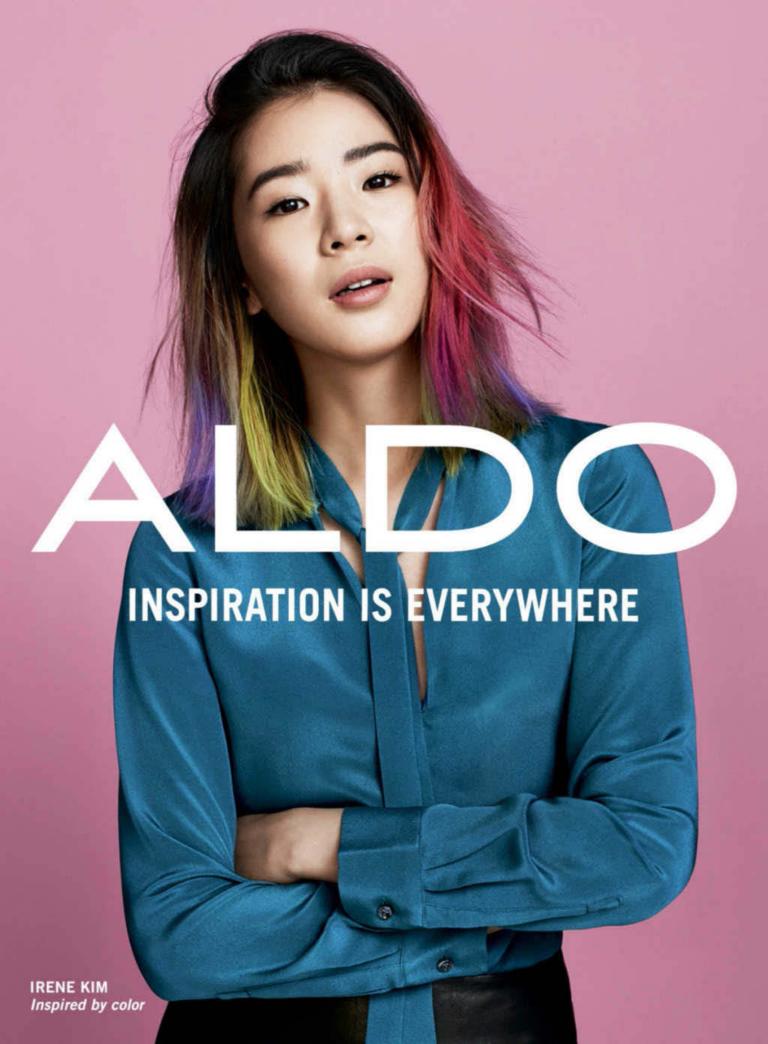
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This month, we're nostalgic for our Parisian roots. So we tapped our network—two of our ELLE France colleagues and our own Joann Pailey—for *bons plans* (secret boutiques, fashion-flock boîtes, etc.) in the City of Light. By Jennifer Arellano

Friquette Thevenet-Mondino

FASHION EDITOR, ELLE FRANCE

Mondino is a fan of hotel bars for a drink between fashion shows: Le Bar du Bristol (lebristolparis.com), an elegant, wood-paneled drinks spot that serves classic cocktails with unexpected twists, like homemade infusions, and the Park Hyatt Paris-Vendôme (see box, next page).

Dine with locals at Les Éditeurs (The Publishers; lesediteurs.fr), a literary-themed café lined with thousands of books located in the bohemian Sixth Arrondissement on the Left Bank. Try house specialties like the Italian salad with Parma ham, candied tomatoes, and buffalo mozzarella.

PEOPLE WATCH:

"Cross any bridge over the Seine early in the morning or at sunset," says Thevenet-Mondino. The oldest one in Paris, Pont Neuf (circa 1607), is fabulous for its Instagrammable backdrop.

SHOP: When it comes to retail therapy, Thevenet-Mondino's go-to is Le Bon Marché Rive Gauche, the Art Deco department store that stocks labels such as Athé by Vanessa Bruno and Maison Martin Margiela. Its food hall, La Grande Épicerie de Paris (lagrandeepicerie.fr), is a gourmand's must-visit for specialty spices, chocolates, and olive oils.

Musée d'Orsay and take in masterpieces by the likes of Botticelli and Carpaccio in a more intimate setting at Musée Jacquemart-André (musee-jacquemart-andre .com), a converted Beaux arts mansion just off the Champs-Elysées. For a fall picnic among rose and Alpine gardens, consider Le Jardin des Plantes (jardindesplantes .net), Paris's main botanical garden.

Catherine Roig TRAVEL, DÉCOR, AND FOOD EDITOR, ELLE FRANCE

For a quick snack in the landmark-laden First Arrondissement, Roig

recommends Sébastien Gaudard Pâtisserie Salon de Thé Des Tuileries (sebastiengaudard.fr). For a memorable meal, visit renowned chef Pierre Jancou's newest restaurant, Heimet (heimatparis.com), in the ritzy Palais Royal neighborhood, or the Left Bank's Clover (clover-paris. com), which serves up a seasonal-vegetable-based tasting menu. Turning Japanese, Roig favors Yoko (yoko-paris.fr). After sunset, grab a cocktail at Le Comptoir Général (lecomptoirgeneral.com), a chandelier-adorned former barn turned bar.

PEOPLE WATCH:

"Café de Flore, always!" Roig enthuses, referring to the legendary café (cafedeflore .fr) that opened in 1887 in



1. The romantic arches of the Pont Neuf 2. The citron praliné at Japanese restaurant Yoko 3. The legendary department store Le Bon Marché Rive Gauche 4. Colette on Rue Saint-Honoré 5. Inside the Musée des Arts Décoratifs 6. A view of *The Thinker* at Musée Rodin

228 JET-SETTER







the leafy Saint-Germaindes-Prés neighborhood.

SHOP: Le Marais district, where even familiar high-street brands can be exciting retail experiences: "The new Uniqlo there opened in a former foundry; Cos opened in an old Turkish bath," she says. For home goods, Roig recommends Nordikmarket (nordikmarket.com), with its seemingly endless selection of Scandinavian Modern delights, as well as Fleux (fleux.com), chock-full of French country tabletop finds.

Take a cruise on the Canal Saint-Martin, which boasts beautiful bridges and is lined with plenty of watering holes.

Joann Pailey MARKET DIRECTOR. ELLE U.S.

DRINK: A favorite is the bar at the two-centuryold, Oscar Wilde-beloved L'hotel (l-hotel.com), centrally located on the

Left Bank. "Tilda Swinton always has a cocktail named The Usual there, which is champagne, violet liqueur, and a twist of lime," Pailey says.

LAL Chez Georges on Rue du Mail. "Be sure to say hi to the black Labrador behind the bar named Hermès," Pailey says. For the best view of the Eiffel Tower, Pailey walks to brasserie Monsieur Bleu (monsieurbleu .com) for modern takes on chilled salads and club sandwiches. At the scene-y L'Avenue (avenuerestaurant.com), "Tables of Kardashians are next to other celebs such as Rihanna. Don't show up without a reservation."

SHOP: Pailey loves making a pit stop at Alaïa. "The secret outlet is attached to the original Rue de Moussy boutique and atelier in the Fourth Arrondissement, but the entrance is around the

corner. Don't be afraid to ask...if your French is good." For charming stationery, childrenswear, and home goods, take a peek inside Merci (merci-merci.com) in the Marais. Colette (colette. fr) on Rue Saint-Honoré is a must for seekers of highfashion labels, but "also for the best selection of hardto-find superluxe techrose gold Apple Watch, anyone?-as well as sneakers and coffee-table books," Pailey says. Looking for a lacy little something? Pailey drops by Carine Gilson (carinegilson.com) on Rue de Grenelle "for the most beautiful lingerie known to mankind."

The Musée des Arts Décoratifs (lesartsdecoratifs.fr) has held exhibitions ranging from the history of the button to Dries Van Noten. Pailey's other picks: the classic Musée Picasso (museepicassoparis.fr) and the gardens of Musée Rodin (museerodin.fr), the site of Dior's couture shows.

7. Eye-catching streetscape along the Canal Saint-Martin 8. Alaïa's main boutique 9. The nineteenthcentury French intellectual hangout Café de Flore 10. The French-toasted brioche topped with caramel ice cream at Les Éditeurs



PARK HYATT PARIS-VENDOME

Thevenet-Mondino isn't the only fan of Le Bar at the Park Hyatt Paris-Vendôme. Come the end of the Ingredients 4 fresh mulberries ½ lime, diced 15 mint leaves ½ tsp brown Demerara sugar 1 bottle Perrier ½ oz violet syrup 1¾ oz Havana Club Rum, preferably 3 years old

> shake to blend. Serving Suggestion Add a sprig of mint and two drinking straws, and serve.

Directions Add mulberries, lime, mint, and brown sugar to a tumbler. Pour in $\frac{1}{3}$ oz Perrier. then crush the ingredients. Pour in ½ oz violet syrup and 1¾ oz rum. Fill with crushed ice. Add more Perrier to fill tumbler, then



month, the cozy yet sleek space is chock-full of the fashion flock indulging in between-show libations. Can't make it this season? Head bartender Yann Daniel shares his recipe for Le Bar's signature Purple Mojito (right). Do try this at home.

ELLE & ShopAdvisor

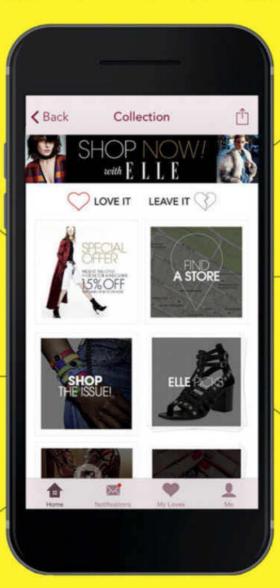
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30 IS THE NEW 30

Nine years ago this month, ELLE celebrated its 21st birthday at Bloomingdale's, the site where the magazine debuted as part of the department store's celebration of French culture. With its oversize format, signature color-rich printing, and bold, graphic design, it certainly didn't look like any other magazine in the American market, yet it was the first fashion magazine to regularly use models who actually did look like America. The dark-eyed, dark-haired, tawny-skinned beauty Yasmin Le Bon (née Parvaneh) graced the cover of that first issue, a woman who was, at that time, relegated to the category of "ethnic" or "exotic" by both modeling and advertising agencies. Elle Macpherson, the six-foot stunner (and then wife of ELLE's storied creative director Gilles Bensimon)-along with models Karen Alexander, Rachel Williams, Gabby Reece, Tyra Banks, and Christy Turlington—became a kind of ELLE archetype: strong, athletic, curvy, powerful women who regarded the camera with a kind of directness that bordered on provocation.

So of course we asked provocateur of the moment Kanye West to perform at our birthday party. His hit song, "Gold Digger," from his seminal album Late Registration had just dropped, and the line to get into the party was literally around the block. I was doing the grip-and-grin with him in front of the step-andrepeat (little did he know how alive he was in my head-I'd regularly walk around Manhattan lost in his poetic, funny, profane music), and at one point, Kanye put his hand around my waist and said, "That's a really nice dress. Who makes it? What's the fabric, wool?" I remember thinking, He's asking about the designer? The fabric? Oh...he's a fashion person! (This was way before he'd be front row at Givenchy, and the Calvin Klein dress was, indeed, a lightweight wool.) So there he was, the biggest star in music—on the cusp of becoming the biggest star on the planet singing on a raised stage at Bloomingdale's for ELLE with the same passion he'd later bring to sold-out football stadiums. It was, in short, amazing.

In fact, all 15 of my years as editor in chief at ELLE have been pretty amazing. We've grown in every way possible, to become the largest fashion magazine in the world, with 46 editions and counting. And as a fashion media brand, we love racking up firsts: our website, back in 1996; TV, with *Project Runway* in 2004; an all-accessories magazine, ELLEAccessories; ELLE Weekly, our iPad app; virtual reality—too many to count. But perhaps most important: We gave Alek Wek, Britney Spears, Jennifer Lopez, Venus and Serena Williams, Elle Fanning, Selena Gomez, Rihanna, Miley Cyrus, Dakota Johnson, Kerry Washington, Anna Kendrick, Rita Ora, and Lorde,

among so many others, their first major fashion magazine cover. We didn't sit around waiting for someone else to tell us they were going to be influential or cool or chic—that's our job.

In plotting this anniversary issue, which we started more than a year ago, we began with that number—30—and what's behind the long-held idea that reaching that age is a scary

prospect, promoted by countless books, magazines, blogs, TV shows, ads, and advice givers, all of which suggest that by 30, women "should" have already published a book, gotten first-round funding for their app, climbed K2, and by all means gotten married, because it's just a downhill slide after that. However, recent research has shown that the brain is still developing well into a person's twenties, which could help explain why, for so many women, that decade is a time of trying, failing, recalibrating, and starting to let go of the notion that every decision you make will determine the course of your life. We took the temperatures of women 25 to 35, whom we've dubbed "GenELLE," through a comprehensive survey in partnership with Beta Research Corporation. And we also talked to scores of women who've turned or will turn 30 in 2015: Mark Seliger photographed 35 of them for "This Is 30." Accomplished dreamers all, they see 30 as we do: It's no longer a deadline, it's the starting line.

As a kind of birthday present to ourselves, we've produced one of the more ambitious portfolios ever: "The ELLE Look," shot by Max Vadukul, for which we asked fashion's most powerful and visionary designers and their muses to interpret that idea. The ELLE Look is definitely "a thing"—when you see it on the street, in the airport, in the mirror, you're channeling our rich history of strong, sexy women with great personal style, who refuse to be defined by someone else's notion of what's "in" or "out." We also deliver up a fashion well that defines who we are, with a pointed edit of one of the most expressive seasons in recent memory. We home in on romantic, sensual dressing inspired by the feel of Marrakech, and a dramatic explosion of graphic color and body-defining silhouettes that communicate a kind of kinetic physical power—an ELLE signature.

In this issue, we look back at our heritage—to those great covers and stories that delivered on the mission to "open women's appetites"—but we also zero in on what's happening right now: the battle over female sexual desire and who gets to define what that is; the tug-of-war over who gets to claim "ownership" of a great cultural icon like Joan Didion; and what the future really holds for a little girl born in 2015.

I could detail every story in the issue and tell you the ways in which each one is the sum total of the last 30 years of trying to inspire and excite you: our smart, stylish, loyal readers. But what I most want to say is thank you, to you and to ELLE's extraordinary staff—the editors who mind their beats with the zealousness of the Queen's Guard at Buckingham Palace—and the hundreds of photographers and stylists and writers who all together have given ELLE its uniquely beautiful, erudite, and fierce voice in the American conversation.

Hobsie Da



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ELLE's 30th anniversary is the perfect time for us to ask the ELLE Generation about how you live today-and to explore how you're different from women 30 years ago, to which end we revisited some questions the Gallup Poll asked in 1985. How long ago was that? Well, President Ronald Reagan was sworn in for his second term; Mikhail Gorbachev

became the leader of the Soviet Union; Madonna was a "Material Girl"; we went Back to the Future for the first time; New Coke bombed; "We Are the World" shot to number one everywhere; and on December 5, 1985, the Dow Jones Industrial Average climbed past 1,500 for the first time in history. So, yeah-things have changed!

WHAT A

Thirty-year-olds today believe that things in general are looking up: One-third of them think the world will be a better place to live a decade from now; in 1985, only a quarter of women thought so. But perhaps that optimism mostly reflects the expectation that things can't get much worse! Consider:

can i get much w	orse: Co	nsider.
	1985	2015
Satisfied with how things are going	48%	35%
Democracy working	57%	37%
Distribution of wealth in America fair	31%	23%
Confidence that America can deal with	72%	40%

Nathalie Odette/thelicensingproject.com

world problems



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NEW YORK SINCE 1837



When I was 30, I shifted my career from recruiting to being a partner in a venture capital firm. We had recently invested in Google-this was at the end of 1999-and Amazon was growing really nicely. Netscape was continuing to evolve. In 1996, there were about 35 million Internet users; today there are 3 billion. Huge change. So for me, it was about recognizing that we were on the cusp of something profoundly big and global and exciting. Juliet de Baubigny, VC partner, Kleiner Perkins Caufield & Byers



IOW THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN

Do today's women have "a lot of confidence" in the central institutions of American life? Not so much, compared to attitudes in 1985, except forwhat's this?-organized labor!

what's this. Organized labor.		
	1985	2015
Church or organized religion	69%	41%
The Supreme Court	54%	41%
Banks/ banking	54%	39%
Public schools	50%	39%
Congress	43%	22%
Newspapers	35%	26%
Big business	31%	25%
Organized labor	27%	33%

JANIE'S GOT A GUN
Women who favor the
registration of all handguns:

registration of all handguns:
1985 77%
2015 62%

Women who favor banning the
sale and possession of handguns:
198548%

.35%

FALLING AWAY FROM THE CHURCH

2015.....

Women who reported attending a house of worship in the past seven days:

198547	%
2015 32	%

Do you think that religion as a whole is increasing its influence on American life, or losing its influence?

Increasing	18%
Staying the same	18%
Losing.	.53%
0	

IN THE DRINK

Women who report drinking alcohol of any type:

1985	62%
2015	76%

Of those drinkers, women who say they sometimes drink more than they think they should:

1985	2015
111111111111111111111111111111111111111	Allinn.
25%	36%
dillilli.	All Hillians

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY,

Cigarettes, anyone? Percentage of women who smoke:

1985.		39%
2015		26%

Percentage of women who think marijuana should be legal:

1985	18%
2015	48%

GOOD GIRLS DO

Women who think it is wrong for a couple to have sex before marriage:

19854	4%
2015 2	4%

IN 1985. OF WOMEN

RELATIONSHIP STATUS, 2015

Married	54.5%
Single	45.5%

THE PERFECT PLAN What do you think is the ideal

age to get married? Under 25..... 24% 46% 25 to 29.....

30 or older	.23%
What do you think is the id	leal

age to start having children?

Under 25	15%
25 to 29	.48%
30 or older	29%

DATES AND MATES

(Asked of singles) What is your current relationship status?

Not currently dating	.43%
Casually dating more than	
person	3%
Casually dating one	
person	8%
In a relationship, not	
cohabiting	21%
Cohabiting relationship	

Which woman do you admire most?

1985	2015
(8)	
Nancy Reagan	Hillary Clinton
	-





Margaret Thatcher

Oprah Winfrey



Angelina Jolie

Mother Teresa

1985



Which man do you admire most?

1,00	
MINISTER OF	
(2)	
(2.38)	ò
	AT.
D 11D	- 3





Ronald Reagan

Barack Obama

Pope John Paul II



Pope Francis









Bill Gates



Have you ever used an online dating site or mobile dating app?



(Asked of those who have) Which of the following have you experienced as a result of using an online dating site or app?

I was working for President Clinton in the White House, working my way up in the world of politics. I learned that I was pretty good at what I did and became much more confident in some pretty intense work situationslike briefing a president, briefing world leaders, putting a strategy in place to guide what the president says and does. I was also only 30, so I was a kid. Once you do it a couple of times, it's one of those things: The more you do it the better you get at it, the more confident you become. Growing up, I never thought I'd have the chance to do something like that. It's not something you exactly prepare yourself for

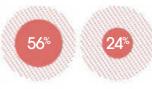
> Stephanie Cutter, political consultant



Nada, zip, zilch	12%
Friendship	46%
One-time date	44%
Short-term relationship	35%
Long-term relationship	34%
Marriage	22%

Overall, how satisfied are you with your online dating experience?

Satisfied Dissatisfied



SINGLE AND SORT OF LOVING IT

(Asked of those who are single and not in a serious relationship)

I could have a happy and complete life if I remain single



It is very difficult these days
to find a person I'd like
to date

relationship51	%
I'm happier than most of my	

married friends
The demands of my job give
me little time for serious dating

relationships......25%

I'd be supportive if my future
partner wants to be a stay-at-
home parent

MARRYING KINDS

Today's women want pretty much the same thing their mothers did, interestingly enough:

To be married with children and have a full-time job

	J
1985	38%
2015	40%
To be married with	children

and not have a full-time jo	ob
1985	349
2015	200

20102070
To be married without children
and have a full-time job
1005

	3
1985	6%
2015	9%

I haven't ever really been attached to the traditional age milestones in life. After having gone through two [National Guard] deployments to the Middle East and, unfortunately, on both experiencing the loss of friends who didn't make that trip home with us, I'm truly grateful for every single day and week and month and year that I'm here. And I have the opportunity not only to live but to make the most of the time I have.

Fast-forward to my thirtieth birthday: I was serving as a Honolulu City Council member and walking in to chair a committee hearing when my colleagues and my staff brought out a surprise birthday cake. I told them there was no place I would rather be.

Tulsi Gabbard, U.S. representative, Hawaii

SATISFACTION INDEX

We asked women whether they feel satisfied about five important aspects of life; it turns out they're more dissatisfied about their weight than about their job.

Less than satisfied with:

Weight	55%
Physical appearance	53%
Job	53%
Friends	45%
Love life	38%

MORE THAN 60 PERCENT OF TODAY'S WOMEN EXPECT TO BECOME AS WELL-OFF AS—OR BETTER OFF THAN—THEIR PADENITS ADE

WHAT'S MAKING US

Which of the following are causing you a great deal of stress these days?



Job	30%
Not able to exercise	
enough	24%

WORK MATTERS

Which one of the following is most important in your career?

most important in Jour cu	
Income	42%
Intellectual/creative fulfillment	23%
Helping others	15%
Personal/entrepreneurial freedom	9%
Fame/peer recognition	2%

THE SECOND SHIFT

On a typical day, how much time do you spend on social media? On average:



From left: courtesy of Stephanie Cutter; T. J. Kirkpatrick/Corbis

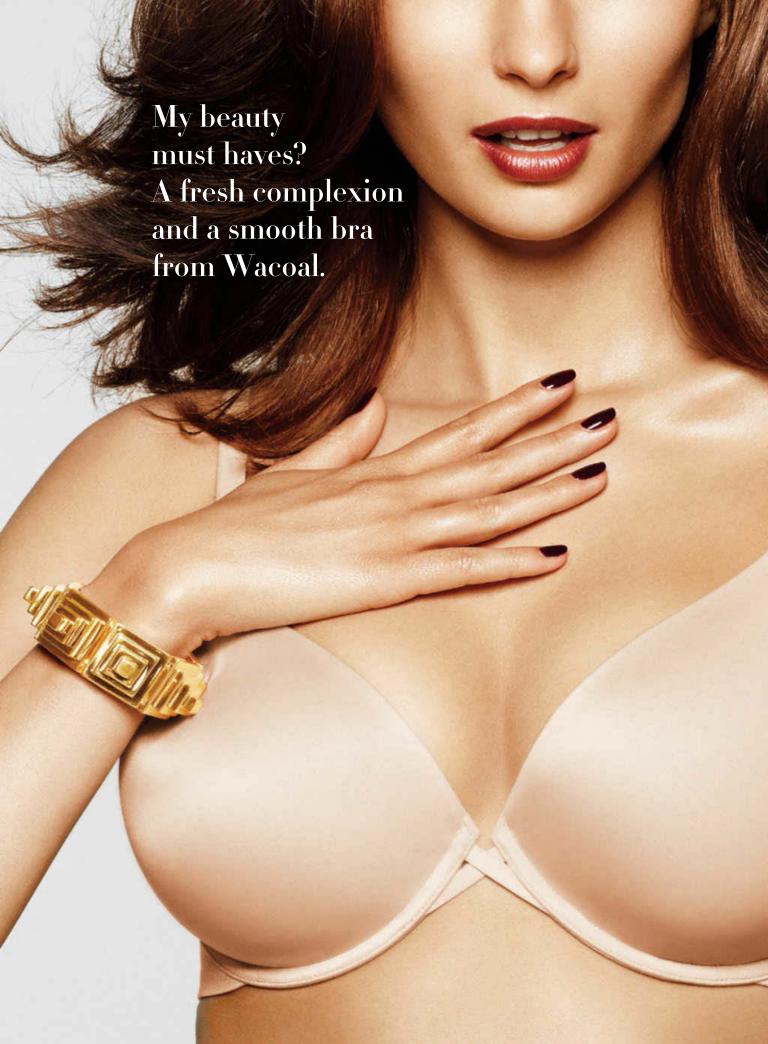


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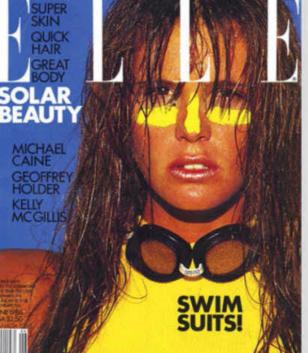


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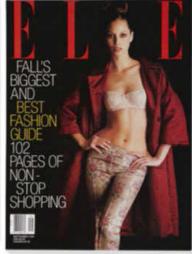
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1. ELLE MACPHERSON, JUNE 1986





4 CHRISTY TURLINGTON SEPT 1996



5. KAREN ALEXANDER, DEC. 1986

SINNING...

Famous beauties and behind-the-scenes personalities reminisce about ELLE's beginningsand the sea change that's lasted 360 issues and counting

ELLE MACPHERSON, Model (1): Gilles [Bensimon, ELLE's founding creative director| had the idea to open an American ELLE. I remember him speaking to many notable people in the fashion industry and them saying, "Listen, Gilles, we don't think it would be very successful. The concept of ELLE is how to dress-American women just

want to know what to wear." At the time, Gilles and I were either engaged or freshly married, and the three of us [the couple, plus founder/publication director Régis Pagniez] lived in the same brownstone in Greenwich Village. We'd work during the day, and in the evenings we'd cook. And we would lay out the magazine on the floor, mapping it out, looking at the stories, the written content, the photographic content. YASMIN LE BON. First Cover

Model (SEE P. 264): It was about really being true to yourself-the fact you can play with fashion. It was about being strong. You used fashion-fashion didn't use you.

KAREN ALEXANDER, Model (5):

There was this really amazing, creative way to put something together. You'd have an editor put five watches on one arm. Three necklaces.

You could have had your boyfriend's jeans on and a brand new T-shirt and a shearling coat. Go into your boyfriend's closet, get something from your dad, have your grandmother's something, and buy one new thing. It was about style, not just fashion. MACPHERSON: Color was important. Natural beauty was important. Movement was important. It was never a catalog of head-to-toe Valentino or Chanel. It was: Wrap this army jacket with a thousand belts with a bikini underneath, and boots and a cowboy hat. You're going to run along the beach, and you're going to look like a warrior. It was important to bring out a woman's personal taste and allow them that freedom. And with a sense of humor, because fashion is fun. There was a jux-

Clockwise from left: Gilles Bensimon; Hans Feurer; Gilles Bensimon (3), (Issues photographed by Devon Javis/Sfudio D; Richard Majchrzak/Studio D (3); Devon Javis/Studio D)

RACHEL WILLIAMS, ALEXANDRA AUBIN, SALINA MONTI, SEPT. 198













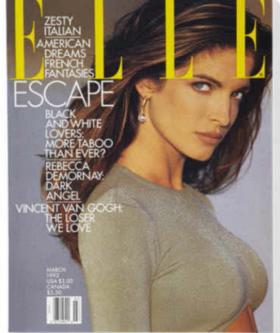




10. TYRA BANKS, DEC. 1994

taposition of beauty and practicalitya Chanel jacket and a pair of sneakers. Or an Azzedine Alaïa dress and pair of flip-flops. It's never too much. It's always chic. It's self-expression. JOE ZEE, Creative Director, 2006-2014: We must've all been hungering for another point of view. The minute ELLE launched, it was like, "Ah! Duh, there it is! That's what we've been waiting for!" That's why it was an immediate success. ISABEL DUPRÉ, ELLE Fashion Editor (1993-2007): With the Angelina Jolie cover (16), she came in and looked at the rack and said, "Oh, I don't wear colors. I only wear black and white." So we just took the car and went shopping and got, like, a white tank top, black jeans. She loved it. SAMIRA NASR, Elle Fashion Director (2013-Present): [As a teen-

ager], my entire wall was wallpapered with images from ELLE. So many styling cues came from [early] ELLE, and still do now in my work. There were the paper-bag jeans with a cowboy buckle-which, by the way, I wore yesterday. I remember a beach shoot; the girl had on a white eyelettrimmed bustier. I went to the store and got something similar, but I couldn't fill it out. Oh God, poor me. HEIDI KLUM, Model (15): It was always more fresh, more natural. They never had anything against my curves. Strong women-ELLE was all about fitness and healthy. NIKI TAYLOR, Model (9): [When I was growing up], my chore money went to buy ELLE magazine. And what made me decide that I want to do what these girls are doing was the Roberta Chirko

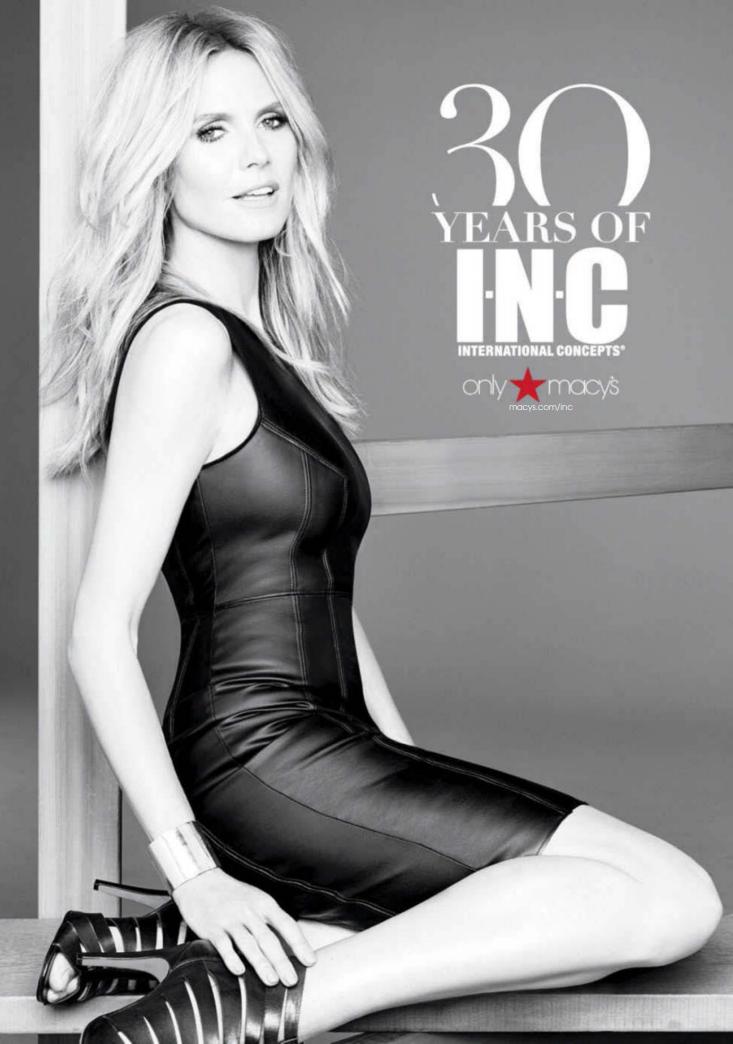


8. STEPHANIE SEYMOUR, MARCH 1992



ELLE cover. It came out in, like, 1987 and it was-the bangs, the straight hair-just this beautiful photo. And I was like, I want to be in this magazine. TYRA BANKS, Model (10): I remember being 16 or 17 and stopping at a 7-Eleven with my mom on Wilshire Boulevard. I went in to get some chips and soda, or whatever my teenage butt could burn off in five seconds. I saw a cover of Niki Taylor (9). Her hair was in this upsweep with tendrils hanging down, and her knee was up and she was kind of hugging herself and peeking at the camera. That cover touched me. I was just like, Wow. ALEXANDER: ELLE was the beginning of me being known and seen on the street. It embraced everyone. And it wasn't just that black people were coming up to me. There were just

Clockwise from top: Gilles Bensimon (S); Marc Hispard. (Issues photographed by Philip Friedman). Studio D; Devon Jarvik/Studio D; Richard Mojchrzak/Studio D; Devon Jarvik/Studio D; Richard Maj





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15. HEIDI KLUM, MAY 2003

as many white women, or men, for that matter, saying, Oh my God-you were in ELLE. It opened things up for me in so many ways, and I think it opened up people's ideas of beauty. GAIL O'NEILL, Model (6): Before ELLE, I never saw other women of color when I was working. Unless it was the makeup artist. ELLE would book me and Karen Alexander and Kirstie Bowser and Naomi Campbell, all together on one shoot. We'd be traveling and living like sisters; whereas on other shoots, I was always the one chocolate chip in the cookie. I never thought, "Oh, I'm the only black person in the room again." NASR: Karen Alexander, Gail O'Neillthose women looked like me. I wanted to be them, and I could see myself in them, versus other magazines. BANKS: On one shoot in Cabo, Gilles wanted me to [fake French accent] "Make funny faces, Tyra Banks! Do crazy stuff! Do that funny face-Ah!" I



13. GUGU MBATHA-RAW, NOV. 2014



16. ANGELINA JOLIE, JUNE 2000

remember sticking my tongue out a couple of times. As I was walking off set, Gilles said, "I don't know, that picture, maybe a cover." At the time, black girls didn't really get covers of magazines in America. So I just knew that wasn't happening. Two months later, I'm walking past a newsstand, and I see my face staring back at me. Red shirt, curly hair, smiling so big, and my tongue sticking out. On the cover of ELLE magazine. DUPRÉ: We had some crazy shoots. Courtney Love arrived at 1 P.M. We'd been waiting since 9 A.M. She was like, "I'm so sorry, I was just abducted by aliens." What can you say? TAYLOR: We shot in Pink Sands [Bahamas], in Mexico, in New York. We'd wake up before the sun and do our hair and makeup, and then as the sun came up over the horizon we'd start working. Then in the afternoon, when the sun was too high, we'd go waterskiing until about three, and then



14. JULIA ROBERTS, SEPT. 2010

we'd shoot again until the sun set. CLAUDIA SCHIFFER, Model (2): [Photographer] Hans Feurer was famous for his backlit beauty lighting: catching the best light, having everyone be ready to shoot at the beach at 4:30 A.M. We were in the Seychelles for two weeks, and I was allowed to have a nap during the day so I could continue shooting into the sunset. O'NEILL: The American way of rustling through to get a beautiful product was not the French way. The French believed that stress would show in the eyes of the girls, so what was communicated was ease. KLUM: For my first ELLE cover, we were in one of those nine-passenger vans. We would just drive around Mexico, and it would be like, "Stop here at this cemetery! Everyone out!" There'd be a bar with guys sitting, and it was, "Okay, here: Grab this Coca-Cola." And then, "Okay, everyone back in the bus, let's go!" And then I'd be on a light pole, and he'd be like, "Okay, grease her up! Make her look sweaty!" Making things up as we went. DUPRÉ: Doing one shoot, we had a car and a motor home, and after an hour's drive, we called the woman in the car and were like, "You have Gilles, don't you?" And she was like, "No, you have him." We had forgotten Gilles at the hotel! He did not think it was funny. LAURA MERCIER, Makeup Artist: I have a fierce memory of a girl-I can't say the name because she's very famous today! We were in Tahiti, and she got burned because she was tanning with

sheer indulgence legendary lift



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make it to the top-whatever it takes.

We saw them first! A few of ELLE's greatest finds sound off



"Hard to believe, but this actress still finds the time to attend public school

on Long Island. 'School's my main thing,' she says. 'And math's my favorite subject, because there's always an answer.'



do this summer?'



AMY ADAMS

January 2003

"[Leonardo DiCaprio] teased me constantly,

telling me Justin Timberlake was giving

him singing lessons.

Or that Britney Spears

is like a sister to him.

I'd go, 'Really?' And

ELLEINTELLIGENCE **EMMA STONE**

August 2008 "Not long before moving to L.A. and landing on the short-lived The New Partridge Family in 2005, Stone acted in a Phoenix community theater's production of The *Wiz* with *American Idol* winner Jordin Sparks. 'I've been

to her house! Isn't

that bizarre? It's a

small, small world."

KATE WINSLET December 1995 "Though she spent four months on location in New Zealand making [Heavenly Creatures] she wasn't particularly optimistic about her future as an actress. 'I thought I might have to go back to my part-time job at the deli,' she says.'





Clockwise from top; Tony Duran; Gilles Bensimon; Charles Howells; Alistair Morrison; Emily Shur; Jean-Marie Perier. (Issues photographed by Philip Friedman/Studio D (3); Richard Majchrzak/Studio D; Philip Friedman/Studio D (2)

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we want is different, at its core, from what other people-men, for instance-wanted.

This isn't to argue for an overriding similarity of the sexes but rather to suggest that what distinguishes women from men isn't so easily gotten at, once you move past the biology. (Although it's worth noting that the mammalian body plan is basically female and that males come into being postconception when a gene on the Y chromosome derails the basic genetic blueprint.) Today,

with women increasingly in positions of power that were once the exclusive fiefdom of men-women like Sheryl Sandberg at Facebook, Mary Barra at General Motors, and Indra Nooyi at PepsiCo—and with the real possibility of a female president hovering on the horizon, it has become even harder to divvy up human psychology into simplistic classifications of gender.

Which is why the expression "Cherchez la femme"-which literally means "look for the woman"-makes so much sense as the wittily subversive tagline for ELLE, where it has been featured on the spine for more than a decade. ELLE, of course, is always looking to find the woman in the bigger story, the story of our culture, but it took a bit of editorial legerdemain to appropriate a phrase that originally had a pejorative connotation, and turn it on its head.

The phrase was first coined in 1854 by Alexandre Dumas (père) in the novel The Mohicans of Paris, where it signaled that the explanation for a man who gets into a quarrel or other difficulty-in this case, a crime-is a

woman. The phrase was eventually adopted by English speakers and was familiar enough by the early 1900s that it was used as the title for an O. Henry story. It went on to be referenced in films like Chinatown and novels like James Ellroy's *The Black Dahlia*, always with the French meaning in mind; in 1976, it became a song written and performed by Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band.

What a history for so frail-and yet so signal—a phrase, and what better moment to remind us that this history mirrors the complex attitudes that women have always elicited. And yet, according to Emory University anthropologist and physician Melvin Konner, author of the recently published Women After All: Sex, Evolution, and the End of Male Supremacy, it wasn't always thus. Of the 100,000 years humans have been on the earth, he argues, women have been excluded from power only for the last 12,000. The change came, he told the U.S. News & World Report, when hunters and gatherers, who traveled in small groups and thus couldn't exclude anyone from a meaningful role, started farming and settled in larger communities. "Private and public spaces became separate, and it was possible to relegate women to the home and keep them out of public life. Everything in that era was contingent on physical strength."

Despite the fact that 95 percent of CEOs of Fortune 500 companies are men and women are still paid 77 cents on the dollar for equivalent jobs, Konner believes that male supremacy is nearing its end: "The burst of women's achievement feels like pent-up energy and ability suppressed by thousands of years of wasting half the talent of the human race."

Here's to the future, one in which "Cherchez la femme" will no longer be just a tagline, but a rallying call for us all.

Just what *does* ELLE's très French tagline say about us—and about you, gentle reader? Daphne Merkin peels back the layers of a phrase that's almost as complex as woman herself

Ah, women. We must be the most underrated-and most overratedcreatures going, mythologized and demonized at one and the same time, given credit and denied the spotlight concurrently, seen as the root cause of any problem as well as its solution, but rarely (if ever) just seen for ourselves. Freud certainly didn't create the situation, but he didn't help matters any by asking his famously vexed question: What do women want? As if what

FASHION TIME MACHINE

Three decades of revolutions, revelations, and faux pas

'85 BANDANA-RAMA

ELLE launches. So does Madonna's movie, via Desperately Seeking Susan. Fingerless



'85 NET WORTH Michael Jordan slamdunks a record-breaking \$500,000-a-year

for Air Jordan.

'87 GIRL POWER

Maggie wins a third term; Nancy's in the White House. Pussybow blouses take the power seat.



'88 IT'S SO VER Shannen and Winona are scrunchie-stealing, murderous mean girls in Heathers.









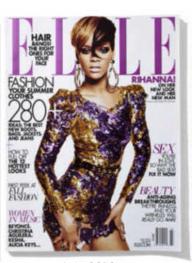




How do we love thee, Rihanna, J.Lo, Beyoncé? Here, we count the ways as we watch you rocket from ones to watch to power-wielding multihyphenates—with countless hair and makeup moments in between



June 2008 "With the release of Good Girl Gone Bad, the island teen dream was gone. In her place we found a sex symbol rocking her punkish crop and studded Louboutins."



July 2010 "Her version of rock 'n' roll badass is as much couture as it is street: She's that rare pop star who has seamlessly crossed over to high fashion.'



Everything I do. I do because I want to. Sometimes I'll wear something and think, I'm going to get so much flak for this tomorrow, but if I want to wear it, I will."



December 2014

[or] in the mood to be supersweet..., she'll be that way," designer Adam Selman says. "She is who she is and she's not apologizing for it."



July 1999 "All the women in my family looked exactly the way I do, and I thought they were the most beautiful things in the world."



June 2002

"To the hip-hop set, she's a video hottie who can hold her own. To Stateside Latinos, she defines the American dream. To fellow actors, she is a rising star—'hugely talented,' Ben Affleck says."



September 2005 "From the minute I left my house as a teenager I've been in pursuit of my dreams. And I'm fearless that way. I'm not afraid to fail."



February 2010 "This is what I do. What, because I have kids and a husband now I'm not supposed to be me? I'm a more heightened me if anything. Hyper J.Lo."

'95 AS IF!



'90 2 Legit You "Can't Touch" MC Hammer-busting moves in the blousiest pants around-at least until he files for bankruptcy in '96.



'91 MODEL MANIA Supes are the new rock stars. Linda won't get out of bed for less than \$10K. Stephanie slays Axl

'91 TEEN SPIRIT New status symbols arrive by way of... Seattle? Plaid flannel, striped tees, dirty hair. Moms kvetch.



'92 GET REAL MTV births reality TV with The Real World, making voyeurism legal: Will Eric and Julie ever hook up?



"You don't understandthis is an Alaïa." "An a-what-a?" "It's, like, a totally important designer!"

'94 LADY IS A VAMP Thurman and Travolta cut a rug in Pulp Fiction, but all eyes are on Uma's almost-black Chanel "Vamp" mani.







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BECAUSE YOU'RE WORTH IT."



LORÉAL

FROM DESTINY'S



April 2003

"When she goes home to Houston, her sense of fashion is as relaxed as she is. 'I go to Walmart with no makeup and jeans and a T-shirt and walk around my mom's shop with no shoes on."



January 2009 "Beyoncé would start screaming, 'What's

wrong with you? Where's my shoe?'
'Uh oh,' we'd say. 'Sasha is here....' She's another person up there. We don't take it personally. Sasha is her bragging side," says mother Tina Knowles.



Some of our best lines on sex, politics, sexual politics (and drugs, for good measure)

JULY 1988: "Americans believe in perfect, bonded romantic love that lasts; Europeans do not. Which is not to say that they do not love-only that they think marriage is too important to be based on anything as flimsy as romantic love."—Erica Jong, "Are You Faithful, Darling?"

FEBRUARY 1990: Gore Vidal: "I'd like to hold a Constitutional Convention... and shore up the Bill of Rights. It is now assumed that the government has every right to regulate your private life, every right to say whether you take drugs or drink or have sex. That's going to be the big battle of the next 30 or 40 years, this question of whether you have any rights at all."-David Rieff, "The World According to Gore"

NOVEMBER 1992: Anita Hill interviewed on the release of the Spike Lee biopic, *Malcolm X*: "As we go into the nineties and see the violence and the decay in the inner city among the youth, I think we are beginning to realize what a tragedy it is not to have someone with [Malcolm X's] kind of vision still among us." —Joe Wood, "X Appeal in the Nineties: Talking Back to Malcolm"

MAY 1994: Hillary Clinton discusses Whitewater: "Look, I know what this is about. This is a well-organized and wellfinanced attempt to undermine my husband and, by extension, myself, by people who have a different political agenda or have another personal and

financial reason for attacking us." -Mervl Gordon, "Hillary Talks Back"

FEBRUARY 1998: The last interview with Princess Diana and her boyfriend Dodi Al Fayed, conducted just weeks before the high-speed car chase with photographers that would end their lives: "The paparazzi are like hunters, and their tactics turn us into animals," Al Fayed said. "We always have to think up ways to escape from them." - "Diana and Dodi: The Final Interview"

MAY 2000: "It is my feeling that sex in America, in the years to come, will have two qualities: (1) It will be like the past; and (2) It will be different. Here's how it will be the same: For as long as men and women have been fornicating, the man, for the most part, has been the aggressor. I've even experienced this myself; almost all the women I've had the good fortune to be romantically acquainted with have at one time or another, while we've tussled about in bed, thrown their arms over their heads-body language that translated into English reads as: Take me!



96 PRINCESS DIARIES

Two blonds, two visions of chic: glam Diana in Dior, minimalist Carolyn in Calvin.



'99 ART ATTACK Robots go rogue on Shalom

at McQueen. Fashion-show bar officially raised.



'01 WES'S WOMEN

Seventies geek chicand style underdogs in general-finds bigscreen champion in The Royal Tenenbaums.



'04 OOPS!

Carefully orchestrated "malfunction" fools exactly no one. In better news: We got Mean Girls!



'95 N.K.O.T.B.

Kids's gritty reality anoints a new kind of It Girl. Twenty years on, we still heart Chloë.



'98 SEX TALK

America becomes Manolo-conversant. Also in the lexicon: Cosmos, flip phones, Fendi baguettes.



'00 GOOGLE IT

J.Lo's Versace plunge breaks Internet, inspiring Google to invent "image search" function.



'03 THAT'S HOT Cultural low point gives us celebutantes, Juicy tracksuits,

ŬGĆs, spray tans.



'07 THE OFFICE Mad Men makes it okay-chic, even!-to

stay home and watch TV, sparks '60s runway revival.





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But here's how the future will be different: While women might like to be taken once in a while by a man, they also, in this increasingly technological age, don't need men as much as they once did, so more and more women will have babies without sex."—Jonathan Ames. "Playing It As It Lays"

AUGUST 2001: On participating in Bully Broads, a program intended to "soften" female executives deemed too forceful and harsh: "'How demure should I be?' Heidi Horner asked. The answer: 'Until you think you're going to be sick." -Ruth Shalit, "The Taming of the Shrews"

FEBRUARY 2003: "Incest stories, like all stories that are repeatedly told, obey certain conventions. At the heart of an incest story is a secret. In my story, the secret is pleasure."-Lesley Dormen, "Sexual Healing"

JUNE 2003: Teresa Heinz-Kerry, the wife of former presidential candidate and current Secretary of State John Kerry, on Bill Clinton's indiscretions: "I don't think I could have coped so well. I used to say to my husband, my late husband, 'If you ever get something, I'll maim you. Not kill you, just maim you.' And we'd laugh, laugh, laugh."—Lisa DePaulo, "Taming Teresa"

OCTOBER 2003: "When we arrived, Kurds were flooding into the streets, looting whatever the Iraqi soldiers had left behind-corrugated tin, bits of pipe, mattresses. I wanted to take something. On

the ground, there was nothing but a key and a jockstrap. (Inexplicably, men's underpants litter every front line I've been on-men's underpants and children's flip-flops.) 'The truck is leaving! We must go now,' Rassoud shouted. I pocketed the key. When we pulled up to the Special Forces base, a soldier in an SUV cut us off. 'We had to call off air strikes because of you!' he yelled."—Eliza Griswold, "Postcard From the Edge"

DECEMBER 2006: "The United States might have a president who hasn't airbrushed away his youthful indiscretions to present his own story as a triumphalist's fait accompli? We might have a president who traffics in complexity and ambiguity, a man who sometimes doubts himself? What messiness, what worldliness, what realnesswhat a relief."—Laurie Abraham. "Mr. Obama Goes to Washington"

JULY 2007: "When I look back on all the crutches I've clutched in my silly, angstridden life, opiates are the only ones recognized as addictive, but in fact I've clung far more fiercely to men, to food, even to Prozac, about which I wrote an entire book that ended with these lines: 'Here I hang pierced on this precious hook.""—Lauren Slater, "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls"

JULY 2011: "Girls in their summer dresses we all know about, but what about boys in their summer bathing trunks?"—Daphne Merkin, "Between Love and Madness"

SEPTEMBER 2012: "Naomi Wolf's list of what men must do to create the ideal conditions for women, which she calls the 'Goddess Array,' goes further. Women need to be stroked on the neck and shoulders like cats throughout the day (this preps the autonomic nervous system). They can't be snapped at and be expected to want sex later. Depending on the stage of their hormonal cycle, women need to be thrilled with surprise

Caribbean vacations, or even motorcycle rides (when their chemicals are demanding the bad boy), or they need languid, eye-locked emotional conversation. When a man forgets to pick up his socks or perpetrates other domestic infractions, it's not merely irritating, it goes to the core of a woman's nervous system and ruins her for happy sex later. (See?! See?!)

"It's a righteous vision. Wolf refused to tell me whether her boyfriend meets these needs, but I liked the image of her with a male concubine of sorts." -Miranda Purves, "Sex Machine"

OCTOBER 2014: Ruth Bader Ginsburg on those who urge her to resign from the Court so President Obama could appoint another liberal justice: "Anybody who thinks that if I step down, Obama could appoint someone like me, they're misguided. As long as I can do the job full steam.... I think I'll recognize when the time comes that I can't any longer. But now I can." -Jessica Weisberg, "Reigning Supreme"

NOVEMBER 2014: "For a small segment of women—and the number is small, by any reasonably scientific account-abortion is indeed a tragedy. But I want to tell a different story, the more common yet strangely hidden one, which is that I don't feel guilty and tortured about my abortion. Or rather, my abortions. There, I said it."—Laurie Abraham, "It's Complicated"

JANUARY 2015: "I was on top. I leaned forward to kiss him. He looked me in the eye, held my gaze and...spit in my face. After a few seconds spent considering whether I should feel upset and dismayed, disrespected and indignant, I had to admit to myself that I liked it, a lot. It felt dirty, weird, wrong, but also thrilling. I reached up, wiped the saliva from my eyes, and kept going."—Amanda Fortini, "The Sex That Changed My Life"



'09 FLOTUS ON Mobama puts First Lady style back on the map. Jason Wu, Isabel Toledo,



rules the selfie as Instagram frees fashion people from the tyranny of 140 characters. 10 MEAT CUTE



'12 FRENCH **EVOLUTION** Real clothes and real fantasy? Raf Simons breathes new-colorful!life into Dior.



'15 SHE'S ALL THAT From Andreja to Laverne to Caitlyn, fashion leads the pack as gender lines blur.















'10 SELF SELLS

Kim Kardashian





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In the history of ELLE, we've talked to a lot of men, many you love. Here, the sexiest, smartest, sauciest secrets from the past 30 years that take us deep inside the male brain.

"Even as an adolescent I had trouble with the way I look. I always saw myself as 'brown haired' because of the myth that surrounds blonds—that they're privileged somehow....My father was a milkman; I quit school very early on—I don't really have a formal education. What I am has nothing to do with the way I look."—Robert Redford, March 1988

"Assuming men are dogs lets women off the hook. I think a modern-day woman will tell you that women can be just as predatory as men. It propagates a falsehood that women are naturally prudish and men are piggish."—Matt Damon, December 2003

"I have a distinct memory where [my mom] looked at my nails and said, 'Women love a man with clean nails.' I was eight. I thought, I can do that. Good to know."

—Nick Jonas, May 2015

"Everything, in art or in life, is based on sex and must be based around sex. That's what drives us, piques our interest...because people use sex to get their way, to change things or dominate."

—Daniel Craig, November 2008

"Don't get fucking married. And lie till you die." —Steven Tyler, February 2009

"When I was 17, I was at a Chinese restaurant with my first love, and this gangster dude came in and totally skipped the line. And I said, 'Yo dude, what you doing?' And he pulled out what looked like a gun, right in front of her. I looked at this guy's eyes, and all I saw was black. I saw Jason Voorhees. I'm like, Fuck the egg foo yong! She was standing there looking at me like, Aren't you going to do anything? But I'm like, 'Dude, please don't kill me. Please don't kill me.' I think she wanted me to protect her-you know, all that mythological shit. And I'm thinking, He shoots me, I die, and then she cries at the funeral, and then she moves onto another guy." -Tracy Morgan, March 2010

"I'm dead-ass serious. I love [*The Devil Wears Prada*]. It's not even so much a chick flick. It's about leadership and focus. That's one of my favorite movies of all time, honestly. Period."—Ludacris, April 2015

"I was just as committed then to seduction as I am now committed to monogamy." —Russell Brand, April 2011

"I'm gonna reveal something that's going to come as a shock: If you're a stupid young man, you're usually a stupid old man. Most people, including myself, keep repeating the same mistakes."
—William Shatner, October 2011

[On porn] "I'm one of those people who can't help but wonder what's gone wrong in these girls' lives. The guys in porn freak me out; the girls I feel terrible for. I can't do it." —Adam Scott, September 2012

"One chick tried to stab me when we were having sex....
She was like, 'True love leaves scars. You don't have any.'
And then she tried to stab me with a butcher knife. Of course I promptly broke up with her. Seven months later."

—Armie Hammer, July 2013

"Marlon Brando gave me one tip. He was talking about a woman nearby, and he said, 'Look at that ass.' He just loved it. And I said, 'You don't think it's a little big?' and he said, 'No, that's what you want. You want that abundancy.' I remember he used that word." —Matthew Broderick, December 2004

"When I was around 30, I disrespected a girlfriend with another woman. After we'd broken up, I still carried that shame, so with a Japanese sense of honor, I decided like a yakuza I was going to cut off my little finger. I wasn't going to give her the finger; she'd think I was a nut. So I was getting myself drunk in preparation, and I called a friend, who gave me the best advice: 'Quentin, you've done something you're ashamed of, and it hurts really bad so you're trying to turn it into something noble. Instead of cutting your finger off, why don't you feel bad, and next time, just don't do it!"" -Quentin Tarantino, August 2009

"Madonna burst onto the scene in 1984—about the same time as my penis—so it worked out perfectly. I've probably masturbated to Madonna thousands of times." —Jimmy Kimmel, April 2008

"You have to behave the way you would want her to behave, and I'd want the door to be closed. You have to be sensitive but honest. You have to be a gentleman and do it in person. You have to look her in the eyes."

—Bradley Cooper, January 2009

"I don't dislike any of my exes. If I took time to form a relationship, it's gonna hurt when we move on, but are you puttin' Wite-Out all over that beautiful time together? That was real time in your life. It's connected to where you are today." —Matthew McCongughey, March 2013

"I feel like there's so much accepted sexism. Everyone talks about doing R-rated movies, and it's like, 'Well, you're going to have to have some titties!' And it's like, 'What? No!' That's not a sacrifice that we would ever want to make. We love to have cursing, but it doesn't mean that you have to have a girl take her shirt off. But it makes money. That's the argument from the studios."—Andy Samberg, August 2007

"To be honest, and with as much modesty as possible, if you ain't impressed by me now, I don't know what else I can do." —Sean "P Diddy" Combs, October 2006

"'I can't' is always the wrong answer." —Will Smith, July 2004

From left: Jason LaVeris/FilmMagic; Desiree Navaro/Wilelmage; Staven Vlasic/Gethy Images; Jason Meritt/Gethy Images; Isa Foltin/Gethy Images for Leica; Jon Kopalolf/FilmMagic; ason Berker Misser Managic; Base Marker Misser Misser Managic; David Mt. Benett/Gethy Images; John Kopalolf/FilmMagic; George Plimentelly Wilelmage; Krawat Inargy Wilelmage; Jason LaVeris/FilmMagic; Planages; Arawat Trans Wilelmage; Jason LaVeris/FilmMagic; Planages; Arawat Trans Wilelmage; Gebriel Otsen/Gethy Images; Jahn Lamparski/Gethy Images; Gebriel Otsen/Gethy Images; Arawat Transpare; Gebriel Otsen/Gethy Images; Staven Vilasic/Gethy Images; Gebriel Otsen/Gethy Images; Gebriel Otsen/Geth





E LIT LIS

There are certain books that change the conversation and the way we see the world. The editors of ELLE dug deep and picked the 30 from the last 30 years that every selfrespecting reader should have on her shelf. "I've read every single book on the list," says Michael Cunningham. "All I can say is, it's a true honor to be among them."

1986

THE HANDMAID'S TALE

MARGARET ATWOOD (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN)

Emma Donoghue thinks about this book "every time I get cash out of an ATM; I remember the moment when the women find their bank accounts have been closed. Not so much a novel as a horrifying prophecy, and every girl should read it."

1987 **BELOVED**

TONI MORRISON (KNOPF)

"Now more than ever," says Alice Hoffman, "it's important for us to hear the message of this incredible novel: If we deny the past, we are doomed to be haunted by it."

1988 LOVE IN THE TIME OF CHOLERA

GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ (KNOPF)

Laura Hillenbrand says, "I was gravely ill, bedbound in a dark room" when she first encountered this novel. It proved "utterly transporting, lifting me from my stillness and drenching me in a magical world. Long after I read it, the sensations still resonated in me."

THE JOY LUCK CLUB

AMY TAN (PUTNAM) Translated into 35 languages, this was a revelation of motherdaughter relationships.

1990

POSSESSION

A. S. BYATT (RANDOM HOUSE) Won the Booker Prize. No novelist, wrote the Paris Review, "has written so well of both Darwinian theory and the ancient, inexhaustible subject of sexual passion."

AMERICAN PSYCHO

BRET EASTON ELLIS (VINTAGE) "I'm going to admit I skipped some bits," says Candace Bushnell. "I skipped the killing parts. I couldn't read them. I think the great books do make people uncomfortable."

BASTARD OUT OF CAROLINA

DOROTHY ALLISON (DUTTON)

To Donoghue's mind, "There's no one like [Allison] for eloquently, howlingly protesting about downtrodden lives."

THE SECRET HISTORY

DONNA TARTT (KNOPF)

This liberal-arts-school murder mystery makes Donoghue "more tensein a deeply pleasurable way-than any other I've read." Porochista Khakpour remembers "reading it feverishly on the subway and then still reading it as I walked home, like a cartoon bumping into lampposts."

THE SHIPPING NEWS

E. ANNIE PROULX (SCRIBNER)

Won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction by following her own advice: "What I find to be very bad advice is the snappy little sentence 'Write what you know," Proulx has said. "It is the most tiresome and stupid advice that could possibly be given. If we write simply about what we know, we never grow. We don't develop any facility for languages, or an interest in others, or a desire to travel and explore and face experience head on. We just coil tighter and tighter into our boring little selves. What one should write about is what interests one."

PROZAC NATION

ELIZABETH WURTZEL (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN)

A divisive book, it was exploring solipsism and SSRIs waaaay before the birth of the confessional blog generation-and probably inspired them, even if they don't know it.

ANGELA'S ASHES

FRANK McCOURT (SCRIBNER) With "a powerful appreciation of stellar nonfiction," Anna Quindlen loves Angela's Ashes for reflecting "the human condition as vividly and beautifully as any novel."

INTO THE WILD

JON KRAKAUER (VILLARD) When Maile Meloy read the book, she "had been working as a river ranger in a remote canyon in Utah, and [the novel's protagonist] McCandless—a little older than I was-seemed very familiar and recognizable. There were dangerous paths to go down, in that direction. Krakauer's devastating book is about someone who wanted to, and did, live in the wilderness, at the limits of his own self-reliance, and didn't want to die there."

SEX AND THE CITY

CANDACE BUSHNELL

(ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS)

The mother of chick lit and the book that inspired a generation of women to own their power.

THE GOD OF SMALL THINGS

ARUNDHATI ROY

(RANDOM HOUSE)

Won the Booker Prize. It was Roy's debut novel, an epic about Indiabut in surprising ways.

THE HOURS

MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM (FSG) "I avoided this for years because it sounded so

Richard Majcrzak/Studio D



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1999 INTERPRETER OF MALADIES

JHUMPA LAHIRI (MARINER)
"As guest editor of the 1999
edition of *Best American Short Stories*," says Amy Tan, "I
had to do a blind reading
of 120 stories, the gems that
had been gleaned from over
2,000 stories published in
1999. From that shining
pile, I had to pick just 20.
When I finished 'Interpreter
of Maladies' [the title story
of this collection], I knew
I had one of my 20."

2000

THE TIPPING POINT

MALCOLM GLADWELL

(LITTLE, BROWN)

While he didn't coin the term, Gladwell blasted it into common usage with his viral book...on the nature of virality.

2000 WHITE TEETH

ZADIE SMITH

(RANDOM HOUSE)

Says Donoghue, "She's a Dickens for our time: the one writer I know who can bring a whole city to life

through the clamorous chorus of its citizens' voices."

2001

DON'T LET'S GO TO THE DOGS TONIGHT

ALEXANDRA FULLER (RANDOM HOUSE)

"I had written eight or nine novels that had been spectacular failures," Fuller has said. "Finally, when my first agent actually told me that she really didn't think she could read another word of my writing...and dropped me, I decided to write the truth." What did she read after she did so? "The Hours...I have read it twice in two months and still find my jaw at my knees."

2002

ATONEMENT

IAN McEWAN

(NAN A. TALESE)

Won the National Book Critics Circle Award. A meta-tragedy, mystery, and epic, all at once.

2002

EVERYTHING IS ILLUMINATED

JONATHAN SAFRAN FOER

(HOUGHTON MIFFLIN HARCOURT)

Won the 2004 PEN/Robert W. Bingham Prize. An autobiographical novel, it addressed the Holocaust in a brilliantly postmodern way.

2003

THE KITE RUNNER

KHALED HOSSEINI (RIVERHEAD)
On the *New York Times* best-

seller list for 103 weeks, this novel taught us nuances about Afghanistan in an unnuanced time.

2004 GILEAD

MARILYNNE ROBINSON

(FARRAR, STRAUS AND GIROUX)
"Walking out onto my
city block after reading
this book, even the fire
hydrants looked radiant,"
says Nell Freudenberger.

2005

THE YEAR OF MAGICAL THINKING

JOAN DIDION (KNOPF)

"I had been looking for a way to understand grief and had been reading Didion since high school," says Meloy. "She turned her exacting eye on her own mind and physiology in the aftermath of a private catastrophe, and the result is both guidebook and art."

2006

EAT, PRAY, LOVE

ELIZABETH GILBERT

(VIKING)

"I think we've all had that experience...we feel like running away from our own lives," says Bushnell, who loved the book's fantasy fulfillment. "You go to the airport and you look around and you're like, 'Which flight should I get on?""

2010 UNBROKEN

LAURA HILLENBRAND (RANDOM HOUSE)

"In an age of phonied-up

memoirs and so-called true stories that we discover have been massaged into some pleasing but not necessarily accurate shape," Quindlen says, this epic book uses "meticulous detail work to do that most difficult of things: tell the truth."

2012 GONE GIRL

GILLIAN FLYNN (CROWN)

The high-speed, genrebusting breakthrough novel sold more than 2 million copies in a single year.

2013

AMERICANAH

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE (KNOPF)

Winner of the National Book Critics Circle award, this is an identity story for our time.

2013

THE GOLDFINCH

DONNA TARTT (LITTLE, BROWN) Won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction. Tartt has said of the way she writes: "The odd thing about it is that it's so long between books for me that the publishing world changes completely every time I'm out, so it's like I've never done it before."

2013 LEAN IN

SHERYL SANDBERG (KNOPF)

"Sandberg is embarking on the most ambitious mission to reboot feminism and reframe discussions of gender since the launch of *Ms.* magazine." —*Time* magazine

chard Majcrzak/Si





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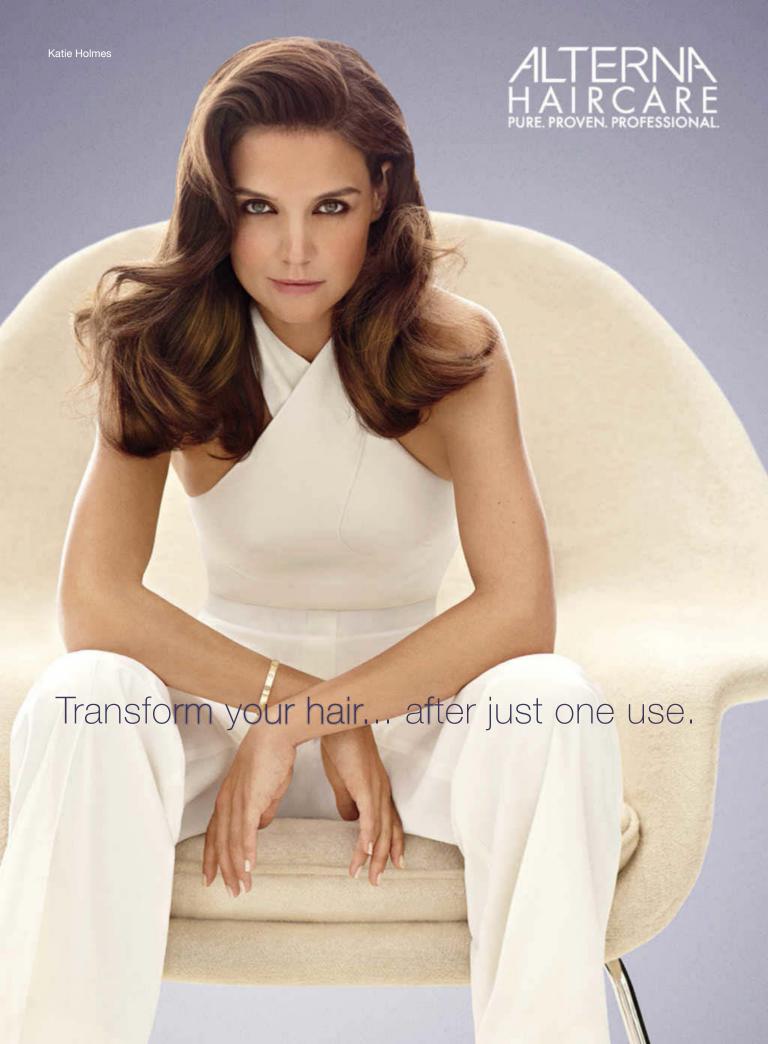


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How does a hick from the sticks make it to the top of the fashion heap? Anne Slowey dishes on 30 years of parties, shows, glamorous clothes, and muses

When I moved to New York City in 1983, punk rock was jostling its studdedleather-jacket shoulders onto the scene. Disco was on its last legs, but Studio 54 was still the place to work the dance floor, with that mix of glitterati, literati, politicians, movie stars, and rock gods that seemed to come together only in New York. Only in New York! Words to live by for a culture-starved girl from the Midwest. That was the year Stephen Sprouse launched his Day-Glo brights; Swatch introduced its first watch; and Diana Ross performed her free concert in Central Park. One-hit wonder Bonnie Tyler's "Total Eclipse of the Heart" dominated the airwaves, along with Culture Club's "Do You Really Want to Hurt Me?"

Growing up in South Bend, Indiana, a small town verging on suburbia, my only link to that world was the *Interview* magazines I bought at a head shop and the backstage passes to rock concerts my high school girlfriends and I used

to score off the Notre Dame undergrads we met hanging out at campus bars. We were basically good girls, sports minded and bookish, and wore whatever our mothers told us to-mostly pantsuits and floral peasant blouses with long denim hippie skirts made from old jeans stitched together in Home Ec (the kind of skirts Hedi Slimane now sells for thousands of dollars at Saint Laurent). We wore Earth shoes, Clarks, Keds, and Red Ball sneakers that were made in a factory across the river from the head shop. Our mothers didn't need to be threatened by our boho vibe. It was a distilled, mass-manufactured version of the counterculture uniform from a decade earlier-more Renaissance fair than psychedelic-fueled be-in.

For an impressionable girl with a thirst for drama in the bland flatness of strip malls and bypasses, *interesting* translated into trouble. By my twelfth year, I started gravitating to the proverbial darkness—long-haired boys who languished on the hoods of muscle cars with their waifish girlfriends. My mother called them Dogpatch people, because they lived in small row houses on tracts of land where people used to run their dogs. Now they ran drugs, exuded sex, and listened to Black Sabbath, Pink Floyd, and Uriah Heep.

They were wary of my milk-fed looks

and the obvious care my mother asserted over my dress. My chlorine-bleached hair, tan skin, and championship swimmer's body seemed clichéd next to their pale, somewhat malnourished appeal. These were kids whose after-school activities were conducted in dark basements with black-light posters, lava lamps, hash pipes, and tabs of LSD. I tried plenty of that, but I still didn't fit in. I don't blame them for rejecting me. They terrified me. They were apathetic and unpredictable. Their dirty jeans and faded concert Tshirts accurately expressed their roughedged personalities and depressed surroundings. Even though we had very little money, I lived in a world where everything was clothed in pretense. Here were kids who barely made do. I was both enthralled and afraid, and it forever shaped my desire for fashion to be political, rebellious, explicating, and irreverent.

ohen Sprouse an rv at Area niahto

Eventually, disco found its way into a few nightclubs in town, and my friends and I, tired of the dead-in-its-tracks stoner mentality, traded up to Lurex and Lycra. Most of the clubs catered to either a black or gay clientele, and though still underage, my girl posse managed to hit the dance floor with the people there every night. That was my first encounter with a gay community, and the artifice, airs, and razor-sharp wit opened my mind to a world of laughter bathed in Technicolor and drag. I became friends with a dancer named Dean, who shortly thereafter left for New York and Broadway. The seed was planted, though I didn't know what for, exactly.

After college, I showed up on Dean's Harlem doorstep. There was little evidence at the time that I was headed for a career in fashion chock-full of glam-









TACORI



orous parties, regular trips to Europe, and interviews with legendary designers such as Yves Saint Laurent and Hubert de Givenchy. Initially, I parroted the style of punk, rock, and pop stars. I paid the Japanese hairstylist Suga \$250 thousands in 2015 dollars-for a James Dean buzz cut. My parents nearly cried when they saw I'd lopped off my long blond, curly hair. At vintage stores like Screaming Mimi's, Army Surplus, and Love Saves the Day-the dive made famous in Desperately Seeking Susan-I found '50s tulle prom dresses, oversize men's blazers, and fake furs that I paired with leggings and motorcycle boots. My look alternated between punk princess Perri Lister (Billy Idol's girlfriend) and David Byrne's white zoot suit, depending on what could be had for 50 to 75 cents, the price of a subway token. I stopped short of turning a flowerpot topsy-turvy on my head-Devo!-but not by much.

When I finally decided I needed a real job, I got one in the public relations department of Prescriptives. I met my first New York friend, Susan, during orientation, which we both fled midway after hearing that pantyhose were mandatory. Smoking in the bathroom, we delighted at our shared rebellion with all the misplaced righteous indignation of secondwave feminists in our early twenties. It's not for nothing, I am sure, that in that job I continually, though unconsciously, found myself dropping the first *l* in public relations when typing my sign-off on my trusty Selectric.

The job at Prescriptives introduced me to what is still my favorite designer. Prior to gainful employment, I'd never even considered wearing designer clothing; I'd never had the money for it. Then the company held a launch party for its new color story at Rei Kawakubo's Comme des Garçons SoHo store. Like Dogpatch and the drag queens, Comme des Garçons opened another portal in my brain. Synapses fired that had never done so before. The clothes were oversize, misshapen, and made of fabrics that had a particular sheen and touch. If there was a single moment that sealed my fate in fashion, that was it. I'd always prided myself on my blasé attitude, on my ability to forgo the trappings so many women seemed desperate to own in the constant quest for status and recognition. But Kawakubo's clothes spoke to my inner poet and softened my heart. They made me feel love. It was as if she knew precisely how I needed to look in order to be understood. But like most unrequited romances, designer clothes were

well beyond my reach. Suddenly, superficial as it was, I had something to work toward. It would take a few years before I would fall recklessly into debt with the first of many Comme des Garçons purchases: a burgundy pleated-lace miniskirt with an asymmetrical jacket, and a transparent top with press-pleated floral appliqués bought on impulse the first time I dared set foot in Bergdorf Goodman.

But in the meantime, I needed a dress for the Prescriptives event, and I didn't have to look far. A new scene had started in SoHo, where Beaux arts factory buildings were full of artists' studios and stores like Azzedine Alaïa and Parachute, the go-to label for unisex dressing. That's where I bought a floor-length, battleship-gray halterdress for the party.

There is a very limited visual record of the downtown party scene from the '80s. No one was taking selfies with our Instamatic cameras, except Warhol, who as usual was way ahead of the times. Don't get me wrong. There was plenty of posing going on, but we felt free to exhibit outrageous behavior precisely because no one was sober enough to bother recording it. People went home with the strangers they met on any given night—it didn't matter who, as long as you were having fun.

I don't really feel like I created the opportunities that came my way; everything just seemed to happen to me. Like how temping at Estée Lauder led to a job at Vogue assisting beauty editor and stylist Andrea Robinson-which essentially meant spending a year in the studio of legendary photographer Irving Penn. A beauty-industry visionary if there ever was one, Andrea hired talented newcomers like Kevyn Aucoin, Dick Page, and Oribe and booked all the supes-Cindy, Christy, Linda, Naomi. My first task on day one in Penn's studio was to call Yasmin Le Bon when she didn't show up for a shoot. On the phone, she told me she had cramps. While Andrea and Mr. Penn looked on, I told her I didn't care if she was dead-she'd better get to the studio that instant. I'm not sure if my audience was impressed, but they were entertained. Penn was a man of few words, but he elaborately sketched out every shot before taking it. I loved watching him think out loud with a pen and paper. And as a fine artist and a photographer, he was strict about order in his work and studio. Once, he slowly leveled his gaze in my direction. I hadn't even known I'd had a piece of gum in my mouth, but I've never chewed one in public since. I'd been told he didn't like women in his studio,

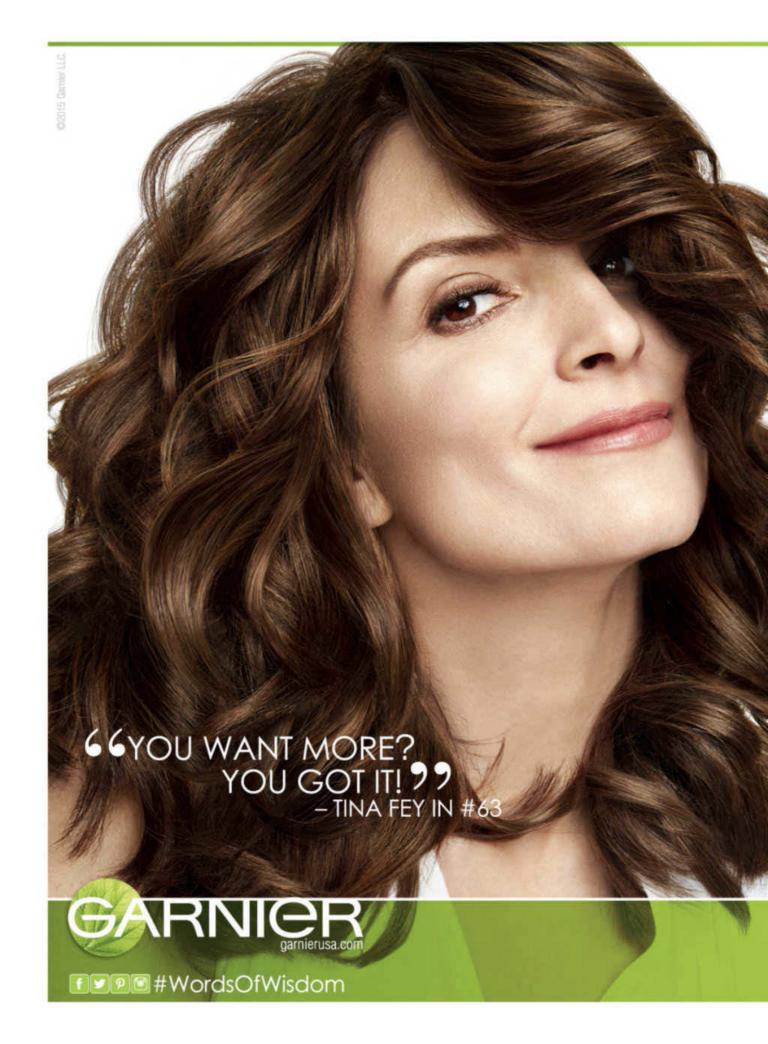
but he always let me fiddle with the models on set. Once when I couldn't get a facial mask to adhere to the side of Christy's face, he yelled, "Perfect! Perfect!" and I slowly backed out of his sight line, feeling like I had spun silver into gold. Despite his stern affect, he always conveyed a certain intimacy and fragility in his pictures. His lighting and composition kept them crisp and modern, but his instinct for when to the push the shutter and capture the image lent the human touch.

Mr. Penn was formidable, but not nearly as intimidating as famed fashion editor Polly Mellen. I remember my second day at Vogue, standing in the fashion closet during a run-through for a shoot in Kenya with Kim Basinger. Holding a Sharpie, paper clips, and sheets of cardboard, I was assigned to Polaroid and write down every outfit, precisely as Mellen had styled it. After examining trays of big, carved-bone bracelets, she stopped short and looked at each of us with what I thought was disgust. She let out several big, guttural growls. I was convinced the accessories director was about to get fired, when she exclaimed, "Fabulous!"

I'd always considered myself an okaylooking girl, but the day I found myself peeling pantyhose off Christy while she read aloud a letter from legendary model Dovima telling her, Christy, that she was the next Dovima, and then stood up and looked at myself next to her in the mirror, my heart sank. But that only lasted a moment. The excitement of being at the center of such a rarefied world drowned out any navel-gazing insecurity that might have been buzzing in the back of my mind. And the work was thrilling. I remember how liberating it felt when Andrea and Mr. Penn decided to slice a full-length, silver-lace Calvin Klein gown into a mini for a shoot. That's when I learned how a stylist could change things in an instant.

As the '80s slowed down to a monastic crawl in the early '90s, I contemplated writing and returned to grad school at NYU. Soon enough, I found myself back in the thick of fashion-helping out a friend of a friend on production for Alexander McQueen's first New York fashion show. That led to a freelance gig producing fashion shows with Nian Fish and Julie Mannion for KCD (then Keeble, Cavaco, and Duka)-where I worked side by side with Carolyn Bessette and became friends with former Calvin Klein designer Narciso Rodriguez-and at Anna Sui's bohemian hit parades, hands-down every model's favorite show to be in. I worked on a benefit auction





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where I was put in charge of then wunderkind John Galliano, which mostly involved keeping him entertained and upright until it was his turn at the gavel, and fishing his still-smoking cigarette butts out of the Christmas trees that stood around the room as decor.

For AIDS Project Los Angeles's 1993 fashion show at the Hollywood Bowl, I not only rejected Cameron Diaz out of hand as too wan to be one of the show's 212 models, but just before showtime, "Marky" Mark Wahlberg-in his Calvin briefs-rapped at me about how he wasn't quite ready for the show to begin. I had to radio for help. At the same event the following year, after honoree Isaac Mizrahi decided at the last minute that he wanted a dozen male models in white tights and angel wings to fly in on high-wire attachments for the finale, I found myself hurtling 100 miles per hour in a van stuffed with wings from Lagerfeld's ice castles in the Grand Palais; and Marc Jacobs's train spectacle for Louis Vuitton at the Louvre has far outweighed any sacrifices I may have made in my rise up the ranks.

The beauty of fashion is the way it caters to a woman's desire to feel alive and engaged, confident and self-possessed. My job at ELLE is to interpret the shows and keep an eye on the industry, and to translate and intuit how that relates to you, our reader, in the most entertaining and informative way possible. Thankfully, my sense of humor has been allowed to rise to the surface. In an industry where you put your name on what you do-whether you're a designer, stylist, hair and makeup artist, manicurist, or editor-the best put their heart and soul into their work and take the heat or the praise, and show up every day to do their job because they love it. I joke that at times I feel like Granny Spice, but I have

lough and Lazaro Hernandez, Alexander Wang, Joseph Altuzarra, and, most recently, Alessandro Michele at Gucci. There are stories worth retelling about the rise of Miuccia Prada, Tom Ford, the house of Fendi, the comings and goings of Jil Sander, and the rebirth of couture. There's been the collective heartache at the deaths of Gianni Versace, Alexander McQueen, L'Wren Scott, and Oscar de la Renta. I started working at ELLE in 1998, just as Donatella Versace was struggling to make her brother's label her own. I can't begin to count the number of shows I've attended since, nor the amount of money I've spent on clothes (sadly for my bank account, I tend to spring for the museum pieces).

True, I've been to more parties than I can remember, but I've also had the good fortune to do some real reporting in remote corners of the world—seeking out the last pewter-bead maker above

I'VE BEEN SPOILED, CODDLED, AND INDULGED. I'VE ALSO BEEN BACKSTABBED, BERATED, AND LIED TO ON NUMEROUS OCCASIONS. BUT WHO HASN'T?

the Universal Studios costume shop (I'd found them stored behind the monkey costumes from *The Wizard of Oz*), Hole's "Doll Parts" blaring on the radio, leaving a trail of feathers fluttering down the 101. I knew in that moment that I was the only person on the planet ever to have lived through this specific adventure.

From that point on, I rarely doubted my decision to work in this business. Simply put, I just didn't think I could ever have as much fun doing anything else. The spectacle that is fashion has always compelled a do-or-die response in me. I wasn't fazed when, lacking a seat assignment, I stood with my back against a pillar at Marc Jacobs's seminal grunge show for Perry Ellis—not realizing I was actually standing on the runway and that the models would be nose-to-nose with me when they made their turn. Nor was I shy when, later, working at Wmagazine, I crashed a Comme des Garcons show in the Conciergerie at the Palais de Justice by grabbing onto my very surprised boss's arm, ostensibly to help her through the crush of people crowding the door. It didn't matter if I lost my job; I just had to see the show. Ultimately, having been privy to McQueen's models walking wolves on leashes or dancing in holograms; Yohji Yamamoto's models dressed for Belle Époque weddings; Galliano dressed as a Native American riding a train at a Schlumberger palace; Karl

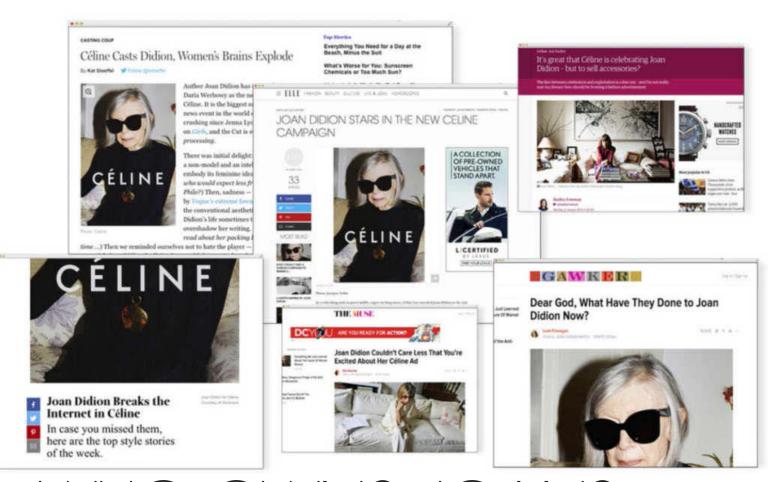
no doubt that I'll be one of the last men standing—like Polly Mellen jumping up to applaud at a young designer's show.

I think one of the reasons I still love fashion after all these years is because it's a Felliniesque circus of misfits, and I am one of them. We believe in magic and mayhem. We get swept away by the imaginary and the artfully crafted. I work in an industry with people who are optimistic, enthusiastic lovers of history, dreamers of exquisite taste and epic greatness, and believers in the promise that there will always be something transcendent in fashion that inspires, renews, and ultimately takes your breath away. And we will wait years for that next moment to arrive.

Each season, designers and their collections become fodder for discussion, and ultimately stand the test of time by whether or not the clothes sell. The Internet has ushered this discussion outside of fashion's inner circle and, for better or worse, into a more democratic sphere. Trends, once the juggernaut of the industry, have given way in recent years to something much more personal and uniquely mixed. Visionaries like Nicolas Ghesquière and Raf Simons are breathing fresh air into storied French corporations and ateliers. The talents that have bloomed over the course of my three decades in the business astound: Alber Elbaz, Phoebe Philo, Jack McColthe North Pole (an octogenarian in Lapland), the weavers and gem carvers of India, silkworm farmers of Uzbekistan, or felters in Kazakhstan—to get the story on conscientious consumerism, long before that became a corporate concern.

Fashion has allowed me as far inside its inner circle as I've wanted to go, without risking too much. I've been spoiled, coddled, and indulged. I've also been backstabbed, berated, and lied to on numerous occasions. But who hasn't? I've learned boundaries by overstepping them, and I've really put my foot in it on more than a few occasions. But thankfully, I've been forgiven for my worst offenses and have tried to learn patience and forgiveness without tossing my standards out the window altogether. I've survived the best and the worst, and found a core strength I didn't know I possessed. It's afforded me a good life, a great lifestyle, and the opportunity to work at a great magazine run by a great editor and with intelligent people I respect. Like many other people in this business, I came from little. I conquered the world in a way a girl from Indiana with no connections and no money could dream of. And I looked damn good doing it. I have a family, yes, but Fashion is my Family with a capital F. I hope I haven't offended too many people along the way. But as we like to say back in the Midwest, "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke." •





WHO OWNS JOAN?

When Joan Didion showed up in a Céline ad, the Internet erupted over the supposed commercialization of a literary genius. Is this a battle between the lit girls and fashion girls, or a collective identity crisis? Lizzy Goodman ponders the debate of cultural ownership

Had you been placing bets earlier this year on what online phenomenon might be powerful enough to unseat Kim Kardashian's greased-up, half-naked Paper magazine cover, a few ideas might have come to mind: a Jay Z/Beyoncé sex tape, perhaps? Or something big and political, like Russian president Vladimir Putin's sudden willingness to extradite Edward Snowden back to the United States? But few would have guessed a Céline ad. And yet, on January 6, when the brand released its spring ad campaign featuring Juergen Teller's portrait of the 80-year-old Joan Didion, her signature giant shades slightly askew, a new-media tidal wave hit. "We can die happy now," read the headline on Refinery29, while W and Grazia invoked the "broke the Internet" phrase, and other fashion magazines, as well as the New York Times, likened the impact of Didion's image to that of Kardashian's. Surprising fans like Scout Willis retweeted the ad, writing, "My heart just stopped," inspiring one of Willis's followers to

assert that Didion is her "power animal," and for a surreal few hours #JoanDidion was trending on Twitter.

Some weeks later, *Cherry Bombe*, the boutique food/fashion magazine whose typical fare includes Karlie Kloss's favorite cookie recipe, Instagrammed a photo of former Elizabeth and James sales manager turned food artist Jessica Siskin's homage to the Céline ad: a page-size rendition of Didion's image made entirely out of Rice Krispie Treats.

Reached by phone by the *Times* at her apartment on the Upper East Side the day after the pictures hit the Web, Didion claimed ignorance of the fervor she'd caused. "I don't have any clue," she somewhat believably told the paper, thereby reminding everyone why she was such a perfect choice for Céline in the first place, considering Phoebe Philo's much-discussed comment that the chicest option in this digital age is to stay offline.

It's a neat trick—one performed by all the greatest merchants of cool, from Kate Moss to Bob Dylan to Kurt Cobain-to define yourself as outside the culture you rule. And it's one Didion has been pulling off since 1968, when her breakthrough essay collection, Slouching Towards Bethlehem, was published, featuring pieces on subjects as varied as John Wayne and the Santa Ana winds, and establishing her as a member of a group of New Journalism pioneers that included Tom Wolfe and Norman Mailer. As many reading this could no doubt recount, Didion started in her early twenties as a Vogue intern, wrote her first novel while working as an editor there, and parlayed her skills and connections into a career as an essayist, a political reporter, a screenwriter, and, in recent years, via her National Book Award-winning memoir The Year of Magical Thinking and its follow-up, Blue Nights, a preeminent thinker on mortality.

But consensus about who exactly she is and why she matters has always been elusive. For some, she's a nice, depressive girl from Sacramento who writes clean,

Clockwise from top left; nymag.com/thecut (photograph courtesy of Céline); elle.com (photograph courtesy of Céline); theguardian.com (photograph by Dorothy Hong); gawker.com (photograph courtesy of Céline); jezebel.com (photograph by Kathy Willens/Associated Press); wmagazine.com (photograph courtesy of Céline)



81%

demonstrated a measured improvement in wrinkle length

68%

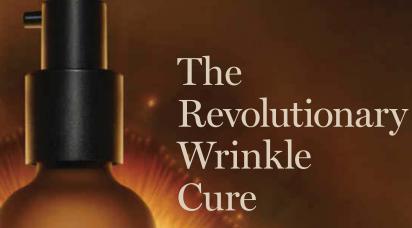
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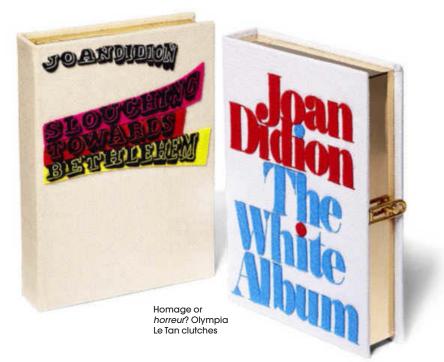
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Serious About Beauty

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cool novels about other nice, depressive California girls. To others, she's a public intellectual, a UC Berkeley grad turned eagle-eyed politico. Or perhaps she's really an astute critic of celebrity culture, adept as she is at slaughtering Hollywood's sacred cows. Yet she's also a glamorous Malibu-beach-house hostess and friend to the stars. A deeply confessional personal essayist and an aloof reporter. A bohemian. A WASP. A consummate New Yorker; a consummate Californian. A progressive and a conservative. A fashion icon. A literary icon. A feminist icon. The ultimate insider. The ultimate outsider.

What's easier to agree on is that Joan Didion is having another moment. The Céline ad was just the latest example of the public's renewed idealization of her, and it wasn't even the fashion house's first. In a previous campaign, Daria Werbowy posed with a vintage Corvette, in homage to the famed photos of Didion leaning against her "Daytona Yellow" Stingray taken in 1968 by Julian Wasser (who's best known for capturing such American icons as JFK and Jack Nicholson). A photo from that same, nearly half-century-old shoot was featured alongside images of Steve McQueen and Debbie Harry in last year's much-lauded exhibit, American Cool, at the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, DC. And this spring the Danziger Gallery in New York hosted a retrospective called Didion by Wasser.

Meanwhile, two of our most influential Millennial voices, Meghan Daum and Lena Dunham, have both cited her as inspiration; fashion girls have been photographed carrying limited-edition Didion tote bags courtesy of the stylish reader's favorite website, Literary Hub; and New York magazine oohed over Veda's new motorcycle jacket featuring a hand-painted Didion portrait by provocateur portraitist Alice Lancaster. In Hollywood, production teams optioned the rights to Didion's 1977 novel, A Book of Common Prayer, and her seminal 1968 essay, "Goodbye to All That," around the same time St. Martin's Press announced it would, this fall, publish the first-ever Didion biography, The Last Love Song, a mind-bogglingly well-researched 700-page tome by Oregon State University professor Tracy Daugherty.

The main event in the Didion renaissance, however, has to be a forthcoming documentary titled We Tell Ourselves Stories in Order to Live, codirected by her nephew, the actor Griffin Dunne, and Susanne Rostock. Last October, the pair put up a Kickstarter campaign to fund the project, which will feature archival footage and original interviews with Ms. Didion as well as peers and collaborators, such as Patti Smith and Vanessa Redgrave. The filmmakers were hoping to raise \$80,000; they hit that goal within the first 24 hours and went on to net more than \$200,000. Generous donations were rewarded with intimate prizes, like a copy of Ms. Didion's recipe for artichokes au gratin, her notes scrawled in the margins, or a used pair of her sunglasses-the writer's equivalent of Rafael Nadal's sweaty wristband or Bruce Springsteen's guitar pick tossed into the crowd. People were clamoring to get a piece of this woman, an essayist in her ninth decade on earth.

The fetishization and deconstruction of Didion's image—the fact that whatever it is she represents can now be served at a dinner party or used to sell a \$2,000 handbag-has gotten a lot of people's blood up, namely that of what might loosely be called the literary girls, as distinguished from another loose faction, the fashion girls (who, it is assumed, could never also be true lit girls). Like any savvy subculture, literary girls have shaped their self-image around glorifying the very thing that's traditionally marginalized them-their cerebralness. To suddenly be embraced for embodying the thing they used to be dismissed for is jarring, if not threatening. "The line between celebration and exploitation is a fine one.... I'm not really sure my literary hero should be fronting a fashion advertisement," wrote the Guardian's Hadley Freedman. In the timeless parlance of 10 Things I Hate About You (a touchstone for all kinds of girls), it's as if a bevy of Julia Stileses, resigned to being ignored by boys for life, is suddenly being told they're beautiful by a pack of Heath Ledgers: They just don't trust it. And they resent it. Or, as The Cut's Kat Stoeffel (smart girl) put it, in a piece likening her response to the Céline ad to the stages of grief, "We [are] acting like hipsters whose favorite indie band just hit No. 1."

Meanwhile, the fashion girls, rulers of the roost though they may be, with their sleek hair, natural sense of style, and lack of experience with rejection, are nonetheless moving through the world at least a little worried that everyone thinks they're dumb. A woman with killer taste who is revered by the literati and anointed by Céline is catnip to this crew. They can nowto characterize it as cynically as possiblepurchase the pretense of intelligence by hanging a list of Didion's 12 must-read books on the bathroom wall or displaying The White Album on their BDDW end table. So they quickly jump on board and write blog posts referring to Didion as "a literary badass" who can now add "'model' to her résumé" (The Gloss).

Of course, seeing this kind of hashtag language employed with regard to Didion sends the lit girls to the mattresses. They write incisive, erudite analyses of the dangers of misunderstanding Didion, like "Why Loving Joan Didion Is a Trap," Molly Fischer's informed and bright but ultimately defensive, willfully jaundiced piece in *New York*. "To gush over Joan Didion seems like a misreading," she argues. Okay, but then so is a dissection of gushing over Didion. Fischer's argument is the smart-girl equivalent of a fashion girl turning up her nose at an unartful mixing of prints.



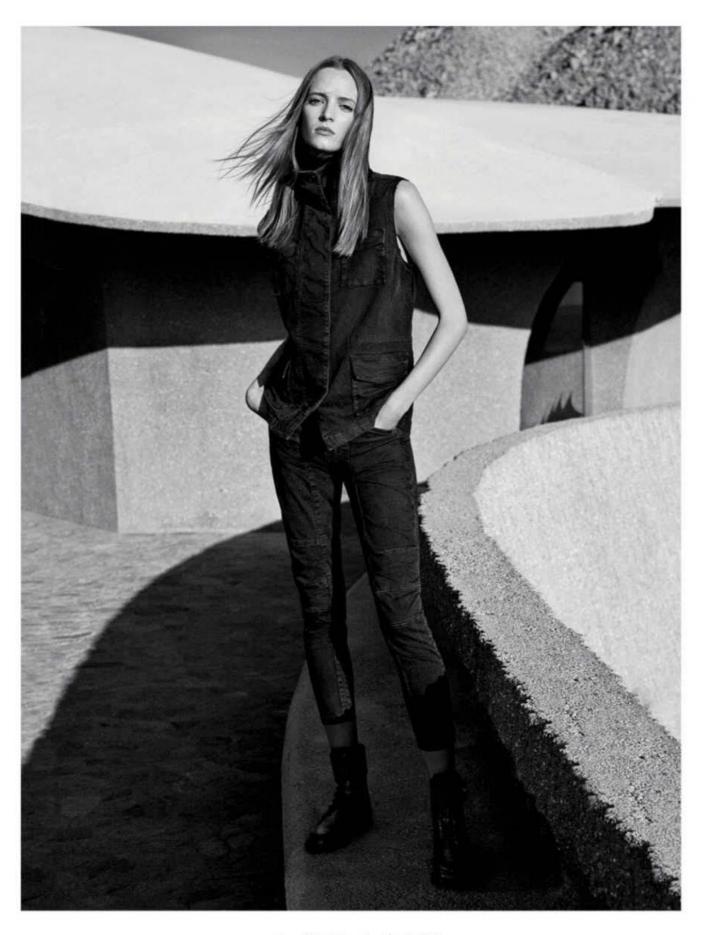
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Or, to quote Haley Mlotek, another Didion acolyte, who wrote for The Awl about all this: "Who fucking cares." She goes on: "It is a sad truth that the prize for living long enough is to see the things and people and artworks that you loved with the pure unfettered abandon of a child taken and mined for commerce... [but] there is no image or brand or text that will ever be an effective placeholder for our own personality, no thing that will give you permission to be the person you want to be." In other words, so what if any jock can buy a T-shirt emblazoned with Kurt Cobain's face and sing blindly along to a song written specifically about jocks singing blindly along to Nirvana songs ("In Bloom")? So what if Gwyneth Paltrow puts Slouching Towards Bethlehem up on Goop? (She hasn't...yet.) Why should that corrode the ultimate value of the art in question? Why should it lessen that art's meaning to you?

The truth is, the line between smart girls and cool girls has become more attenuated in the last decade, what with the rise of stylish lit girls like Lena Dunham and cerebral fashion types like Phoebe Philo. But still, it's as if one's feelings about Joan Didion are some kind of popcultural Rorschach test: The way you perceive her reveals the way you perceive yourself, what you consider of primary value in life. And so for someone to read her differently is for that person to read you differently. For someone to disagree with you about who she is is for them to disagree about who you are.

Trying to figure out who Joan Didion is and what she means is a problem the author herself has written about extensively. "All I knew then was what I wasn't," she recalls of her college years in "Why I Write." "I was traveling on what I knew to be a very shaky passport, forged papers: I knew that I was no legitimate resident in any world of ideas." When she finally lands upon a name for what she is, "a writer," the realization comes not with excitement about the rich life of inquiry she could have ahead of her. Instead, she considers scribbling grunt work, the best she can get considering her gross mental insufficiencies. "Had my credentials been in order I would never have become a writer," she asserts. "Had I been blessed with even limited access to my own mind there would have been no reason to write. I write entirely to find out what I'm thinking...."

You've surely guessed by now that I consider myself a lit girl, one who first read

The White Album in ninth-grade English class and still has that copy, filled with dutiful notes in green Pilot Precise pen. I toted that dog-eared book (and by then, many other Didion works) to college, where I solidified my persona by becoming an English major and heading off, postgraduation, to teach second grade on the Upper East Side. There were many "pleated skirts and handknit cardigans" in my life. I've been trained since birth by my academic parents to disdain the abridged version and revere the close read; Cliffs Notes are to me the height of intellectual laziness. And yet, like many of my type, I developed a parallel self: a popculture obsessive who was confused and then irritated by academia's rules about what counts as Art. I became friends with the music critic Rob Sheffield at the Manhattan bar Black and White after a multihour, vodka-soda-fueled conversation in 2002, one in which he likened each male character on 90210 to a particular romantic poet. (Luke Perry's Dylan McKay really was the Keats of his time!)

I can recall that night in my mind's eye now: The grimy tiles on the bar floor, the squeezed lime wedges moistening cheap cocktail napkins, even the records they played (the Cure's "Disintegration," the Stooges' "Raw Power") cue up when I close my eyes. But it's possible none of this happened. It's possible Rob would tell you that it wasn't 2002 but 2005, that it wasn't at Black and White but the Library, and even that his argument was that Dylan McKay was Wordsworth, not Keats (actually, I called him to check-it was Byron!). "I tell what some would call lies," Didion writes in "On Keeping a Notebook." "Very likely they are right, for not only have I always had trouble distinguishing between what happened and what merely might have happened, but I remain unconvinced that the distinction, for my purposes, matters." What I know is that I made a dear friend that night, our bond solidified by a memory that may or may not be accurate but might as well be. The details are everything, and they are also irrelevant. As Didion puts it: "Remember what it was to be me: that is always the point."

Of all the writers I know and love, Didion is probably the most suited to being viewed through a prism, with bits and pieces pulled out and examined, even out of context, and then returned to their larger whole, because that's exactly how she writes: in an assembly of what she's called "bits of the mind's string too short to use." Reading her, especially at first, is an exercise in collecting apparently random yet somehow riveting details. To fill an Amazon shopping cart with every Joseph Conrad novel she's ever recommended or scour eBay for every item on her packing list is not, as it might be with some other icon, a surface exercise. It's not unlike a young Didion typing out Hemingway's sentences so as to locate the feeling of that enviably precise plainspokenness. Reading her, I feel that if I do as Didion has done, wear what she has worn, stand where she has stood, I might eventually locate myself.

I'm not going to suggest that every person unfamiliar with Didion but drawn in by Céline's ad will now go buy The Year of Magical Thinking and fully absorb it and be transformed. I'm not going to suggest that every person who sees a cool urban woman walking around with Lit Hub's tote will work to identify the tag line "Read to live" as a loose paraphrasing of "We tell ourselves stories in order to live," the famous first line of "The White Album," and then read that essay and feel both sad and less alone in the world. But I am going to say, first, that anytime these things happen, a stylish, intelligent angel should get its wings and, second, that a pair of sunglasses or the image of a girl in a Corvette plastered on someone's Pinterest board right next to Miley Cyrus is just as valid a means of entry to Didion worship as Mr. Musgrave's ninth-grade English class was for me.

Before she wrote the title essay of Slouching Towards Bethlehem, Didion had been unable to write for months, "paralyzed by the conviction that writing was an irrelevant act." The remedy for this turned out to be facing, by observing life in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury in 1967, the truth of what she feared: that writing to put things in their right place is in fact a futile act. That things have no right place. To pin down the truth about Didionwho she really is-is a similarly futile act. The goal is always, as she puts it, to "come to terms with disorder"-with the irrationality and lack of cohesion or rightness in the world around us and, by extension, within ourselves. The point in reading her or carrying a tote with her face on it or making her deviled crab for a dinner party is to nod to this cipher sphinx who, in living bravely on such uncertain ground and documenting that experience so accurately (in the language of lies), has given the rest of us a template for how to do the same. She writes to remember what it was to be her. We read her to remember how to be ourselves.



HEARTS ON FIRE





EDITED BY JOANN PAILEY FASHON 301

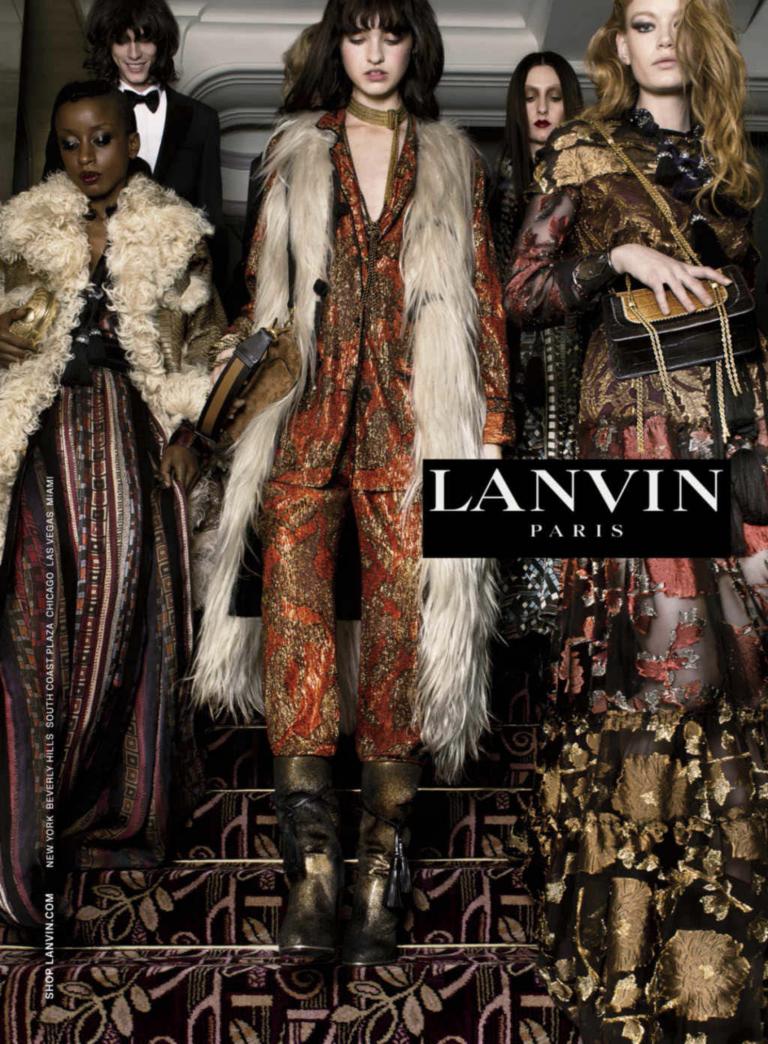




























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SHINE A LIGHT

Ancient Romans believed that signet rings should represent one's personality. General Pompey, who famously led a campaign to rid the Mediterranean of pirates in 66 B.C. and later quashed a slave rebellion led by Spartacus, had a lion bearing a sword on his-a symbol of bravery and valor. In contrast, most western Europeans' rings bore the family crest, and came in handy for stamping wax seals onto handwritten letters. Now cable king David Yurman offers up an irreverent and nightclub-friendly take on the time-honored classic. The Signature Pinky Ring collection of pavé diamond sparklers has a secret: When placed under black light, they reveal either a smiley face, a heart, or a star-a brilliant take on tradition for the emoji generation. What's your sign?



Carlton Davis (styled by Yashua Simmons; makeup by Miguel Lledo at Artlist NY; manicure by Holly Falcone at Kate Ryan Inc. (or Chanel Le Vernis; model: Sonya M at Parts Models); for detalis, see Shopping Guide

Fluorescent pavé diamond and vshite gold rings, all, DAVID YURMAN, prices on request, at David Yurman, NYC. Leather jacket, EACH X OTHER, 81,470, visit eachxother.com











TAYLOR ANN TAYLOR ANN TAY



Scarlet booties, second-skin boots, and even jeweled hikers—this season, there's a perfect fit for everyone



From left: Stretch-leather over-the-knee boot, PAUL ANDREW, \$1,995, collection at modaoperandi.com. Leather over-the-knee boot, MARC JACOBS, \$1,395, visit marejacobs.com. Ultrastretch over-the-knee boot, STUART WEITZMAN, \$798, visit stuartweitzman .com. Suede and leather over-the-knee boot, NICHOLAS ${\it KIRKWOOD}, \, \mathcal{S}1, 295, \, visit$ nicholaskirkwood.com



2 RED BOOTIE



Leather ankle boot, PIERRE HARDY. \$1,445, at Pierre Hardy, NYC



Viscose and polymer ankle boot, GIVENCHY BY RICCARDO TISCI, \$1,325, at Givenchy, NYC



Leather and boot JIMMY CHOO \$1,425, visit jimmychoo.com



Suede and leather and le boot MALONE SOULIERS, 8964, visit

3 HIKER



Embellished calfskin boot, AGL, \$737,



Calfskin boot, RUPERT SANDERSON, \$735, collection at net-a-porter.com



Velvet boot, ALEXANDER WANG, price on request, visit alexanderwang.com



Calfskin boot, CHANEL, \$1,225, at Chanel boutiques nationwide

HOLDING PATTERN Know your options: The season's must-have

Know your options: The season's must-have bags come in ultrasoft shearling, hippie fringe, and of-the-moment blue

1 SKY BLUE



Leather handbag, MIU MIU, \$1,740, visit miumiu.com



Crocodile handbag, NANCY GONZALEZ, \$3,500, collection at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC



Leather handbag, MULBERRY, \$1,590, at Mulberry, NYC



Calfskin handbag, LOEWE, \$2,350, collection at Barneys New York

2 SHEARLING



Shearling handbag, COACH, \$395, at select Coach stores nationwide



Shearling handbag, FENDI, \$3,750, visit fendi.com



Shearling tote, BRUNELLO CUCINELLI, \$4,040, at Brunello Cucinelli, NYC



Shearling and calfskin handbag, LITTLE LIFFNER, \$530, collection at Anthom, NYC

3 AUTUMN SUEDE



Suede and leather-trim bucket bag, DOONEY & BOURKE, \$268, visit





Suede bucket bag, BURBERRY, \$2,795, visit burberry.com



Suede handbag, ROGER VIVIER, \$3,495, at Roger Vivier, NYC







images: courtesy of the designers; for details, see Shopping Guide

Loquet London bracelet: Devon Jarvis/Studio D; rei



NEW YORK

Fall's pack of fashion titles promises a 360 view of the industry's most illustrious figures: Strut the runways with perennial muse Cindy Crawford in Becoming (Rizzoli). Jump behind the lens with photographers Chris von Wangenheim in Gloss (Rizzoli), Terry Richardson in two volumes titled Portraits and Fashion (Rizzoli), and Andy Warhol in Polaroids (Taschen). And venture into the deep, dark world of Alexander McQueen's creative consciousness in Blood Beneath the Skin (Scribner).

simonandschuster.biz

MILAN >

Italian irreverence meets Swiss perfectionism as buzzy eyewear purveyor Italia Independent partners with Hublot on a customizable watch with two überchic denim strap options.

CONFETTI PATTERNS, miuniku.com

TROUSERS AND BOXY TOPS EMBLAZONED WITH SUPERSIZE

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NEW YORK

Filmmaker and contemporary artist Sue de Beer ventured to Abu Dhabi for her latest work, *The Blue Lenses*, which centers on a naive young Arabic woman's relationship with a dubious charmer; premiering at Chelsea gallerist Marianne Boesky's Lower East Side outpost this month.

marianneboeskygallery.com

Clockwise from top right: Glampaolo Sgura/courtesy of The Vladar Company; © Sue de Be Courtesy of the artist and Marianne Boesky Gallery, New York; courtesy of Hublot; Nicole Maria Minikal (2); courtesy of Maria (2); courtesy of Rizzoli; courtesy of Sarbis of Maria Maria of Brazili (2); courtesy of Sarbis of Maria of Brazili (2); courtesy of Sarbis of Sarbis of Maria of Brazili (2); courtesy of Sarbis o



We're at an incredibly exciting moment in which fashion is no longer just about polish and branding. From a construction wizard to a tailoring naïf (plus a whole crew that questions the very way we think about gender), ELLE presents the 15 young visionaries we'll be talking about this fall—and, we bet, for 30 years to come. By Alison S. Cohn



The 2014 LVMH prize winner's bright future was writ large for fall with roomy power tailoring (jumbo-collared taffeta blouses, floor-scraping trousers) that had just a whiff of eccentricity-tufts of fur peeking out of armholes, anyone?



As Miranda Kerr and Phoebe Tonkin can tell you, no one cuts a cocktail dress with the intellectual focus of this boy from Oz. His red-carpet numbers play with gravity to create drape via luxe fabrics slashed into ribbons.



The tawdry and pedestrian (Perspex heels, marabou, pearls) become avant-garde must-haves (clear-soled brogues! fuzzy shower slides! pearltrimmed socks!) when interpreted by this 2014 British Fashion Council New Establishment Award winner.



perfect shirts and shirtdresses—

such as Georgia O'Keeffe and

Donna Karan-have become

Jessica Parker to Jessica Hart.

inspired by strong, creative women

essentials for everyone from Sarah

HOOD BY AIR Puffer jackets, prison uniforms, and normcore staples such as khakis, button-downs, and field jackets-Shayne Oliver (the 2015 Swarovski Award for Menswear winner) ingeniously hybridizes them all in his novel, ambisexual silhouettes.



With Gothic assemblages of fishnet and tulle and, this past summer, a massive glass-bead sculpture draped from the ceiling of London's NOW Gallery, English is making a name for herself as mistress of the dark and delicate.



Washed, bleached, pastel-colored, Swarovskicrystallized—the sky's the limit for what this year's LVMH prize winners Marta Marques and Paulo Almeida can do with their brand signature: superfrayed, raw-cut Japanese denim.



By staying laser focused on a universally appealing signature—luxe, beachy knits that Hailee Steinfeld wore on the red carpet at Sundance—SoCal renegades Scott Studenberg and John Targon are creating a new kind of lifestyle brand.



There's a childlike
naïveté to the way Simon
Porte Jacquemus—a design-school
dropout who received a LVMH
special jury prize and props from
Miley Cyrus this year—tailors
asymmetrically, leaving the solar
plexus or the breasts exposed.



Paula Gerbase has both a Central Saint Martins degree in womenswear and tailoring apprenticeships on Savile Row under her belt, and it shows: Her elegant smocks and wide-legged trousers are readily snapped up by both sexes.



This Paris-born designer is issuing a clarion call to rethink fast fashion: Her jeans—digitally printed with blurry Photoshop imagery or hand-painted with silicone—become literal works of art, especially on the lithe form of FKA Twigs.



TELFAR
Having collaborated
with both the conceptualart collective Shanzhai Biennial (on
show production) and Kmart (on
branded beanies), Telfar Clemens
is flipping the script on the luxury/
mass dichotomy with his
gender-neutral, utilitarian wares.



Forget traditional notions of borrowing from the boys: Women are crazy for this London menswear designer's maxilength studies in volume, which are held together by strings that leave streams of cloth cascading around limbs.



If Warhol saw
Coca-Cola as the great
equalizer, for 69's mystery
designer, it's jeans. The L.A.-based
company calls its approach
"nondemographic." Translation:
massive denim shirt(dresses?) and
drop-crotch trousers to fit everyone.



The design collective whose name in French means, simply, clothes—is helmed by Margiela alum Demna Gvasalia and has Yeezy as a fan, but the proof is in the pudding: Vetements' oversize camel coats and slouchy sweats are wonderfully relatable.





ON THE BUBBLE

With the debut of his own label, Noir Kei Ninomiya, a former Comme des Garçons patternmaker makes his mark. By Alison S. Cohn

NAME: Kei Ninomiya

AGE: 31

PROVENANCE: Oita, Japan **CURRICULUM VITAE: Kei** Ninomiya, the designer of the newest addition to the Comme des Garçons stable (which, in addition to the Ur-conceptual label, includes Junya Watanabe and buzzy menswear line Ganryu), earned a degree in French literature before enrolling in the fashion design program at Belgium's Royal Academy of Fine Arts, the prestigious training ground of such greats as Martin Margiela and Dries Van Noten. But he quit to take a job as a patternmaker. "My school was Comme des Garçons," Ninomiya says.

COMME DESTINY: Ninomiya grew up on Kyushu, the southernmost of Japan's main islands, famous for its hot springs, and became interested in fashion when he wandered into a Comme des Garcons store there in high school. "I thought it was kind of strange," he says of designer Rei Kawakubo's iconic brand, known for feats like jackets with extra sleeves swinging from the shoulder and straitjacket wedding dresses. "It's really different from normal fashion." The first college Ninomiya attended happened to be located in the heart of the Tokyo luxury district, Aoyama, and just a few blocks from the Comme des Garçons flagship. He took frequent study breaks to window-shop. "I decided that one day I would work with Rei," Ninomiya says.

SHE SAID YES: While studying in

Antwerp, Belgium, Ninomiya wrote to Kawakubo asking for a job. "She said yes, so I started to work," he reports. "That was it." As a patternmaker on Kawakubo's Tokyo-based team for four years, he was given the mind-bending challenge of transforming her weird and wonderful runway creations into patterns that could be factory produced. Then, in 2012, Kawakubo offered him the chance to design his own collection under her aegis. **OUTSIDE THE BOX:** Ninomiya showed his line by private appointment for five seasons before making his Paris Fashion Week debut for the fall 2015 collections, presented in March. The event was a visual feast of 23 all-black



of quilted tulle, a velvet frock with "stripes" of tiny glass beads sprinkled onto strips of adhesive, and macramé separates fashioned from padded nylon rope. "To make new things, you must change how you think completely," Ninomiya says. Perhaps most impressive coming from a former patternmaker were jackets and dresses that didn't use a single stitch, but were instead constructed from faux-leather pods held together with studs. One astonishing dress, shown at right, took four days to make and employed 3,000 such metal connectors. TRUTH IN ADVERTISING: Since I work only in black, Rei said, 'Let's call it Black,'" Ninomiya says of the label's name. "When you give yourself parameters and limitations, you force yourself to become more creative." PRICES: From \$230 for a rayon jersey top to \$5,765 for a synthetic-leather cutwork dress WHERE TO BUY: Dover Street

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Garcons in New York and



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(BOOK: EDITORS'

Form vs. function—the eternal work wardrobe bind. This month, four ELLE editors show us how they dress for the demands of their jobs without sacrificing personal style in the process. By Noah Silverstein



BLANK-CANVAS CHIC

Haley Stark,

Associate Art Director Stark's style lives up to her surname. "The pages I design are visually stimulating, so it helps to free my brain by dressing in a way that's clean and minimalistic," she says. She's more playful, however, when it comes to accessories, like a shearling Pepto-hued Fendi cross-body bag. "It's basically like a pink teddy bear," she says. "Even if my look is downplayed for work, with this I can still have a little fun." What She's Wearing: A Les Copains top (\$745); Carven trousers (price on request); Fendi bag (*\$3,750*); and Valentino Garavani platform sandals (\$1,145). Why It Works: The basic black shell and the sleek cut of the pants align with Stark's Scandinavianminimalist vibe. The tweed embellishment



Amelia Hoffman, Photo Editor

Versatility ranks high on Hoffman's workweekuniform checklist, as her days range from prepping photo studios for a shoot to meeting prospective photographers after work. "The clothes have to be comfortable because I'm always running around," she says. Her solution: neutral blouses with trousers or boyfriend jeans that can be easily elevated with a jacket. "For me, the jacket's the most reliable piece-it goes a long way."

What She's Wearing: A Sonia Rykiel cape (\$3,920); Carven turtleneck (\$740); Acne Studios wide-leg trousers (\$620); Victoria Beckham clutch (\$2,550); and Jimmy Choo suede pumps (\$595).

Why It Works: The slim-fitting turtleneck and wide-leg trousers provide on-the-go ease; the suede cape acts as an unexpected alternative to Hoffman's standby jacket and adds evening drama.

INSIDE YOUR CLOSET

HAS A STORY While window shopping in SoHo, a spark of sequin caught my eye. Bought the bag. Took it out. Danced until dawn. When my next shopping adventure turned up a new treasure,

I decided it was someone else's turn to take the lead with my sequined love.

Who will wear it next?



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INSIDE YOUR CLOSET

EVERY MUST-HAVE HAS A STORY

On my last trip to San Francisco, forgot my go-to timepiece. Strolling the Mission, found this watch. While admiring my new find, literally walked into a handsome stranger. Time stood still. It was love at first sight. I found The One and decided it was time to share the good fortune with another.

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Stretch-cotton denim skirt, CURRENT/ELLIOTT, \$218, visit currentelliott.com



Stretch-cotton denim skirt, McGUIRE, \$209, collection at shopbop.com



Stretch-cotton denim skirt, 7 FOR ALL MANKIND, \$215, visit 7forallmankind.com



Viscose and cotton denim skirt, MOTHER, 8162, visit motherdenim.com



Cotton denim skirt, J BRAND, \$238, collection at Nordstrom stores nationwide



Stretch-cotton denim skirt, PAIGE, \$159, visit paige.com





Stretch-cotton denim skirt, FRAME DENIM, \$189, collection at Nordstrom stores nationwide



Cotton denim skirt, GAP, \$50, at Gap stores nationwide



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From tough little minis to haute hippie fringe, three shapes you need to rock now

1 LEATHER MINI



Goatskin skirt, SANDRO, \$570, visit sandro-paris.com



Lambskin skirt, REBECCA MINKOFF, \$398, at Rebecca Minkoff, NYC



COACH Lambskin skirt, ZADIG & VOLTAIRE, \$500, at Zadig & Voltaire

boutiques nationwide

Wool-blend

trousers, BANANA

REPUBLIC, \$118, visit narepublic.co



Goatskin coat, SANDRO, \$2,485, visit sandro-paris. com. Calfskin, viscose, and snakeskin handbag, ETRO, \$4,405, at Etro, NYC

2 MEN'S TROUSER



Cotton and wool trousers, SAUNDER FOR BRAND ASSEMBLY, \$425, exclusively at Lord & Taylor stores nationwide



Wool-blend trousers, MARISSA WEBB, \$445, similar styles at Neiman



Marcus stores nationwide

LOEWE



Sunglasses, SPY, \$150, visit spyoptic.com. Leather cross-body bag, LONGCHAMP, \$650, visit longchamp.com

Runway: Imaxtree.com (3); Rebecca Minkoff skirt, Zadig & Voltaire skirt, Marissa Webb trousers, Banana Republic trousers, and J.C Assembly trousers, Elie Tahari skirt, BCBGMax Azria skirt, and Michael Michael Kors T-shirt: Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina

3 FRINGED SKIRT



Suede skirt, ELIE TAHARI, \$998, at Elie Tahari boutiques



Faux-suede skirt. BCBGMAXAZRIA, \$268, visit bebg.com

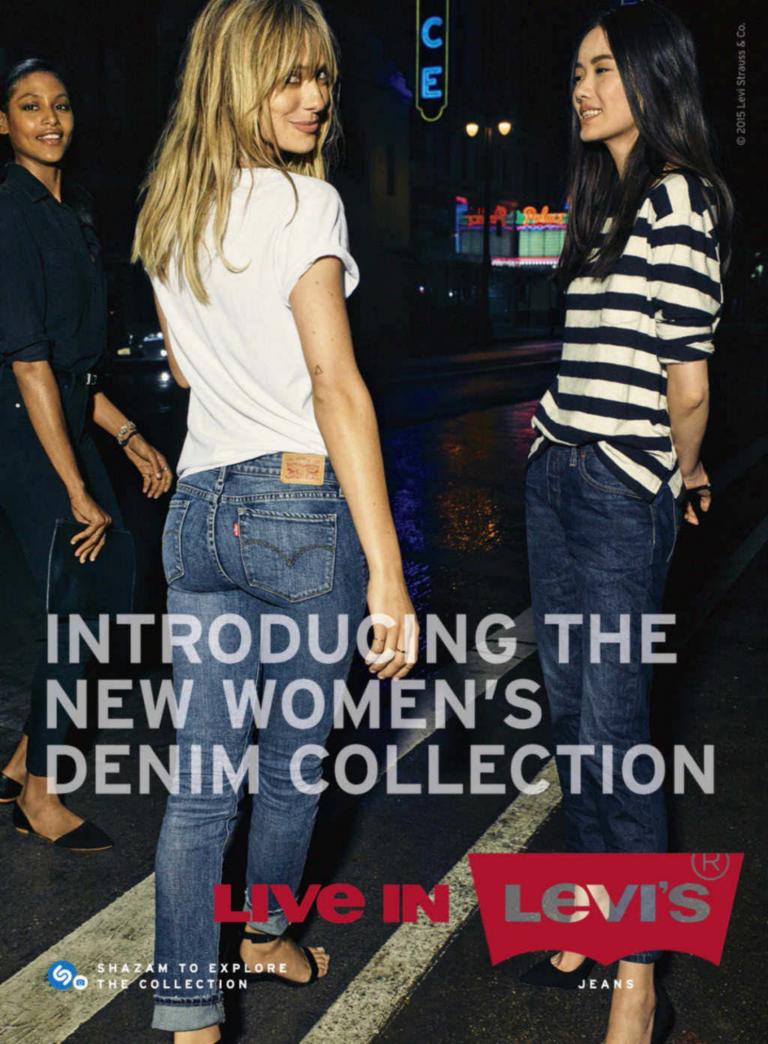


Suede skirt. J.CREW, \$495, visit jerew.com



BURBERRY PRORSUM

Embellished T-shirt, MICHAEL MICHAEL KORS, #175, visit michaelkors.com. Leather pump, MARNI, 8900, visit marni.com







FASHION TRAINER

No longer a purely utilitarian choice.

Technical-fabric and leather sneaker, GOLDEN GOOSE DELUXE BRAND, \$420,

408 SHOPS E



yellow) makes any classic current.

Patent leather handbag, CHANEL. \$4,300, at Chanel boutiques nationwide

8

COLOR-BLOCKING

Strength in

numbers applies to the boldest

of hues, as seen at the Balmain show



Runway: Imaxtree.com; ELLE issue; Gilles Bensimon (issue photographed by Richad Majchrak/Studio D); Gap jacket: Richard Majchratk/Studio (styyled by Gobbie Riven for RL Bennelt Represents); Tigue jacket Devon Jarvis/Studio D (styled by Sabrina Grande); remaining images: courtesy of the designers; for deralls, see Shopping Guide

Pair with a miniskirt (we love the '90s!). Leather ankle boot, AQUAZZURA, \$1,155, collection at shopbop.com













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Model is wearing Pants: style #10044, Top: style #4000

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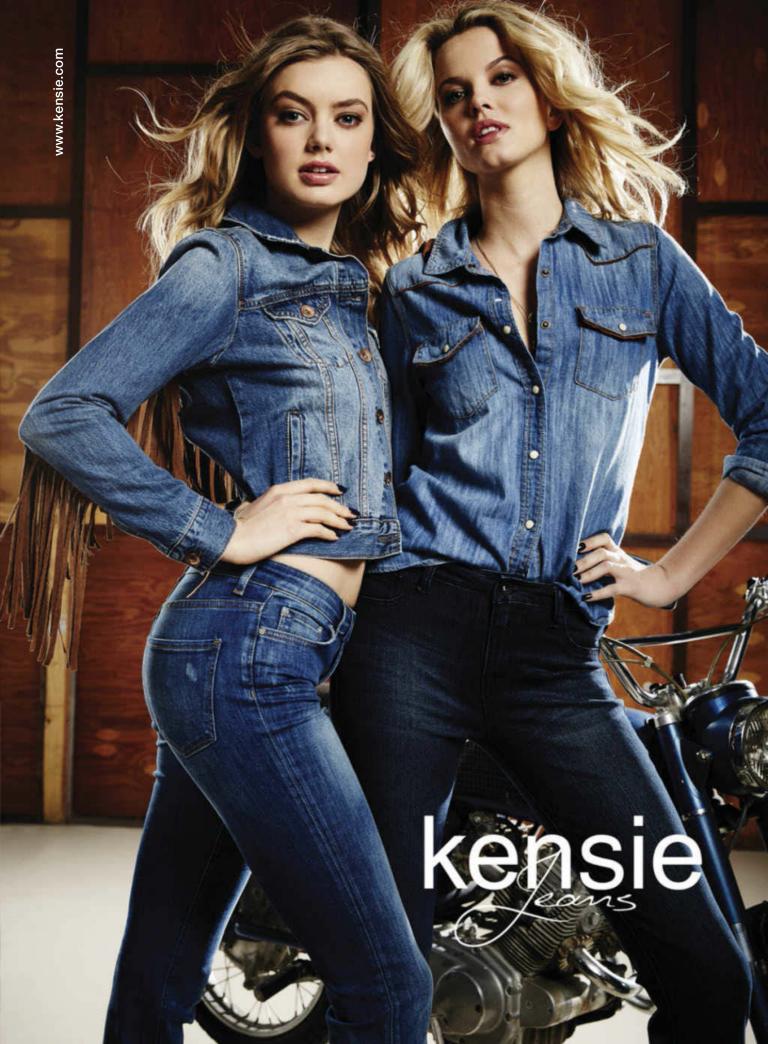
SHOPS **ELLE 30**





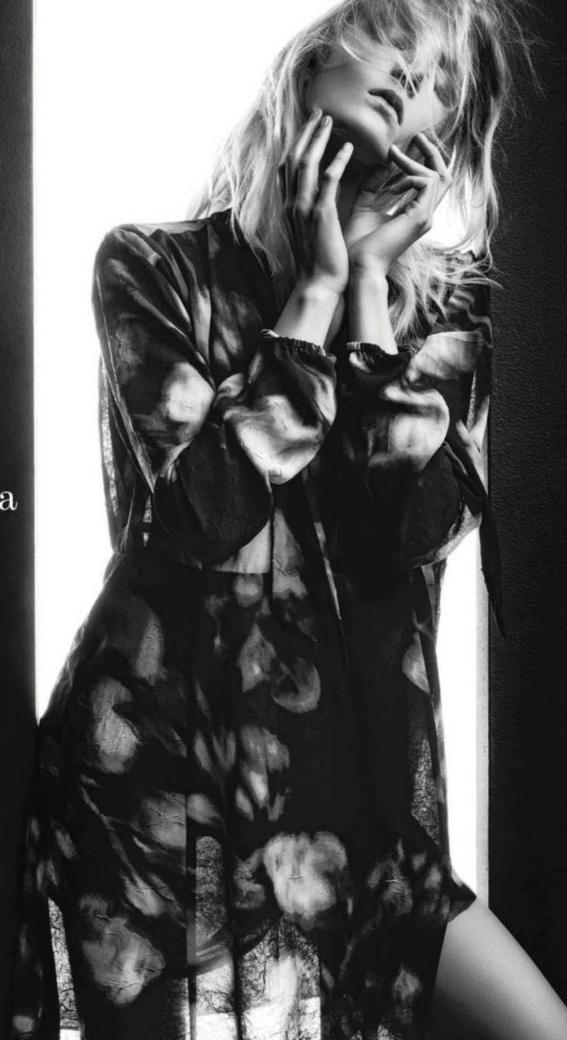


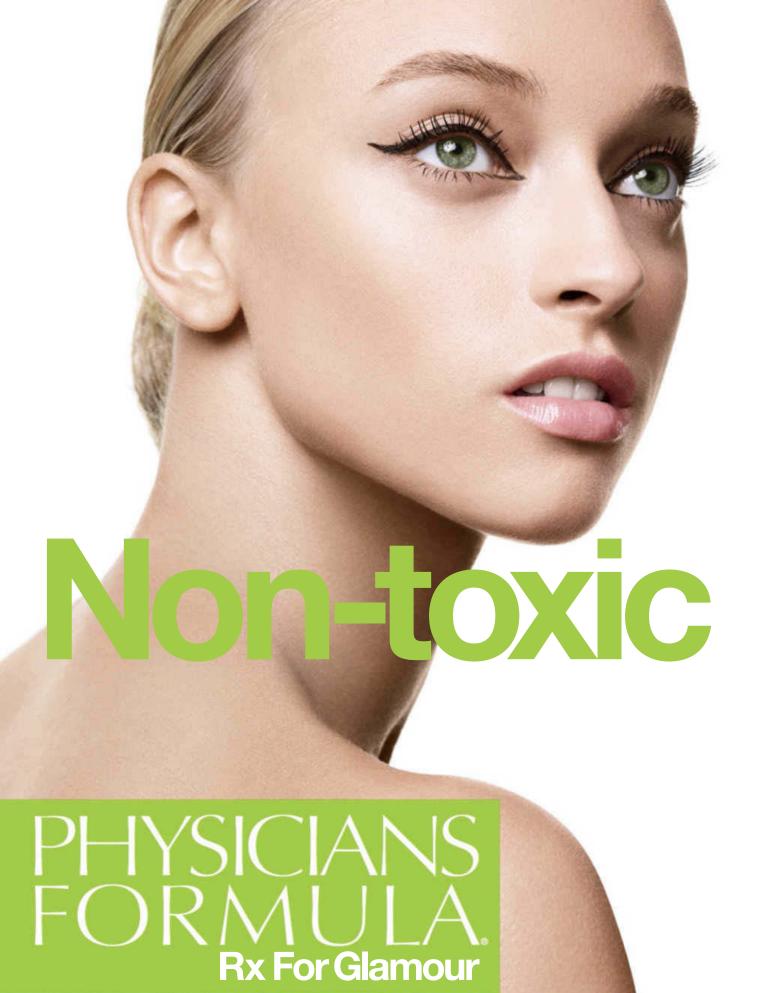






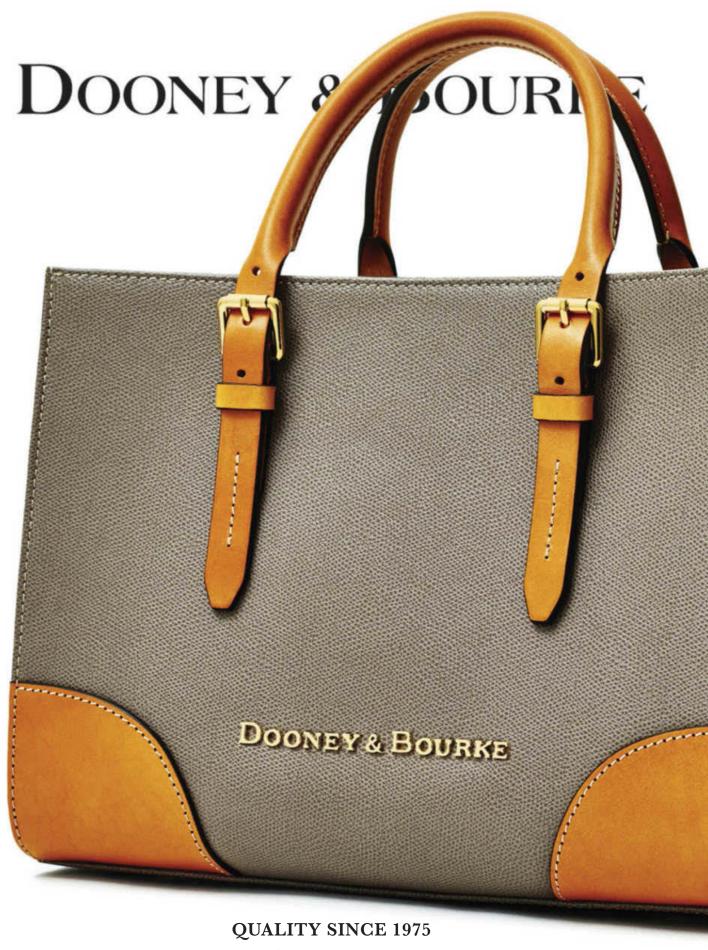
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Shown left to right: '40s FLORAL DRESS, ORIG. \$60; '50s GINGHAM DRESS, ORIG. \$60; '60s GRAPHIC DRESS, ORIG. \$60; '70s ASCOT DRESS, ORIG. \$60; '80s ZIPPER DRESS, ORIG. \$60; '90s TWEED DRESS, ORIG. \$60; '00s FLORAL DRESS, ORIG. \$60.

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ELLE Fashion Director Samira Nasr shares the ideas and objects that are inspiring her now

ART FAIR

I've fallen in love with the unique characters artist Lynette Yiadom-Boakye dreams up in her paintings, especially this elegant one called *Any* Number of Preoccupations (anyone who knows me can attest to my love for a white shoe). This month, I'm hoping to catch her show at London's Serpentine Gallery (through September 13).

SUSPENDED ANIMATION Lately, I've been wearing all my pants with suspenders. I love the menswear angle they add to an outfit.

> HOLDING PATTERN Miuccia Prada's thoughtful, dreamy collections bring a real excitement to Milan Fashion Week, This season, her pastel-clad parade toted a fresh take on the traditional top-handle: a bag within a bag. Call it the Inception of purses. This bag shot straight to the top of my fall must-buy list.

Runway: Imaxitee.com; Nast (top): Taylor Jewell; Nast (bottom): courtesy of the subject; artwork: Lynetie Yladom-Boakye/courtesy of Cori-Nation; University of the State of St

Crocodile handbags, prices on request, leather handbag, \$2,600, all, PRADA, at select Prada boutiques nationwide



coat, MADEWELL, \$225, visit madewell.com. Above: Wool coat, MAX MARA, \$2,250 at Max Mara, NYC

STOCKING BROKER I don't feel women need to reinvent their wardrobe each season; sometimes it's about road testing new styling tricks–like Balmain's sexy LBDs paired with sheer hosiery. Most women I know have been stocking-averse for ages, but they add an elegance you can't achieve with bare legs. Fogal, my personal favorite, is well worth the investment.

TOP COAT

I'm making a beeline for this leather jacket I tried on backstage after Loewe's fall show in Paris. You can't have too many Perfectos! But my true outerwear obsession is the overcoat. Max Mara's version is perfect: luxe, a tad oversize, and just the right shade. Madewell's more walletfriendly iteration? The next best thing.





BALMAIN

Spandex yarn tights, FOGAL OF

SWITZERLAND,

\$49-\$59 each. visit fogal.com





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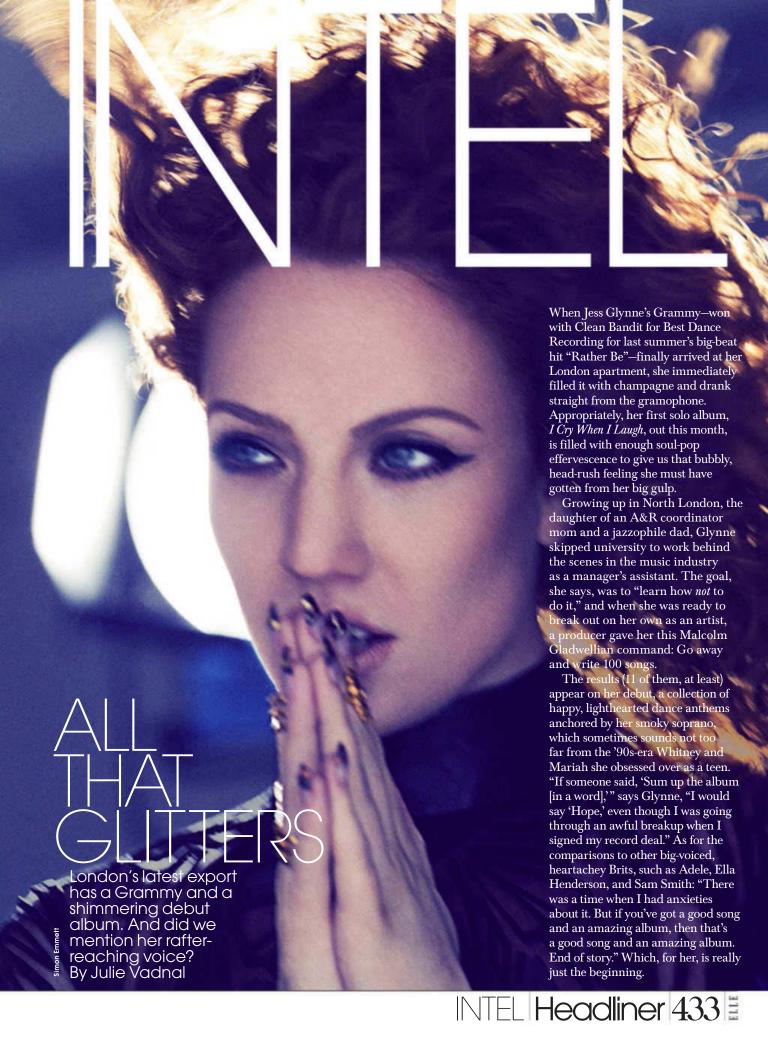
... that's before the bikini.

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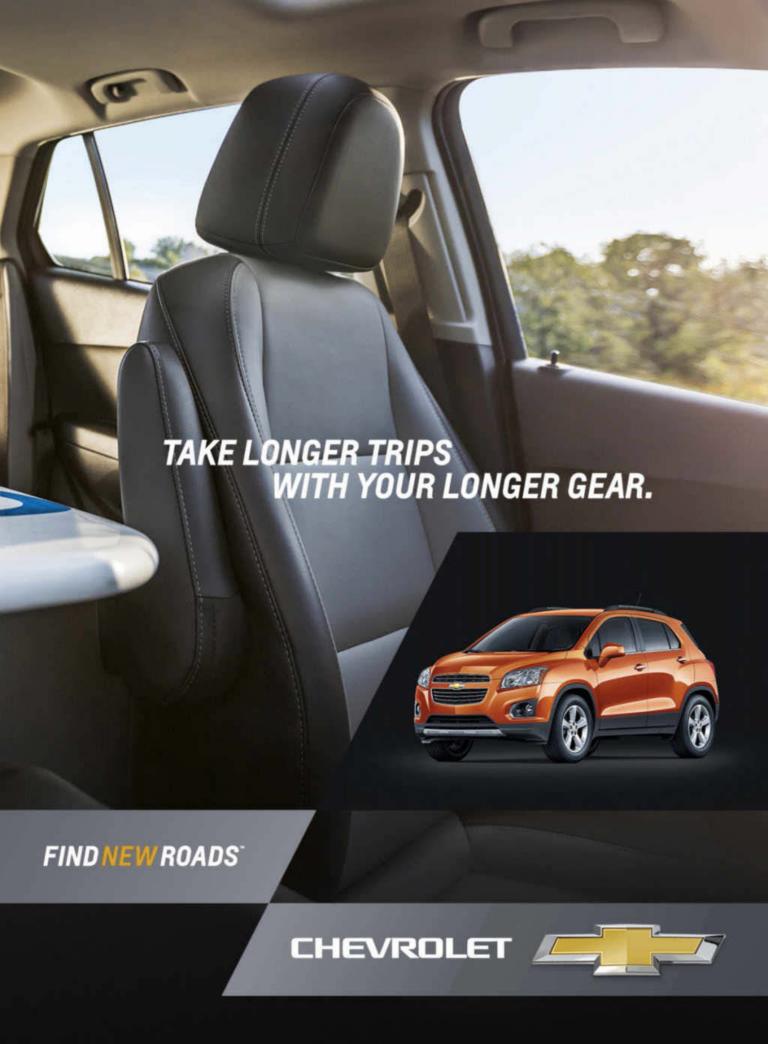








THE 2016 CHEVROLET TRAX







CASTLES MADE OF SAND

Zac Efron and Andrew Garfield shine in a pair of films exposing the fundamental challenges and insecurities of American life today.

By Ben Dickinson

This month two wildly disparate movies share one resoundingly timely theme that hasn't been much explored in the dark of the cineplex: the invisible hurricane of mortgage foreclosures (around 5.6 million and counting) that swept various regions across America in the wake of 2008's financial meltdown, and the disturbing proliferation of schemes aiming to profit from the misfortunes of multitudinous families who've been dispossessed of their homes.

North Carolinian Ramin Bahrani, a critical darling—the late, great Roger Ebert, in his review of 2013's underattended *At Any Price*, dubbed him "the best new American director of recent years"—delivers an emotional wallop that

promises to garner him wider attention with 99 Homes, set amid the contemporary real estate carnage of Orlando, Florida. With vividly soulful authenticity, Andrew Garfield (The Amazing Spider-Man) plays Dennis Nash, a construction worker on the skids who finds himself struggling to save his suburban childhood home, a ranch-style mid-twentieth-century model now populated only by himself, his selfemployed hairdresser mother (the always affecting Laura Dern), and his young son. When Nash fails, his Mephistopheles shows up at their front door in the person of real estate agent Rick Carver (Michael Shannon), who, accompanied by a pair of armed sheriff's deputies, announces that he's taking possession of their home on behalf of the bank. Nash soon sees going to work for Carver's operation as his main chance to earn the house back and move out of the motel his family has landed in, on Route 192 near Disney World-a rundown strip of such institutions now thickly populated with similarly displaced families. Little does

he know what that choice may cost him.

Bahrani, Garfield, and Shannon all spent time in central Florida researching for the movie. "Andrew sat and talked with day laborers at a Home Depot, and on the first day there, one of them told him his life story," Bahrani says. "And Andrew called and told me, 'I don't believe it-I just met a guy who told me the story of the film!" Shannon (Boardwalk Empire, Man of Steel), an actor's actor and perfect villain (he got an Oscar nomination for his supporting role in 2008's Revolutionary Road), gets the role of his career so far in Carver, a man whose austere clarity of desperation has vaulted him into the ranks of wheeler-dealers for whom homes are mere "boxes" to be corralled, managed, and manipulated like commodities futures. "Don't get emotional about real estate!" he exhorts Nash more than once as the man pines for the box he grew up in, now repossessed and underwater-i.e., worth much less than the mortgage debt it carries.

About Shannon, Bahrani says, "I know him to have a dark, sarcastic wit, so once I knew he was in, I started adding a lot of humor into his role. I wanted him to be slick and shiny and bright in his suits." Carver's credo is terrifying—he tells Nash that only one out of 100 families is destined to make it onto Noah's ark (hence the movie's title), and he in-

tends to be on that boat, come hell or high water. "But you can't help but somehow love this guy at the same time," Bahrani says. "Much of what he says is hard to argue with. He's a strong antagonist, but the real problem is the entire system that is creating these people."

A world-or at least a continent-away from Orlando and 99 Homes is Los Angeles's San Fernando Valley, a similarly blighted realm of failed real estate dreams where unfolds the saga of We Are Your Friends, the debut feature cowritten and directed by videographer and short-doc veteran Max Joseph. A glossy, shamelessly commercial-looking but somehow consistently endearing coming-of-age tale about Cole Carter (the always smartly alert, sexually smoldering, and big-hearted Zac Efron), a sapling of a man determined to make it as a DJ in the macho, sink-or-swim world of electronic dance music (EDM), WAYF also features a heavy subtheme about a group of homies from the wrong side of the suburban tracks-Carter's crew. They graduate from their party-hearty apprenticeships as underage mooks promoting club dates, where Carter mans the turntables, to manning the phones for a skeevy Svengali who's running a foreclosure "assistance" operation that has a heavy déjà-vu vibe of Jordan Belfort's penny-stock-hawking operation in The Wolf of Wall Street.

The central narrative of WAYF, though,

concerns Carter's grasping toward composing and developing his own EDM sound—and thereby getting closer to finding his way out of the Valley and into a world that offers wider possibilities. At one unpromising club date, he lucks into a connection with James Reed (Wes Bentley), a DJ who's won global renown, and soon finds himself deejaying an afternoon set at an iconic Hollywood Hills house-with-swimming-pool—and catching

the eye of the guy's girlfriend and Girl Friday, Stanford dropout Sophie (Emily Ratajkowski, who played the mistress to Ben Affleck's cheater in *Gone Girl*).

Carter is soon learning how he might raise his EDM game at the knee of his mentor, who shows him how to move beyond your standard softwareconstructed dance tracks to recording and incorporating found sounds to make more sonic candy to get people moving. An especially inspired segment demonstrates how a successful DJ endeavors to bring us to the verge of tachycardia as the superamplified beats per minute rise to chest-rattling levels. Despite all the glitz and hard-sell atmospherics of the L.A. EDM scene that the movie lays out, Efron (and this is the secret sauce of his star power) keeps us believing in Carter's core integrity and dignity.

Carter's situation gets more scrambled and confusing after he and his posse rent a house with pool and embark on

Gartield and Shannon in 99 Homes

an experiment in communal living—and as, in time, they come to face some of the deeper truths about the foreclosure-flipping business that they've staked their futures on. Joseph allows as how this subplot stems from his witnessing "friends of friends" who'd gotten into shady real estate foreclosure operations and were making tons of money at it. He wanted, he says, "to dramatize how the good-time vibe of party promoting can verge over into something darker"—crossing a fuzzy line until you're "not just selling a party" but making money from doing things that hurt people.

Both of these movies speak truth to today's power in their own way. While 99 Homes attests to the rage behind the dispossessed, We Are Your Friends has something to say about how hard it is for today's twentysomethings to see a path toward the future. Together, they suggest that we've got major work ahead of us.

MOVIES TRUST US



KING'S GAMBIT

Director Edward Zwick (*Glory*, *Legends* of the Fall) delivers a mind-bending psychological thriller in **Pawn Sacrifice**, about the Cold War–era face-off between American chess savant Bobby Fischer (Tobey Maguire) and the USSR's Boris Spassky (a broody Liev Schreiber). Lily Rabe plangently portrays Fischer's sister, who sees that, as someone else puts it, "chess is a rabbit hole."



A SINGULAR VISION

In Steve Jobs: The Man in the Machine, doc-meister Alex Gibney captures the legendary "reality distortion field" his subject created around himself—yielding grand ambitions, superachievement, and bad feelings. Both Jobs's genius and his dark side, and how he drove Apple Inc. to glory with beautiful devices made in difficult conditions, are depicted with vivid insight and nuance.



INTO HARM'S WAY

Owen Wilson, in a rare action role, masterfully propels the unrelenting adrenaline ride *No Escape*, directed by John Erick Dowdle. He plays corporate careerist Jack Dwyer, who's moved his wife (a soulful Lake Bell) and two daughters to a Southeast Asian land just in time for a hostile coup to unfold. A grizzled Brit (Pierce Brosnan) does his best to help them survive it.—*B.D.*





(FICTION) THE ELLE'S LETTRES 2015 READERS' PRIZE

15 ELLE readers choose their favorite among three promising new books—this month, novels about faith, family, and community

WE NEVER ASKED **FOR WINGS** VANESSA DIFFENBAUGH (BALLANTINE) In this elegantly composed novel, we follow Letty, a young single mother with a feisty six-year-old daughter and a precocious teenage son, as she attempts to build a consistent life after her hands-on parents leave the San Francisco Bay Area for their native Mexico. Readers rooted for the young family and delighted in what one calls the "subtle parallels between migratory birds, Letty's wayward journey, and the challenges of both undocumented and legal immigrants who live on the fringes of society."

THE GIRL WHO SLEPT WITH GOD VAL BRELINSKI (VIKING) It's 1970 in Arco, Idaho, and Grace, an **Evangelical Christian** teen, has returned home preanant after a mission trip to Mexico, As Grace, who believes the pregnancy to be a divine gift, is shunned by her skeptical family, the complex relationship between the young girl and her sisters is brought to the fore. And while the gift-from-God trope is certainly not untapped. Brelinski's refreshing spin had readers hooked from page 1.

COMING OF AGE AT THE END OF DAYS ALICE LAPLANTE (ATLANTIC MONTHLY)

For 16-year-old Anna, plagued by visions and an obsession with death, the arrival in her town of a doomsday cult offers surprising solace. While readers were captivated by the imaginative plot and cast of characters—each of whom, as one writes, "plays a crucial role as Anna wrestles with melancholy, faith, salvation, and whether or not love can possibly trump the end of days"—some found the novel predictable and an important epiphany too cleanly packaged.—Keziah Weir

(FICTION)

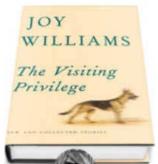
ODES BY JOY

A long-awaited collection from a modern master By Lisa Shea

Joy Williams's influential and long-revered body of work jubilantly defies the pigeonholing that can shadow artists, in particular women di una certa età. The Visiting Privilege: New and Collected Stories (Knopf), her first collection in 10 years, showcases 46 tales by a wizard of elegant economy, fearless wit, and sly surprise. Edgy, se-

ductive concision is one key to her stories' appeal; another is her uncanny ability to illuminate hidden pockets of the human heart.

The anthology draws from three earlier collections as well as new stories previously unavailable in book form. Near the opening of "Shepherd," about the burden of love, a young girl muses on the recent loss of her dog. "He had a famous trick. When the girl said, 'Do you love me?' he would leap up, all fours, into her arms. And he was light, so light, containing his great weight deep within him-



self, like a dream of weight." In "ACK," a group of friends gather on Nantucket. The subject of children comes up, and one character painstakingly and hilariously describes each of her daughters. "My second daughter is the traveler of the family even though she seldom rises from her bed. One need only show her the

shell of a queen conch or a paperweight with its glass enclosing a Welsh thistle and she is swimming in the Bahamas or tramping through the British Isles...."

Williams's radiant, gimlet vision (she is also the author of four novels and a book of essays) reaches back to masters like Flannery O'Connor and Raymond Carver, shares a literary sisterhood with Lydia Davis and Deborah Eisenberg, and stretches ahead to newer members of the storytelling pack, such as George Saunders and Mary-Beth Hughes.

(FICTION)

ROAD WARRIORS

Claire Vaye Watkins's debut novel is a literary Mad Max By Keziah Weir

There's nothing so frightening as a glimpse at a believable nearfuture, and Claire Vaye Watkins's prescient *Gold Fame Citrus* (Riverhead) offers something that feels all too real. Watkins, herself a native of the Mojave Desert she appropriates for the novel, stirred up major buzz in 2012 with her prize-sweeping

story collection *Battleborn*, and this debut novel brims with her intensity and unparalleled imagination.

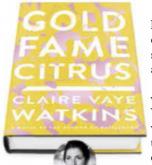
Set in the nightmare sprawl of a rainless, dystopian Southern California, the story opens with former model Luz and her boyfriend Ray, a once-soldier, once-surfer, living in a mansion long abandoned by its last occupant—a starlet who left behind diamonds when even fistfuls of cash couldn't reverse the unending drought. The land of citrus, gold, and fame has been sucked dry, and Luz and Ray are among the few who haven't evacuated to government internment camps. They're playing an extended, disjointed game of house together when they come into possession of a strange abandoned child who dubs

herself Ig. Their new ward, they decide, deserves better, and they set out for the east in an excruciating bid for a greener life.

The trio traverse a *Mad Max* world painted with a finer brush, Watkins's strange imagery providing more sensory stimuli than a 3D IMAX: a shrieking crowd in an eerily dry canal;

looters hurling trash cans through windows, "sending glass down like rain."

At its core, Gold Fame Citrus is a story about love, though Watkins forgoes sticky-sweet clichés for the same gritty, visceral language she ascribes to Luz's skin, cracked from the sun, "like the plates along the bottom of a dry ancient sea"—or the unyielding sky, "a pit above but somehow also aglow, the new horizon a shimmering smear and very far away." When Ray thinks fondly of Luz and Ig, they are "two throbbing slabs of his heart outside his body, walking around." And so Watkins's masterful story, at once beautiful and profoundly unsettling, sears its way into the brain, burning hot through the devastating journey and lingering long after the last page is turned.





(NONFICTION)

WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS?

Two books on the importance of being connected

WE NEED THE GUYS AT WORK



Before Kim Elsesser was a research scholar at UCLA, teaching classes on gender and writing Sex and the Office: Women, Men, and the Sex Partition That's Dividing the Workplace (Taylor Trade), she was the number two in

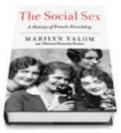
a group developing quantitative strategies at Morgan Stanley. She writes that she faced the usual crap: "Did I have the balls to do that trade? Was my dick big enough? Or more frequently, I needed to get some balls." But Elsesser's need to grow a pair paled in comparison to a more insidious problem: the obstacles to "cross-sex friendships" created by the heightened awareness of sexual-harassment laws. "I watched the head of my group play poker with his direct report"—the pretty, blond Elsesser was not invited—"and come back with all kinds of information" about the clients, deals, and company culture, she said in an interview.

Friendship is the lube of on-the-job networking; friends share gossip or valuable insights about the boss. The more social support you get, the more productive and creative you are, she writes. More men in your network equals more money in your paycheck.

But this book bravely takes on the ways that our current obsession with legislating contact between the sexes—usually "to keep people from suing the corporation"—has hurt women, because men fear that extracurricular contact with the opposite sex can be construed as harassment. "Senior men have more to protect now. They don't want to do anything suspicious," Elsesser says. She mentions a recent National Journal survey that asked female congressional staffers what it's like to be a woman on the Hill. They answered that they can't be alone with their congressman; only male staffers can. According to Elsesser, one chief of staff said to a woman, "You can't come to many events because we don't want you in too many photos."

So women don't get the intimate, informal access to power, and they get stuck. Another problem, Elsesser points out, is human nature. She introduces data that shows how hard it is for people who spend a lot of time together at work *not* to be attracted to each other, something called the "mere exposure effect."

Some companies have begun to acknowledge this. Google, she says, realized that male and female employees are going to meet, so the company socially engineered a meeting place. "They thought, the [cafeteria] lunch line is the perfect place to meet someone, and investigated the optimal length of time in which a person can meet someone new and begin to network." How long does it take to begin a work friend-ship? According to the Yentas at Google, three to four minutes.—*Lisa Chase*



WE NEED EACH OTHER

A current take on gender and friendship asserts that men relate shoulder-to-shoulder, but women interact face-to-face. This concept has its roots in the ancient paradigm of the males out hunting prey, camouflaged silently in the bush, while the females were on their haunches at

home, cooking and delivering babies. In the brisk yet comprehensive *The Social Sex: A History of Female Friendship* (Harper Perennial), feminist historian Marilyn Yalom and writer Theresa Donovan Brown take a seriously playful approach to the evolution of women as social beings. The authors survey political, cultural, religious, economic, and philosophical trends and upheavals in female friendships, from biblical times to *Bridesmaids* days.

In antiquity, they write, friendship was a paramount virtue, yet women—considered "noncitizens, nonsoldiers, and nonparticipants in the public realm"—were deemed constitutionally unsuited for friendship. This began to change

with the "premodern nuns" in the twelfth century; the "brilliant, creative, passionate" abbess Hildegard von Bingen "left us tantalizing remnants" about her female friendships. By the 1500s, Yalom and Brown write, "the word gossip

was a common...term for a woman friend and had not yet acquired the derogatory connotation of idle talk or rumor that it has today."

You zip through the centuries in this book, from female friendships during the American Revolution to fellowship among transcendentalists to SocialJane.com, a site that "allows women to be highly specific about the kind of potential friend they would like to meet." The river that runs through this is the deep, dear bonds between women. As one British woman, circa 1920, wrote in a verse for her best friend: "We mean to run this show. We are not shy./We'll make the whole world go—/My friends and I!"—Lisa Shea



(BOOKS)

TRUST US
SPIRIT ANIMALS

Each fable in Ceridwen Dovey's ingenious *Only the Animals* (FSG) is narrated by a departed beast whose eloquent soul bares a moving life story. "I, the Elephant, Wrote This" begins, "My twin sister and I, like all young elephants in our herd, were raised on a feast of stories about our ancestors...."

RUSHDIE RETURNS
In Salman Rushdie's
Two Years Eight
Months and
Twenty-Eight Nights
(Random House),
mischievous jinn
with potent powers
descend on
a ravaged
posttempest New
York. A battle royale plays

York. A battle royale plays out between good and evil, featuring a gold digger, a lowly gardener, and a supernaturally gifted abandoned baby.

THE BOOK OF LIFE

"When I grow up," Mary Karr wrote in 1965, "I will write 1/2 poetry and 1/2 autobiography." True to her word, her latest, The Art of Memoir (Harper) is passionate and irreverent—and reminds us why we love a good memoir. A literature prof at Syracuse University, she teaches her students that "at unexpected points in life, everyone gets waylaid by the colossal force of recollection. One minute vou're a grown-ass woman, then a whiff of cumin conjures your dad's curry, and a whole door to the past blows open."-L.S.



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J-HUD'S RACE FOR THE EGOT BEGINS

As surprising as it may be, powerhouse belter Jennifer Hudson has never appeared on Broadway. That changes this December when the Academy and Grammy Award winner steps into the Oprah-produced, stripped-down staging of The Color Purple, now landing stateside after a critically acclaimed 2013 run in London. Along with Cynthia Erivo (from the original UK cast) as tragic heroine Celie and Orange Is the New Black's Danielle Brooks as the

tough Sofia (Winfrey's role in the 1985 film version), Hudson rounds out the musical's female trio as Shug Avery, the nightclub singer who's first a mistress to Celie's husband, then a lover to Celie herself. "I was drawn to Shug because I've always seen a bit of myself in her," Hudson says. "She's the type of woman who says what's on her mind and acts without hesitation. But when I was approached about playing her—the initial nerves that shoot up your spine in those instances of opportunity, that's what made me realize this is it."



THE MUPPETS GROW UP

Moments into the pilot of The Muppets, ABC's TV reboot of the Jim Henson classic. Kermit solemnly utters (in reference to his on-again, off-again romance with Miss Piggy), "She made my life a bacon-wrapped hell on earth." From that moment on, it's clear that in this go-round, our felt friends are not serving up familyfriendly fare. Indeed, the 13-episode The Officestyle mockumentary series follows Kermit, Fozzie Bear, Gonzo, Rowlf, and the rest of the gang through daily life as they produce a TV show sans sugarcoating. While some innocence may be lost (to nimble comedic effect), the decades-old charm of the lovable Muppets is not. Also thankfully intact: the show's love of A-list guest stars (though they're being hushhush on whom for now).

4

THE HOST WITH THE MOST

Neil Patrick Harris—who's hosted the Tonys, the Oscars,

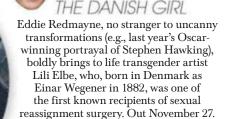
and the Emmys—may be heralding the return of the prime-time variety show, but Best Time Ever With Neil Patrick Harris (NBC, September 15) isn't your grandma's vaudeville. "No camp here," he says. "I want this show to feel modern and electric. Like a good trip to the Apple Store." Along with game-show bits, the hour-long weekly spectacle will feature a "Sing-Along Live" segment starring—surprise!?—you. Or at least some lucky (unlucky?) viewers unwittingly being broadcast live from their own homes. "Lots of preplanning goes into something like that, but to watch people sitting on their couches realize they're on live TV? It makes for potentially hilarious viewing." We'll be tuning in with full hair and makeup.



Four movies, four reallife roles, four A-list stars. And only one leadingactor Oscar to go around. Who will it be?

BLACK MASS

With a creepy comb-over and bone-chilling blue eyes, Johnny Depp is nearly unrecognizable as the menacing '70s Boston crime boss James "Whitey" Bulger, who helped the FBI take down Southie's Italian mob. Out September 18.



Joseph Gordon-Levitt rocks a French accent and a major mop top as the famous highwire artist Philippe Petit during his wildly dangerous 1974 attempt to traverse New York City's Twin Towers without a

STEVE JOBS

Michael Fassbender swaps his Irish lilt for tech-mogul-speak and a black turtleneck in the Danny Boyle-directed, Aaron Sorkin-penned portrait of the Apple founder's early life, culminating with Jobs's historic 1998 iMac computer launch. Out October 9.

SIA TAKES WHAT'S HERS

harness. Out October 9.

Before unleashing upon the world 2014's 1000 Forms of Fear—and Dance Moms ingenue Maddie Ziegler in a nude leotard—Sia was best known for penning hits for mega-artists like Rihanna ("Diamonds") and Beyoncé ("Pretty Hurts"). But now that the Aussie enigma has a number one album and four Grammy noms (all for Fear's smash hit, "Chandelier") to her solo credit, Sia is hoarding the goods for her next release, this fall's This Is Acting, composed entirely of songs she wrote thinking she would pass them off to other musicians. Now we just have to wonder: What will she do with her hair?







MINDY TALKS BACK

We're all breathlessly awaiting Mindy Kaling and best friend/coworker/former boyfriend B. J. Novak's book collab (which reportedly fetched \$7 million from Penguin Random House). But in the meantime, Kaling is offering a fix in the form of her second solo collection of essays, Why Not Me? (Crown, September 29). It's been four years and three seasons of The Mindy Project (a fourth is on its way via Hulu, which just picked up the previously FOX-stationed show) since her best-selling Is Everyone Hanging Out Without Me? told tales of her ascent to TV stardom, and Kaling's truthtelling humor still abounds. But this time, expect a more seasoned Kaling as she muses on the trials of being a bridesmaid, a warped body image, and being an outsider-y Hollywood insider. "That is why I, a noted Hollywood bad boy with nothing to lose, must be the person to tell the truth," she writes. "Sex scenes are the tits. You're welcome."



"It's kind of *Breaking Bad* ballet, isn't it?" says Moira Walley-Beckett, creator of the new Starz drama Flesh and Bone. Considering that she was a writer and producer for four seasons on that crystalmeth-fueled sensation, we'll take her word for it. The eight-episode series begins with the arrival of a mysterious ingenue to the American Ballet Company and quickly becomes a twisted romp involving champagne toasts, backstage competition,

and West Village duplexes. Also: mobsters, strip clubs, and drugs. Center Stage this is not. As Walley-Beckett, a former professional dancer herself, describes the show, which cast a worldwide search for its dancers, some of them Black Swan alums: "We're ripping the Band-Aid off and lifting up the tutu. My fan base likes mess and brutality, and I'm hoping that they'll all tune in at least once and discover that whatever their conception of ballet is, this isn't.'





HULU'S BIG BET

As David Fincher did with Netflix's House of Cards and Jill Soloway did with Amazon's Transparent, so Jason Reitman (Juno; Oscar nominee Up in the Air) is looking to do with Hulu. The next acclaimed-director/streamingservice power couple brings us Casual this October. The 10-episode dramedy follows a cynical bachelor (Tommy Dewey) and his newly divorced sister (Michaela Watkins) as they navigate dating life, online and off, all while living under one roof and raising her teenage girl. While Reitman caught some flack for recent heavy-handedness (remember Men, Women & Children?), Casual's halfhour format is perfect for his combination of fast-and-furious dialogue, laugh-out-loud humor, and gut-punching poignancy.





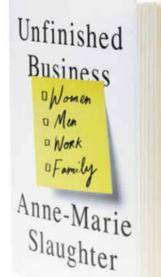
Check your sense of morality at the door for this season's most anticipated pair of grip-your-seat movies. Emily Blunt stars in Denis Villeneuve's Sicario (September 18) as a by-thebook FBI agent thrown into the drug war's gritty underbelly, and Jennifer Jason Leigh leads Quentin Tarantino's The Hateful Eight (December 25) as a post-Civil War era murderess due to be hanged. With killer soundtracks, exquisite visuals, and debilitating cases of bloodlust, the

movies are a one-two punch of deception and betrayal. There are no heroes here, just irresistible malefactors and the pawns they leave destroyed in their wake.



OLÉ ON OL' BROADWAY

Emilio Estefan, On Your Feet is Broadway's fall musical ode to...Gloria and Emilio Estefan. Yes, the high-energy retelling of Gloria's rise and rule is full of those nostalgic late-'80s/early-'90s Latinpop hits. But layer in snappy direction from Jerry Mitchell (Legally Blonde, Kinky Boots), exuberant, fast-footed dance numbers, and two charismatic leads—newcomer Ana Villafañe (who was found in a worldwide talent search) and Dogfight's Josh Segarra (who is, to put it plainly, muy caliente)—and we feel sure On Your Feet will have audiences living up to its title.



12 HAVING IT YOUR WAY

When Anne-Marie Slaughter's essay "Why Women Still Can't Have It All," about why she left her top State Department position to spend more time with her husband and two sons, appeared in the Atlantic in 2012, an unholy uproar ensued. Later this month Slaughter's new book, Unfinished Business, will again stir the pot. In it, she has absorbed all the criticisms leveled at her argument and magisterially synthesized a new, broader perspective on the family-career juggle that promises to change the debate for good.





YOU GLO, GIRL

Gloria Steinem is perhaps the world's most iconic feminist—havina founded Ms. magazine, produced a documentary on child abuse for HBO, written five bestsellers, and campaigned ceaselessly for reproductive rights, to name just a few of her accomplishments but as she writes in her new memoir, My Life on the Road (Random House, October 27), starting out she was dismissed as just a "pretty girl": "The subtext was: If you could get a man, why would you need equal pay?" Luckily for us, Steinem helped us articulate everything that's wrong with that question.



THE ROBOTS ARE COMING... FOR OUR JOBS!

According to pundits and BuzzFeed headlines. over the next very few vears, computerization and automation will rapidly displace millions of white-collar workersreaching deep, even into fields such as medicine and law. This fall comes a spate of books filled with foreboding, such as journalist Steven Hill's Raw Deal (St. Martin's Press, October 20), about a looming "freelance society" where millions toil at enterprises like Uber and Airbnb without benefits or even a regular income. Stanford University lecturer and entrepreneur Jerry Kaplan's new book says it all: Humans Need Not Apply (Yale University Press, August 4). And psychology professor Barry Schwartz's meditation, Why We Work (Simon & Schuster, September 1), outlines how profoundly disruptive these developments will be for a culture based. as ours is, on the work ethic as a central source of our personal worth. Fortunately, Schwartz also shows us how we can restore a sense of intrinsic value to whatever we choose to do with our time when the machines take over. Hint: It's going to require a lot of economic—and existential—adjustment.

15

LORDE, WATCH THE THRONE!

For electro-pop artist Låpsley (aka Holly Fletcher), songwriting began as a secret mission. "I had to sneak down in the night to finish tracks," says the 18-year-old Brit, who wasn't allowed to have instruments or a laptop in her Southport, England, bedroom during study time. Her covert tinkering paid off, producing what became the singles "Painter (Valentine)" and "Station," which in turn scored her millions of SoundCloud hits and a deal with XL Recordings. (Among the other things she's racked

up in the past year: a high school diploma and countless Florence Welch and Lorde comparisons.) "It's suddenly this freedom, so there's a lot to write about," Låpsley says. "But it's mostly [about] boys and relationships, to be honest." On her U.S. tour this fall, you can catch tracks from her upcoming album: "pure-electro tunes, some pop-y stuff, and a few that are for just sitting in bed, having a glass of wine, and relaxing."





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R&B GETS A SHOT IN THE ARM

"R&B Princess" is a term that gets thrown around a lot these days, but all it took for Kehlani to enter that game of thrones this past April was one self-released mixtape. You Should Be Here, which Billboard called "the year's first great R&B album," displayed the Bay Area native's tight control over the genre's musical mix of jazz, pop, rap, and soul-plus a smooth, big-when-it-needs-to-be voice. We'll wager that when 20-year-old Kehlani, who also made a splash at March's SXSW music festival, releases her first full-length this fall, we'll be blessed with the year's second great R&B album.



17

OUR KIND OF BOY BAND

Die-hard fans of indie rockers Band of Horses will have to wait until early 2016 for a new album. In the meantime, we suggest getting a fix from Brit and Aussie newcomers Sunset Sons, who not only bear some facial-hair similarities, but also share a penchant for rollicking live shows, stadium-ready guitar hooks, anthemic choruses, and massive Internet buzz. Sunset Sons, who've only put out EPs thus far but have a full-length album due, will make the rounds opening for a leg of Imagine Dragons' world tour this month.





ROLL ANIMAL

After reportedly drawing seven figures at auction, the ultrabuzzy memoir from ultimate badass and Pretenders lead singer Chrissie Hynde drops on September 8. Reckless (Doubleday) will cover her London punk years, the early loss of two bandmates to drugs, and her subsequent carrying of the flameall strained through her ferociously intelligent, uncompromising take on the life.

THE HOTTEST, FASTEST REMAKE EVER

In this supercharged, \$100 million reboot of Point Break (the 1991 favorite that made Keanu Reeves a sex symbol of his generation), there's even more to look at the second time around: When undercover FBI agent Johnny Utah (Luke Bracey) is tasked with infiltrating a

preternaturally attractive (and surfing-skilled) group of outlaws who are bent on disrupting global cash flow (and employing a host of extreme-sport paraphernalia-dirt bikes, wing suits, parachutes in their gravity-defying heists), he can't help but get caught up in the hellraisers' lifestyle, led by Édgar Ramírez and Teresa Palmer. Out December 25.



Elizabeth Gilbert, author of Eat, Pray, Love-the memoir that launched countless self-discovery pilgrimages—has finally written a book that contains the secret we've all been waiting for: how to get a life (in particular, a career) like hers. Or, at least, how to harness your own creativity the way she has. In her first foray into full-on self-help, Big Magic (Riverhead Books, September 22), Gilbert shares intimate glimpses into the life of a worldfamous creative, complete with bouts of paralyzina fear and frustration, in an attempt to coax the rest of us into walking through the world just a little bit braver.



21 THE VIEW 2.0

What do interior designer Lauren Makk, Yahoo! fashion sage Joe Zee, YouTuber Leah Ashley, superproducer Tyra Banks, and model Chrissy Teigen have in common? An aptitude for talking, tweeting, and tastemaking. Starting this September, they'll do all of the above on a daily basis via their new syndicated talk show, FABLife, a kind of The View for the Instagram set. "Social media is going to be a big part of it," says Zee, the Yahoo! Style editor-inchief (and former ELLE creative director). "It's going to keep the conversation going for the 23 hours until you come back to see it the next day. It's so unlike anything on daytime right now."





THE NEXT BIG BOOK

Garth Risk Hallberg has. at 36, written the kind of debut novel that only comes around once every 20 years or so—one that everyone who's read it roots for (10 publishers vied for the tome after Hollywood had already optioned it; Knopf got it for close to \$2 million). Set in New York in 1977 on the eve of the blackout that defined a city out of control yet on the verge of rebirth, City on Fire is the story of an estranged brother and sister and a derelict downtown townhouse with a steel door behind which something disconcerting is going on. "People couldn't believe Garth wasn't alive in 1977... they kept asking, How did he do that?" says his editor, Diana Teierina Miller, How did he? He read widely and deeply (Joan Didion, Ken Auletta, Legs McNeil) about the New York of that time and took eight years to write this 944-page edge-of-your-seat epic, which is as tightly told as it is ambitious



In giving life to the yet-untold stories of the foot soldiers who fought for women's voting rights in early-twentiethcentury England, Suffragette may be the most timely period piece of the yearit knocks the Bechdel test out of the water. The film stars Carey Mulligan as a housewife, Maud; Helena Bonham Carter as an early and aggressive adopter, Edith New; and Meryl Streep as the iconic leader of Britain's women's lib, Emmeline Pankhurst. And besides that fearsome, winsome triumvirate, Suffragette was written by Abi Morgan (The Iron Lady), produced by Alison Owen and Faye Ward (Jane Eyre, The Other

Boleyn Girl), and directed by Sarah Gavron (Brick Lane), who says that the unusually female-centric cast and crew made for "this fantastic camaraderie" on a set buzzing with the emotion and weight of the story being told. "It was such an extraordinary fight," says Gavron. "They were breaking every taboo of their time." Suffragette, in theaters October 23, is a galvanizing, inspiring reminder of what can be achieved through sheer force of will and power in numbers. "We're in every home; we're half the human race," Maud says to one of the movement's detractors. "You can't stop us all."



ROLE CALL Suffragette's real girl power

SARAH GAVRON



Riri's long-awaited eighth studio album, *R8*, has been yielding hit singles ("Four Five Seconds," "Bitch Better Have My Money") since it was in the rumored-to-exist stage. Well, the *album* is real, and so is Rihanna's newly-refined-but-raw, edgy pop/R&B sound—shored up by the likes of Kanye West (the album's executive producer), Ne-Yo, and Sia. Prep your playlists now.





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routine] than
I did before.
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natural in hair
and makeup
and more
comfortable
with myself.
Beauty is
getting back to
your true self."

-Constance

"Over time you gain access to a certain amount of ease. You realize that things can get messy, but sometimes the messiest moments have the most magic. What comes out of those moments is beautiful."

-Jessica









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"Transformation is ever-evolving. I'm always trying to be the best version of myself. True beauty comes from within." -Lana







"I have a really strong desire to lead by example and show my little sisters that they can be fearless and impactful and the best versions of themselves."

-Aja



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their characters navigate overwhelming and

complicated feelings in '50s New York.



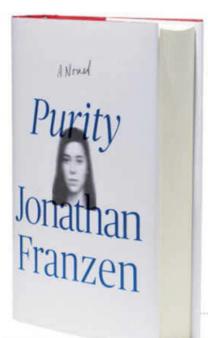
FRANCES IN FULL

Over the course of her career, artist Frances Stark has explored the uses and limitations of language, dialogue, and translation through hooked rugs, collages (which combine junk mail with self-portraits), a video series about her cats (presciently, in 1999), and animation that brings to life a series of her own real-life sex chats. All this and much more will be included in a sure-to-be-revelatory 25-year retrospective at the Hammer Museum in Stark's hometown of L.A. "She's talking about the human condition and the drudge," says Ali Subotnick, the show's curator. "We can all recognize ourselves in the work."



With last spring's Daredevil proving a mutual win for Marvel and Netflix, the streaming service/media juggernaut is doubling down on masked avengers—and, at last, a woman—with Marvel's Jessica Jones. The series stars the crazy-watchable Krysten Ritter as a superhero who abandons her life as a caped crusader to become a private eye, investigating cases involving the superhumanly gifted. The story takes place firmly in the high-octane (and high-grossing) Marvel universe, and while that world has been historically deficient in inspiring lead females, showrunner Melissa Rosenberg (who adapted the Twilight series for film and served as head writer and EP on Dexter) has put Ritter's onscreen charms and physicality—does any actress look more like a comic book character?—toward a much-needed shift in the superpower standard.

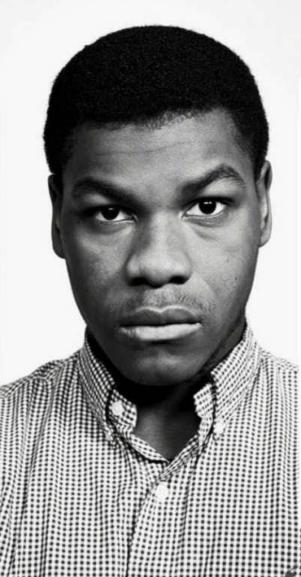
CONTRIBUTORS: Jennifer Arellano, Lisa Chase, Cotton Codinha, Ben Dickinson, Molly Langmuir, Seth Plattner, Keziah Weir





ONE FOR THE LADIES

Like him or hate him, this century's chronicler of modern American manners, Jonathan Franzen (*The Corrections, Freedom*), has outdone himself again with *Purity* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, September 1). The saga focuses on Purity "Pip" Tyler, a whip-smart college grad saddled with \$130,000 in student-loan debt and some intractable daddy issues, who is entangled in a WikiLeaks-like operation based in Bolivia. It will be interesting to see what female readers make of Franzen's latest opus, which may succinctly voice the views of the literary lightning rod via a supporting character: "(W)hat does (the Internet) tell us? That everything in the society actually revolves about women, not men."



MAY THE FORCE BE WITH HIM

Last fall, the mania surrounding the secret plot of J.J. Abrams's Star Wars: Episode VII–The Force Awakens went into overdrive when the trailers featured-gasp!-a new character, played by Brit newcomer John Boyega. "He's launched into the Star Wars universe in a very unique way, unlike anything you've ever seen before," Boyega, 23, savs of his Stormtrooper-suitclad Finn, who will make his theatrical debut on December 18. "I think he represents the audience in this film. People are really going to grow to love him and root for him." Speaking of fans, Boyega-whom sharp-eyed viewers may recognize from the 2011 film Attack the Block or last year's miniseries 24: Live Another Day-grew up idolizing the Star Wars franchise, especially The Empire Strikes *Back*. While he was filming in London and Abu Dhabi, it wasn't vets Harrison Ford or Mark Hamill who awakened his inner fanboy, but rather the iconic hairball Chewbacca in full costume. "I properly geeked out. I was like, 'This is it.'



VIDEO REMADE THE ART STAR

Has anyone scaled the heights of the contemporary art world faster than 28-year-old video artist Rachel Rose? Two years after getting her MFA from Columbia. Rose has a packed fall schedule: solo shows at New York's new Whitney Museum, London's Serpentine Galleries. the Frieze Art Fair (she'll reveal a site-specific installation sponsored by the Frieze Artist Award. which she won last April), and Turin's Castello di Rivoli museum. Much inspired by the work of Apocalypse Now sound editor Walter Murch, her videos, which focus on everything from Philip Johnson's Glass House to cryogenically frozen bodies, elaborately layer noise and imagery to address the big questions: mortality or, in the case of the Whitney show, the cosmos.







RUNWAY 3 Four new ways to enhance your eyes, one extreme lip color, supermodel secrets to better skin and shiny hair, plus so much more. Fall beauty celebrates the unexpected. By Julie Schott EDITED BY EMILY DOUGHERTY BEAUTY 467





HAIR AND MAKEUP

A swipe of eye shadow or a slick pony has the power to change the message of an entire look









GLAM QUAD

Consider this airtight edit your fall all-star team. If you're going to invest in just a handful of new elements, try these solo artists





TEST DRIVE One beauty writer, three runway looks. Julie Schott goes for bold



dinner party, I attempt makeup artist James
Kaliardos s version of liner: Swarovski crystals affixed along the lash line. They sparkle all night, and like the Rodarte models, I look like I'm from another planet—albeit a magical one.



the almost-black, just-a-little-bit-scary Ungaro lip look (M.A.C Burgundy Lipmix layered over M.A.C Currant liner) on a date with my boyfriend, and after a few *The Craft* jokes and a bottle of wine, he too looks like '90s Fairuza Balk.



ROYAL FLUSH With the sun-bum cheeks at DSquared2 in mind, I dab M.A.C Premeditated cream from cheekbone to cheekbone—including across my nose. The fresh-off-the-yacht glow invites more compliments than my daily cheek stain ever has.

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TRESemmé,

SUPERMODEL SOS

From ultralight arches to stress-induced acne, back-to-back shows push models' hair and skin to the limits. So just how do they recoup when they're back on their own turf? Here, runway pros share their recovery secrets.

THE BLEACHED-BROW CURE





Invisible brows, which make models' faces a blank canvas on the runway, are par for the course, especially in Milan and Paris. But "it's something that I have yet to get used to," Karlie Kloss says. "It's not a natural look."

TRY THIS: At home in NYC, "I dye them back at Yana's herbal salon on Sixth Avenue," Kloss says. Plus, "she does good shaping." For a fix when Kloss is on the road: "Just For Men dye is the trick."

THE OVERNIGHT SPOT TREATMENT



Late nights and early call times, combined with a spike in stress-related cortisol, never fail to boost breakouts. "I'm a picker," Behati Prinsloo admits. "I love to pick my face! It's so frustrating."

TRY THIS: The Namibian model (and Mrs. Adam Levine) relies on the salicylic acid and calamine blend in Mario Badescu's iconic Drying Lotion. "It's the only thing I find that really dries spots out," Prinsloo says.

THE HEAT-TOOL FIX





Redken spokesperson Soo Joo Park protects her "high-maintenance" bleached-blond hair from styling damage during fashion month with restorative treatments. TRY THIS: "At night I do a hair mask to strengthen my hair, especially after a long day of working," she says. "To seal in the moisture from the treatment, I use Redken Extreme Length Sealer. I even bring it on flights and apply it while I'm watching movies."

THE ULTIMATE SKIN SOOTHER



Countless makeup looks, removed with whatever random face wipes are backstage, quickly lead to dryness and irritation.

IRY THIS: Grace Mahary, who has walked in more than 200 shows since her 2012 debut, calms overworked skin with the ginger, camellia-, and shea-butter-based Chanel Hydra Beauty Crème, which she likes "because of its light consistency."

naxtree.con





From the secret to ultrasoft hair to tips on when to toss out makeup, ELLE teams up with Google to answer the world's most-searched beauty questions. By Katherine Kluznik

FRANCE

In a country known for laissez-faire beauty, the fact that "Is it okay not to comb your hair?" turns up as a frequent query isn't entirely startling. (Our answer: Toss that comb, unless snarls are causing hair breakage.)

TOP QUESTION: "WHEN DOES MAKEUP **EXPIRE?**" European cosmetic guidelines make it easy: Products sold there (and many Euro-made concoctions that are distributed in the U.S.) are required

to list on the label how long the formula will stay fresh after opening. For products that lack that handy guideline, Kelly Reynolds, PhD, a microbiologist at the University of Arizona's Zuckerman College of Public Health, recommends playing it extra safe with anything that goes on or around the eye: Toss mascara, liquid eyeliners, and concealers after three months. "The eye has very few defenses against bacteria," Reynolds says. "It has open tear ducts and very little physical protection, so very low doses can cause infection." Anything liquid, from skin creams to makeup, should be trashed after a year (or as soon as it separates or starts smelling off), while powder and shadow can stay fresh for up to two years. To get the most shelf life out of any makeup, exile it from balmy bathrooms (as heat and humidity can speed up bacterial growth), avoid applying with fingers, and sanitize brushes and tools weekly.

With more than 50 years of innovations from liposuction to body-lift techniquesplus a pro-scalpel government that subsidizes cosmetic tweaks, Brazil leads the world in the number of plastic surgery procedures per year. And many of the country's questions, such as "How much can skin shrink?," are predictably body-centric. (The answer? Lax skin, whether due to weight loss, liposuction, or age, can't shrink significantly. But dermatologists can tighten the skin slightly with ultrasound or radiofrequency treatments, while plastic surgeons can reduce it with a tuck.)

TOP QUESTION: "HOW OFTEN TO

SHAMPOO HAIR?" Contrary to Internet conspiracy theories, the fact that some women need to wash their hair daily wasn't a marketing trick invented by hair-care companies. "Women with a lot of sebum production benefit from daily cleansing. Sebum production is under hormonal control, so shampooing will not cause more oil production," says dermatologist Francesca Fusco, MD. "Drier hair types can do with as little as once a week." One exception: Those who are prone to fungal growth (which can cause dandruff or inflammation), regardless of their hair type, need to lather up regularly with antidandruff shampoo-look for ones containing zinc pyrithione or ketoconazole.

AUSTRALIA

Aussies are hair-obsessed: Their top Google queries cover basics such as "how to grow hair fast" and "how to make hair thicker." Sorry to disappoint, but because genetics determines both the rate of hair growth and the width of the hair follicle, there's nothing you can do to make hair grow more quickly. You can't make your hair strands any fatter either, but you can prevent them from becoming thinner with topical minoxidil and laser treatments.

TOP QUESTION: "IS IT BAD TO SLEEP WITH WET HAIR?" Although stylists often recommend sleeping in damp braids to get beachy waves, a study published in the Annals of Dermatology delivered a blow, so to speak, to that practice. Turns out air-drying may be more harmful than blow-drying: Water causes strands to swell; over time, this could weaken hair from the inside out. In the study, hair



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From the EXPERTS

ELLE editors have selected leading dermatologists as mentors in our DermNEXT program, a new ELLE initiative designed to provide journalism mentorship to the dermatology stars of tomorrow.

We're busy ladies! But that doesn't mean our skin should suffer. With summer winding down and autumn on the horizon, it's more important than ever to discover the daily routine that works with our schedule. Transitioning temperatures tend to be a tricky time for skincare, which is why we looked to renowned dermatologist, Kavita Mariwalla for insight on establishing a regimen.

"Your skin is a very dynamic organ of your body, and developing a proper skincare routine is critical to keeping it in shape. There are four essential components to a good regimen: cleanse moisturize, repair, prevent. What you do and what you use depends on your age, goals, and what type of skin you have. Your skincare routine should change with the season and as you get older. My advice is to develop a pattern that fits your lifestyle because doing something is always better than doing nothing. And if you find yourself really stretched for time, at a minimum cleanse and wear sunscreen daily."

- KAVITA MARIWALLA, M.D., FAAD MARIWALLA DERMATOLOGY; ASSISTANT CLINICAL PROFESSOR OF DERMATOLOGY, SUNY AT STONY BROOK

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samples that were shampooed and then air-dried for two hours were compared to those blasted at various temperatures. Only the air-dried samples had significant damage to the cell membrane complex, the cement that holds cuticle layers together. That's not to say that dryers can be used with impunity: As the temperature of the air increased, the study found, so did the damage to the outer layers of each strand. The healthiest option, if not the speediest, is to dry on the lowest heat setting, with the dryer held at least six inches away from the head.

SOUTH KOREA

Although South Korea is home to the infamous 10-plus-step skin-care routine, recently South Korean women have also been seeking hair hacks. ("Will topically applying egg stop hair loss?" In a word: No.)

TOP QUESTION: "IS FOUNDATION BAD FOR ACNE?" Although old-fashioned foundations, heavy with mineral oils, could block pores and cause major breakouts, most modern ones are noncomedogenic, meaning they have been formulated to contain zero pore-clogging ingredients. And some foundations take it a step further: The original BB creams in South Korea were known as blemish balms, containing soothing antiacne ingredients to treat and hide acne simultaneously. (Not so stateside: Since BBs made the leap to the U.S. circa 2012, that first *B* has stood for *Beauty*.) To find foundations that "are actually therapeutic for acne," Jenny Kim, MD, PhD, a professor of medicine and dermatology at UCLA's School of Medicine, recommends looking for those with salicylic or glycolic acid.





Taking their lead, perhaps, from the double whammy of Bollywood stars—long, gorgeous manes *and* perfect skin—India's beauty Googlers are concerned with both. In particular, how to achieve them naturally via skin care and diet.

TOP QUESTION: "WHICH VITAMINS ARE GOOD FOR HAIR AND SKIN?" Load up on vitamin C, which supports collagen production, as well as on omega-3 fatty acids, which reduce inflammation, improve elasticity, and help the skin maintain hydration. Antioxidantrich foods-think berries and veggies such as beans, artichokes, and russet potatoes—"reduce free-radical stress and oxidative stress in the body as well as the skin," says Patricia K. Farris, MD, a clinical associate professor of dermatology at Tulane University. Both Zinc and B complex vitamins, such as biotin, are excellent hair helpers that up shine, reduce breakage, and increase moisture retention. And vitamin E gives an extra boost to strands too: Regular supplementation has been proven to reinvigorate the growth of dormant follicles by more than 30 percent after eight months.

NIGERIA

Africa's most active Googlers look for DIY beauty remedies, asking, for example, what olive oil and honey, applied topically, can do for the skin. Extra-virgin olive oil doubles as a skinsoothing makeup remover and a body moisturizer, while honey, when used as a mask, can have hydrating and antimicrobial benefits.

TOP QUESTION: "HOW CAN I MAKE HAIR FEEL SOFT?" Parched or broken strands feel less soft to the touch than well-hydrated, nondamaged hair, advises hairstylist Tippi Shorter, Aveda global artistic director for textured hair, who has worked with Beyoncé and Alicia Keys. Straight hair follicles have a round, tubular shape, while textured, curly strands are "kidney shaped," and therefore "more prone to damage and injury," requiring more conditioning than other hair types, says hair-growth expert Alan J. Bauman, MD, who recommends using a heavy, lipid-rich conditioner every time you get your hair wet. "If you don't, you're putting hair at major risk for breakage," he says. For



ultrasoft hair, Shorter takes it one step further, prescribing regular (daily, if your hair needs extra TLC; weekly, if you're in good shape) 10-minute deep-conditioning treatments: Massage a rich, shea-butter-based conditioning mask through hair and pop on a shower cap. "Get a hand towel, dampen it, and put it in the microwave for 20 seconds, and then wrap it around your head" over the cap. Shorter says. "The towel produces heat and steam inside of your cap, which helps to open the cuticle, allowing the mask to fully penetrate the hair strand and further soften hair."

C United arab emirates

Hijama treatments (a form of cupping) and Arabian oud fragrance notes have wafted into the West's consciousness in recent years, but for women of the UAE, it's hair—straight hair in particular—that's on their minds: Chinese hair rebonding and "hair Botox" (before you get too excited, it's another term for straightening) earned spots in their top-10 search activity. While methods like these will indeed smooth strands, they may involve a cocktail of chemicals—including, in some cases, formaldehyde. So proceed with caution.

TOP QUESTION: "WHAT ARE MAKEUP BASICS EVERY GIRL SHOULD HAVE?" ELLE's beauty team has winnowed our kits to a handful of makeup essentials that work at industry dinners in far-flung locales or on ordinary afternoons in our NYC offices. Products that do double duty are heroes: Our go-to minimal essentials are a cheek/lip tint (give your cheeks a quick pinch to gauge your natural flush), an ultrablendable concealer that can double as a foundation, a smudgy pencil that can create a fine line or a smoky eye, plus a mascara. Then add your personal preferences, such as a highlighter for more glow or a brow pencil for arch definition.

From top: Robert Clyde Grima/thelicensingproject.com; Jakob Axleman/thelicensingp com; Jon Paterson/Studio D (1); Devon Jarvis/Studio D (2); Getty Images (5)



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Caress*

)R. LIKE.

Consider these the EGOTs of beauty products. Over the past 30 years, these powerhouses beloved by top dermatologists, makeup artists, hairstylists, and our own editors—have won more ELLE MVP awards than all the rest. By Megan O'Neill



1. BLOW DRYER HARRY JOSH

Hair expert Serge Normant loves this turbocharged ionic dryer, with its 80-miles-per-hour airflow, because it's "lightweight but strong."

2. NAIL POLISH OPI

Who doesn't love these shiny, chip-resistant lacquers? Makeup artist Charlotte Tilbury tells us, "Big Apple Red [below, top] is instant glamour." More ELLE faves: Tickle My France-y (center) and

Alpine Snow (bottom).

3. BLUSH NARS

One Nars Orgasm blush is sold every minute in the U.S.; poppy-pink Desire, another ELLE favorite, is a "modern take" on a color that often feels cutesy, according to makeup pro Ayako Yoshimura.



4. BROW PENCIL TOM FORD

Each one of the four shades works on a different hair color, and the ultrathin tip allows you to add strategic length to a short brow. Makeup artist Robin Black raved that they "make it easy to fill in brows without hard, obvious lines."

5. FACE OIL RODIN

Designed by chic silverfox stylist Linda Rodin and researched by dermatologist David Colbert, MD, this elixir was among the first facial oils to kick-start what became a major trend. It "replaces natural skin oils that you've lost," Colbert told us.

6. LIP GLOSS LANCÔME JUICY TUBES

UICY

UBES

These come in translucent and shot-with-shimmer shades and are pure deluxe-gloss perfection.

IUICY

TUBES

05FL

7. MASCARA

DIOR DIORSHOW

This jumbo-brushed marvel was dreamed up backstage in 2002 when Dior makeup artists resorted to toothbrushes to apply mascara on models.



DIORSHOW

JUICY

UBES

1 0.5 FI

From left: In

and Corail

Neo Neon

Peche, Rouge Neo Neon,

8. HAIR OIL

SHU UEMURA ESSENCE ABSOLUE

Hair guru Tommy Buckett confirmed the miracle status of this camellia oil: It "gives a glossy shine, controls frizz, and leaves hair silky."



DR. DENNIS GROSS ALPHA BETA PEEL

Beloved by makeup artists, this system of activator/neutralizer pads gently slough off skin cells and brighten by increasing cell turnover.



Dr Dennis Gross 4



Hall of Farme



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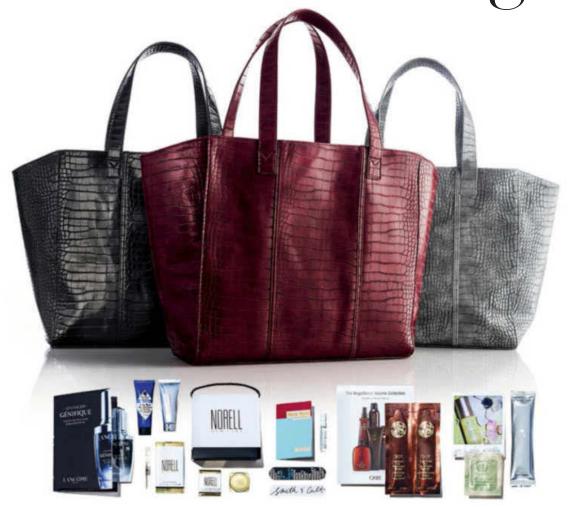
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CRÈME DE LA MER

13. MOISTURIZER

The first big-ticket supercream to go mainstream, this luxe formula is "the one product that many of my clients with amazing skin have in common," plastic surgeon David Hidalgo, MD, told us.



15. MASK SK-II FACIAL TREATMENT

16. FACE TOOL

CLARISONIC

This oscillating brush is

rid of six times more dirt

than manual washing and

"helps products penetrate

better," said dermatologist

Arielle Kauvar, MD.

clinically proven to get

This first-of-its-kind cotton mask is miraculously powered by cellregenerating yeast from fermenting sake.



18. CLEANSER **CETAPHIL**

Dermatologist David Bank, MD, told us the 68-year-old wash has "been the gold standard for cleansing





GENTLE SKIN

17. HAIRSPRAY L'ORÉAL PARIS **ELNETT SATIN** We had to smuggle

cans home from

classic became

available in the

U.S. in 2008.

Europe before this

without irritation."



From top: In

Sugar Petal

Tinted and

Sugar Rosé Tinted

CHANEL ILLUSION D'OMBRE

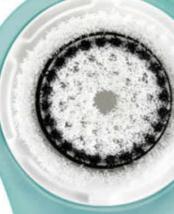
"Not makeup-y" said makeup artist Romy Soleimani of the ethereal pigments. "The effect on skin is beautiful."



14. ANTIAGING SERUM

ESTÉE LAUDER **ADVANCED** NIGHT REPAIR

Since its inauguration in 1982, the face saver has been a favorite of ELLE editors worldwide: In a 2014 international poll, one called it "a power nap for your face."



19. LIP BALM FRESH SUGAR

Introduced in 2004, these lush tints, which are available in 12 shades, are enriched with hydrating, fattyacid-rich avocado oils.



11. DRY SHAMPOO

The spray doubles as a

some hold, and colorist

"lessens fading" by

lengthening time

Lorri Goddard told us it

styling product by adding

KLORANE

JERGENS

NATURAL GLOW DAILY MOISTURIZER

It darkens skin just a little each day with a streak-free application that revolutionized the self-tanner category.

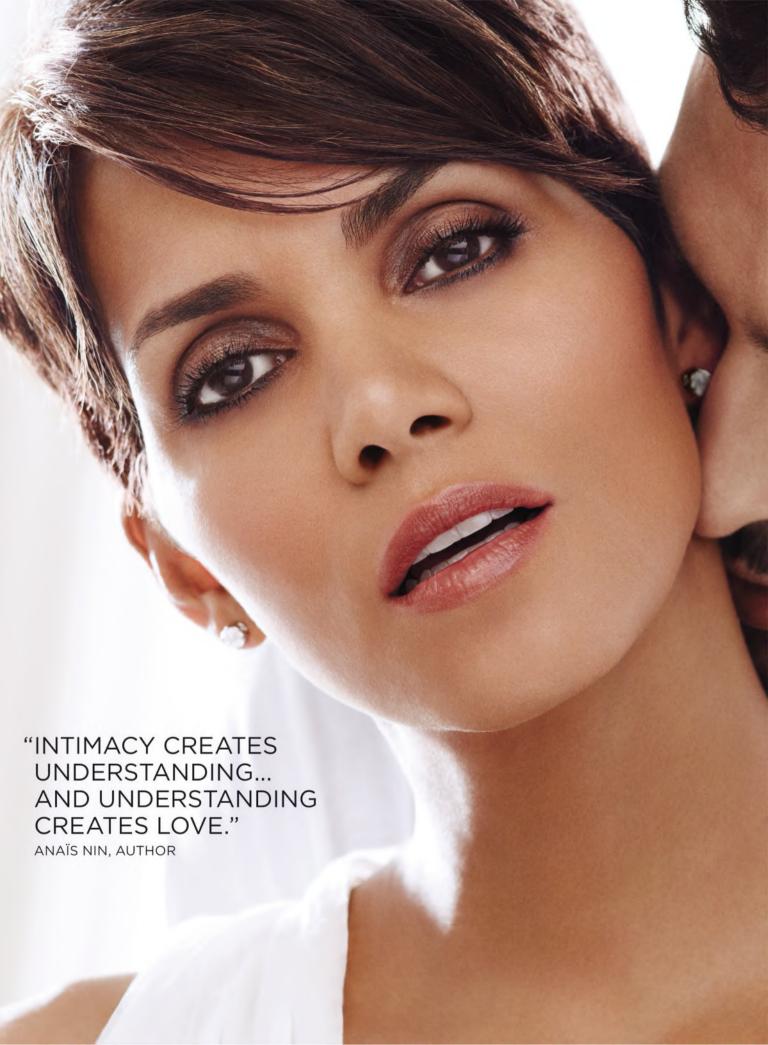


20. TOPCOAT SALLY HANSEN DIAMOND FLASH

This standby adds crazy shine, expedites drying time, and strengthens the nail bed to prevent shredded tips.









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Revolutionary formula with light-filtering technology delivers a **poreless, airbrushed look**. Soft-focus pigments create a luminous finish. Your skin has never looked so flawless.

HALLE BERRY WEARS CARAMEL.

REVLON LOVE IS ON







23. EYELINER URBAN DECAY

These pigmentrich liners truly live up to their roundthe-clock claim. They're just indelible enough to survive a gym workout.

24/7 GLIDE-ON

KÉRASTASE

24. HAIR MASK KÉRASTASE NUTRITIVE MASQUINTENSE

The lipid-packed conditioner (in its luxuriously oversize tub) has been rehabbing damaged, color-frayed hair since 1993.

25. TEXTURIZER

BUMBLE AND BUMBLE SURF SPRAY

On a Tulum photo shoot, stylist Laurent Philippon (now Bumble and bumble artistic director) bottled a flask of sea water, creating the template for the category-spawning salt spray.

26. BRONZER **GUERLAIN** TERRACOTTA

Introduced in 1984, the first-ever powder bronzer, which now comes in eight shades, is celebrated for its shimmer-free finish and natural hue.





29. STAIN TARTE

There had never been anything like these antioxidant-blended balms when they debuted 14 years ago, transforming the blush counter with their dewy flare of color.



28. BODY LOTION

27. LIPSTICK

A rare matte that's not

versatile, verging-on-

Ruby Woo, is almost

every makeup artist's

(plus Rihanna's) go-to.

M.A.C

KIEHL'S CREME DE CORPS

The old-school cocktail of beta-carotene and emollient oils-introduced more than 40 years ago—remains the plushest skin softener.

30. DEFRIZZER

JOHN FRIEDA FRIZZ EASE ORIGINAL SERUM

This game changer made (impervious to frizz) waves when it launched in 1988, and it's still adored as a smooth operator.



21. CONCEALER

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CLÉ DE PEAU

hyaluronic acid and

green tea extract,

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camos blemishes

inflammation.

22. FOUNDATION

while helping quell

GIORGIO ARMANI **LUMINOUS SILK** Makeup pros like Lloyd

Simmonds and Aaron

de Mey are in love with

its velvety texture, due to microfine pigments

that dissolve into skin.













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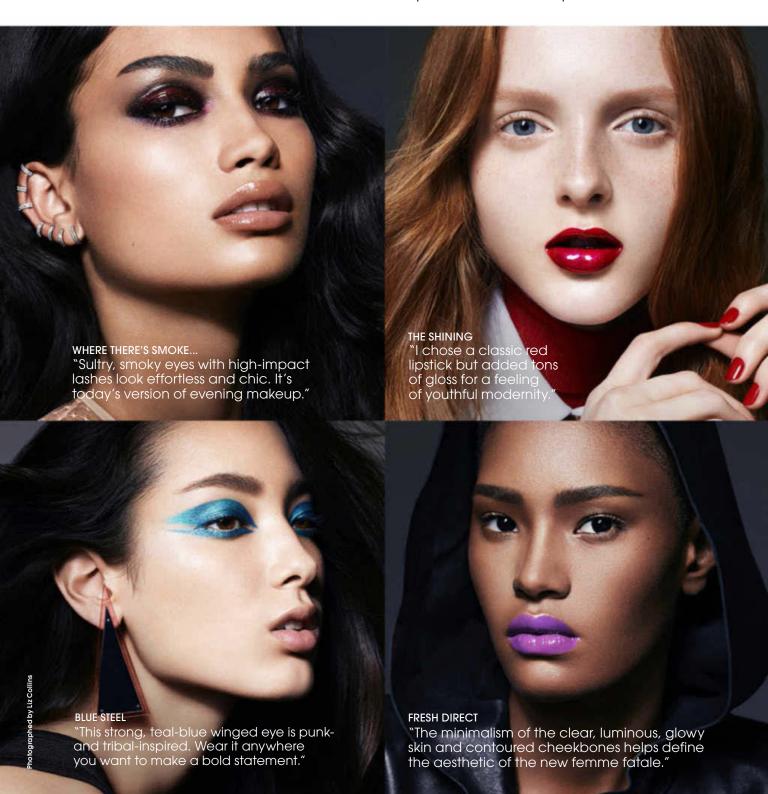






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COVERGIRL

PRESENTS

GET INSIDE FALL'S MOST DARING MAKEUP TRENDS WITH **UNIQUE HIGHLIGHTS** AND **UNEXPECTED HUES**



GET THE PERFECT RED LIP BY MIXING MULTIPLE HUES.

EYES

- ~ Dab a sheer layer of foundation on evelids
- Curl lashes
- ~ Apply COVERGIRL Natural Lash Mascara in Clear.

SKIN

Over moisturized skin, apply **COVERGIRL Outlast Stay** Luminous Foundation [1].

LIPS

- ~ Create a base using a thin layer of foundation over a moisturized lip.
 Using COVERGIRL LipPerfection
- Lipliner in Passion, follow your natural lip shape.
- Add multiple layers of COVERGIRL Colorlicious Lipstick in Hot [2], blotting with a tissue as you go.
- Finish with a generous coat of COVERGIRL Colorlicious Lip Lava in Look It's Lava.



[2]

FOR A SMOLDERING EFFECT, BLEND SHADOWS AND LINER.

EYES

- Make a thick black rim around the eye with COVERGIRL Ink It! by Perfect Point Plus in Black Ink [1] and smudge to blend excess
- Brush COVERGIRL Romance and Raisin shadows underneath the eye and in the center of the lid.
- Coat lashes with **COVERGIRL**
- SuperSizer Mascara [2].
 Define brows using COVERGIRL
 Bombshell POW-der Brow & Liner by LashBlast in Very Black.
- ~ Apply lip gloss over the lid for an extra sheen

SKIN

~ Add warmth with COVERGIRL Cheekers Blush in Brick Rose and Natural Twinkle.

~ Glide on COVERGIRL Lipslicks Smoochies Lip Balm in Sweet Tweet.



HIGHLIGHT LUMINOUS SKIN WITH A BRIGHT VIOLET LIP.

- ~ Straighten brow into a boyish shape using powder first, then pencil for fine detail
- Apply COVERGIRL Eye Enhancers 1-Kit Shadow in Brown Smolder at crease and under the eye.
- ~ Add mascara.

- ~ Use fingertips to blend COVERGIRL Outlast Stay Luminous Foundation [1] for a smooth, fresh-faced complexion. ~ Sweep **COVERGIRL Plum Plush** blush
- over cheekbones.

- ~ Swipe on two coats of COVERGIRL Outlast Longwear Lipstick in Vixen Violet [2] to add a vibrant pop of color.
- ~ Top with COVERGIRL Colorlicious Lipgloss in Pinkalicious and Copper Bliss for extra shine.



THE ARTFUL EYE IS ABOUT COLOR AND PRECISION.

- ~ Using COVERGIRL Perfect Blend Eyeliner in Cobalt Blue [1], sketch the
- graphic wing shape.
 To create perfect lines, use pointed cotton
- swabs dipped in makeup remover. Use the same pencil to fill in the rest of the shape.
- Dust on a layer of COVERGIRL Eye Enhancers 1-Kit Shadow in Turquoise Tempest [2] to amplify color.

Over moisturized skin, apply COVERGIRL **Outlast Stay Luminous Foundation** with fingertips.

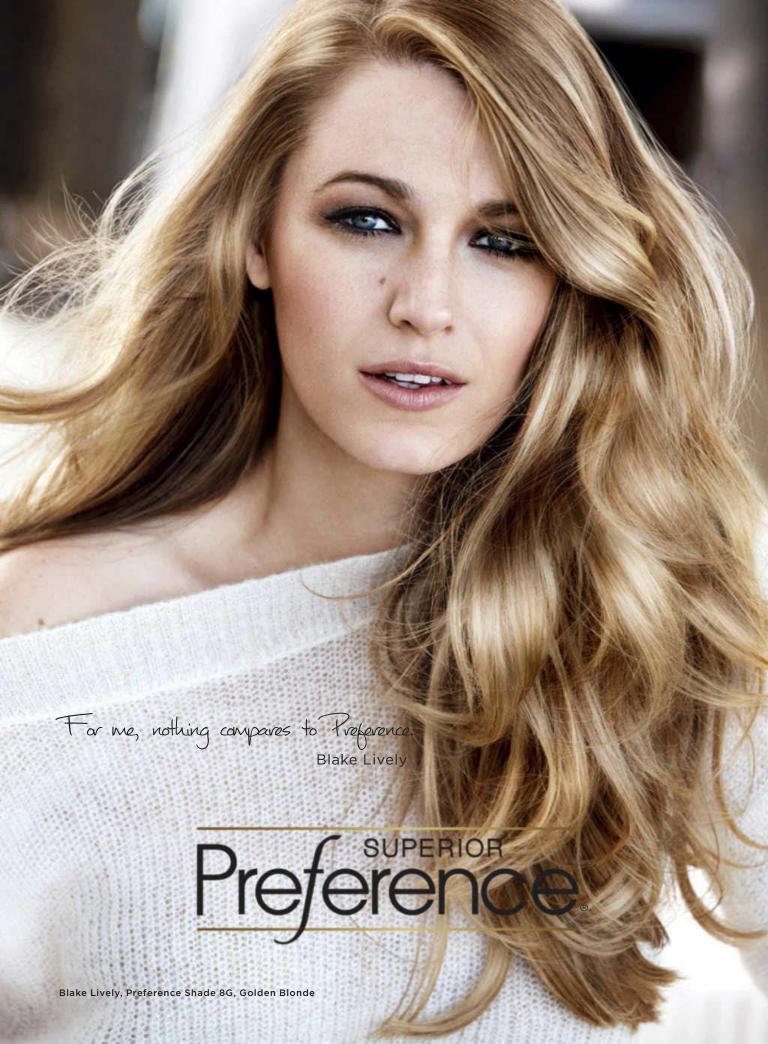
Apply COVERGIRL Lipslicks Smoochies Lip Balm in Sweet Tweet for a sheer lip.











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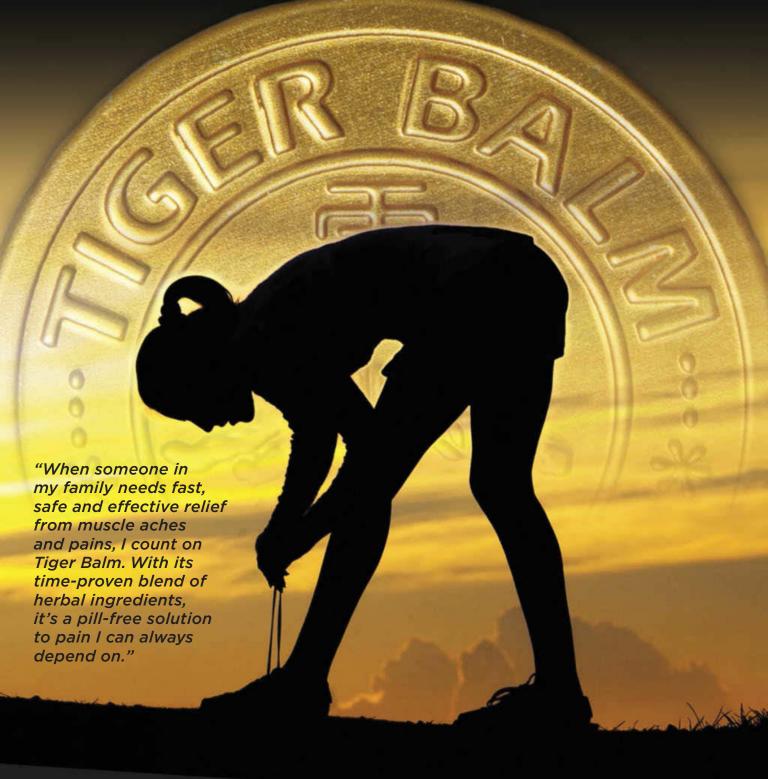
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Michelle Salas

COORDINATES:

Los Angeles via Mexico City.

OCCUPATION:

Fashion Blogger for STEREOTYPEMESS.COM.

PERSONAL STYLE:

Always differs according to mood.

GO-TO BEAUTY LOOK:

Black eyeliner + pink blush.

BEAUTY PHILOSOPHY:

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black eyeliner.

FALL BEAUTY TIPS:

As the weather gets cooler, it's important to add extra moisture to your face! It's also the perfect time to transition your summer beauty look with earthy tones and dark liner.

Ms. Salas was compensated for her participation.



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Lenses change my day as soon as *I put them on—they immediately add an* amazing glow to my natural eye color. ••

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Michelle Salas, Founder and Creative Director of the blog Stereotypemess.com trots across the globe in search of what's new and next in international style. Her wardrobe may be inspired by wanderlust, but the Mexico-City born trendsetter likes to keep her beauty routine classic and timeless, opting to accentuate those big brown eyes with dark liner and 1-DAY ACUVUE® DEFINE® Brand Contact Lenses NATURAL SHIMMER™. The lenses not only highlight her natural radiance, but require minimal effort (and no touch-ups!) for a flawless face from day to night.









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Famed hairstylist Oribe Canales has been beautifying the glitterati for three decades and counting. By Megan O'Neill

Hair demigod Oribe Canales doesn't give basic blow-outs. He sculpts and fluffs with awe-inspiring dexterity, imbuing hair with a bouncy, lustrous life all its own. One of ELLE's earliest hair collaborators, the Cuban native moved to New York City in the achingly glamorous days of Danceteria and Studio 54, and through the grapevine met and started assisting hair legend Garren. From there, he blazed a trail as a volume virtuoso, transforming then newly minted supers-Cindy, Claudia, Naomi, and the like-into a new, more-fabulous-than-ever breed of bombshell, defined in no small part by hair that billowed behind them on the runway. And now he works with their modern equivalents: J.Lo and Miley Cyrus, to name two. "Volume goes with a woman's silhouette," Oribe says. "It's so feminine and sexy."

How do you create such great shape and lift? Work a volumizer into damp hair, then divide your entire head into big Velcro rollers. Blow-dry each section, then take out the rollers and toss your hair upside down and shake it out. That really gives you even texture, which is the key to volume.

rocks Oribe's slicked-back style.

How can someone make an over-the-top blow-out more subdued?

You can customize it. Sometimes I'll do a light spray of water that brings back a naturalness to it.

Who is your most fun celebrity client? It's magical to collaborate with Jennifer Lopez. The time we went to the Oscars with that big hair—Halle Berry won, but J.Lo's photo was bigger. She's not afraid. Not all movie stars will take those chances. Penélope Cruz will. Scarlett Johansson is a lot of fun. Women are bleaching and coloring their hair more than ever right now. What's the best way to fix or deal with damage? I love that suicidal bleach blond! But, yes, it ends up breaking. You need to

find a style that works so it doesn't look damaged. Give yourself a little French twist or do a messy bobby-pin thing to freshen up a platinum look. Love that. There are great treatments, like my Split End Seal, that take away dryness. And trimming is essential. I work with Miley, and she's growing out her bleached pixie, so we try to make it look healthy with products for shine. What is the best way to stop frizz? I kind of like frizz sometimes! There's nothing more chic than someone really beautiful and made up with easy, fuzzy hair. It can be so sexy. I think frizzy hair brushed out is so pretty, too, and then you put in some antihumidity spray to prevent it from being out of control. You don't want to look crazy. Just in case, make sure you have a moisturizing cream and an elastic band so you can pull it back.

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DILLARD'S





Is a smoother, firmer complexion only a sip away? April Long travels to China to learn about ingestible collagen and why your next beauty buy might be in the vitamin aisle

Wang Pang Zi Donkey Burger is hard to miss. The restaurant, situated on a busy street on the edge of one of Beijing's ancient, alley-tangled *hutong* neighborhoods, boasts a banana-yellow banner and, taped to the windows, colorful photos of mysterious-looking menu items. The burgers themselvessurprisingly palatable slices of garlicky meat tucked into flaky buns-aren't the most intriguing draw, nor are the various innards or hunks of marrow that can be ordered as sides. "Young

women, especially, come here to eat donkey hide," the chef tells me, unrolling an expanse of what looks like thick wet leather, which he will soon slice and sauté, across a kitchen countertop. "They believe it keeps them beautiful."

In China, the tradition of consuming certain foods to rejuvenate the complexion is a very old one. The practice of ingesting donkey skin, for example, has been traced as far back as the first century B.C.; it even acquired a celebrity endorsement of sorts by becoming a beauty-ritual must for Empress Dowager Cixi, who ruled as regent from 1861 to 1908. And while a Beijinger's palate differs somewhat from a typical Westerner's-Eeyore hide aside, this is a place one can pick up a fried duck head, complete with its bill, as an onthe-go treat from a street vendor-there might be something to the idea that eating collagen-rich food can boost the

natural collagen in one's own skin.

"When I first came to China 15 years ago, I couldn't help but notice that the women, who have extremely collagen-dense diets, also have beautiful skin," says Naomi Whittel, the enterprising founder of Florida-based nutritional supplement company Reserveage, who leads me through the hutong's food stalls one misty morning, pointing out pig's trotters and chicken feet. "But at the time, there wasn't scientific evidence to prove any cause-and-effect between the two."

Despite that dearth of proof, collagen supplements have long been a fullfledged craze not only in China, but across Asia. Japanese pharmacy shelves are lined with fruit-flavored shots and ampoules hawking make-you-pretty promises; you can even buy collageninfused marshmallows and quaff a new beer marketed to women, called Precious, that contains two grams of the stuff. "In Japan, people are consuming an average of five grams of collagen a day, mostly through drinkables," says Whittel. "In China, where they have bone broth nearly every day, it's even more than that. But in the U.S., where we're eating skinless and boneless everything, our diets are virtually devoid of collagen. I think we're only beginning to understand the difference it makes."

A little skin-science 101: Collagen (the word is derived from the Greek kolla, which means "glue") is the most abundant protein in the human body. The main component of connective tissue, it cements cells together and gives skin its structure and elasticity. Collagen production begins to decline at a rate of about 1 percent a year in our mid-twenties and goes rapidly downhill in our forties and fifties, with the majority of women experiencing a 30 percent drop in the first few years postmenopause. (This is a natural process, but it's also aggravated by sun exposure: UV rays disable collagengenerating fibroblasts.) The effects we see in the mirror? Dryness, sagginess, dullness, and loss of plumpness.

While there are some topicals known to ramp up collagen production-chiefly retinoids, which remain dermatologists' gold-standard go-tos for diminishing wrinkles-their benefits are limited only to the areas where they're applied. It's easy to understand, then, why the prospect of rebuilding collagen from the inside out is so compelling. And now there's proof that goes beyond wishful thinking: Recent stud-

Dermatologist Recommended for Scars and Stretch Marks.



"I am 34 and teach hot yoga, so lately it's been hard to keep my skin hydrated. I noticed in the past year that my skin was changing — I had more dryness, fine lines, and a less smooth texture overall. I tried a dozen different high-end products and nothing was really impressive. On a whim I decided to grab some Bio-Oil and try it on a scar... it had such a beautiful consistency and delicate, natural fragrance that I decided to try it on my face. I've been using it for a few weeks now and I can't rave about it enough. My only regret with Bio-Oil is that I didn't start using it at birth! It's perfect!" Erin Moraghan

In the most impressive example, an independent, double-blind, placebocontrolled study published in 2013 in Skin Pharmacology and Physiology that involved 100 women between the ages of 45 and 65, those who took 2.5 grams of a hydrolyzed collagen peptide once a day for eight weeks exhibited a 20 percent reduction in wrinkle depth around their eyes. Additionally, the subjects' levels of pro-collagen I-the precursor to collagen—were up 65 percent. And these results were long-lasting: The women's skin still demonstrated elevated moisture levels and elasticity four weeks after they stopped taking the supplements.

According to Steffen Oesser, PhD, founder of the Collagen Research Institute in Kiel, Germany, who conducted the study, what this means is that "these bioactive peptides are activating the body's own physiological processes" by sending a signal to the fibroblasts to produce more collagen. And this doesn't just help the skin. "The underlying problem [the loss of collagen with age] is the same in all of our connective tissues," says Oesser, who also conducted studies showing that collagen supplements help alleviate joint pain. "When we have this degenerative process in our joints, we call it arthritis. When we have it in our bones, we call it osteoporosis. And when we have it in our skin, we call it wrinkles." By strengthening the extracellular matrix, which is what these peptides appear to do, "you can see improvement in all of these areas."

There is one caveat: Not all ingestible collagen is created equal. First of all, hydrolyzed collagen, which is made by purifying and breaking down the protein's amino acids into lowmolecular-weight fragments, is different from the old-school gelatin our mothers used to make wobbly desserts; because hydrolyzed peptides are so tiny, they're much more easily absorbed by the body. But even among the these options, Oesser says, there is variation. "From a scientific point of view, nobody knows exactly what makes a collagen peptide effective. All we can do is test them. There are products on the market that are less effective or ineffective, so my advice is to look for the ones that have studies supporting them."

When Naomi Whittel introduced a range of Reserveage collagen supple-

THE INSIDERS

Pills, powders, and elixirs for beauty that begins within





With bioactive peptides clinically proven to rev up collagen production, flavorless RESERVEAGE Collagen Replenish Powder gives any beverage complexion-boosting powers.

Five daily glowbestowing SPARKLE capsules provide collagen- and elasticity-enhancing peptides, plus vitamin C.

BIOCYTE Hyaluronic Forte pills pack 200 mg of plant-derived hyaluronic

BEAUTY SCOOP's peptide-

and lipid-rich formula is backed by 10 years of clinical testing.

ments last year, she chose to incorporate peptides from the two manufacturers with the most persuasive science: Verisol, which makes the patented porcinederived variety Oesser used in his study, and BioCell, which makes a collagen peptide complex derived from chicken cartilage (a company-funded study published in Clinical Interventions in Aging in 2012 showed a 76 percent reduction in skin dryness in women who took one gram daily for 12 weeks). "We wanted to make sure that if we were bringing collagen to the U.S. in a big way, it had to be from a clean, reliable source, with solid science to back it up," says Whittel.

acid per dose

Dermatologists, meanwhile, are cautiously optimistic. "These studies are very well done," says Boca Raton-based derm Marta Rendon, MD. "But there's still a lot more data on joints than there is on skin. I think we need to do more research to really say, 'This absolutely works.'"

That a whole slew of beauty-fromwithin products have hit the market recently-including not only collagen drinks and supplements but also those containing hyaluronic acid, which was shown in a 2014 Japanese study to have a moisturizing effect on skin when ingested-dovetails nicely with the Zeitgeist. This is an age in which we've come to understand that how we treat ourselves, and what we consume, is reflected in our appearance. We guzzle green juice, utter oms and affirmations, and even-in New York, at least-stand in line for bone broth, which, ancient Chinese remedy or not, emerged last winter as the buzziest energy-, immunity-, and beautyboosting elixir in the wellness world.

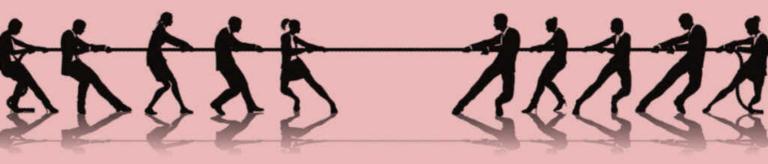
My last stop in Beijing is the Tongrentang Drugstore, a traditional-Chinesemedicine mecca founded in 1669. Past the stone Foo dogs guarding the entrance, and up an ornate staircase bedecked with fluttering paper lanterns, I find an entire section devoted to collagen. There are endless shelves of ejiao, donkey-hide gelatin (one particularly unappetizing translation is "asshide glue"), which can be purchased as jerkylike sticks or in sachets to be brewed as tea. A woman at a little cart heats chunks of ejiao in a skillet with rice wine, nuts, and dates to make donkey "cake"; aisles of glass countertops display an exotic type of bird's nest, consisting purely of swiftlet spit, which forms the basis for an unsettlingly viscous, extremely expensive, purportedly collagen-enhancing soup (a box of eight nests will set you back roughly \$1,150).

I leave with a box of instant ejiao (dissolvable donkey!) and a \$60 jar of bird's nests suspended in jelly—neither of which I will ever eat. I will, however, be incorporating bioactive collagen peptides into my diet: mixing Reserveage powder with juice, or swallowing a capsule as regularly as I can. As New York derm Elizabeth Hale, MD, points out, this just might work synergistic magic with my topical skin care to keep my complexion pillowy and plush well into the future. It definitely strikes me as significantly more salubrious than donkey skin. And regardless, as Rendon says, as long as I stick to quality supplements, "It can't hurt."









THE BATTLE FOR YOUR LIBIDO

How to treat low desire in women—how, even, to measure it—stymies doctors, divides feminists, and leaves us doubting our own bodies. Molly Langmuir reports from the front lines of sex, marketing, and medicine

I lost my virginity on prom night, of all things, but whatever embarrassment I had about the clichéd circumstances was far outweighed by my relief at having entered the realm of the sexually active. I saved the condom wrapper and the next day, triumphantly, mailed it to my best friend in California. Established right from the beginning was the following: Sex was something that I did with guys, some of whom I liked, some of whom I didn't, but that I only really talked about frankly with other women.

Over the next few years, which I spent at a liberal arts college known for its clothing-optional dorm and frequent "naked parties," I acquired friends with

whom nothing sexual was off-limits. We mimicked the sounds we heard each other make through the thin walls of our off-campus housing, debated the appeal of gay soft porn (prompted by a week we were meant to be studying for exams but instead spent watching the Showtime drama Queer As Folk), and described to each other the exact locations of our clitorises. At one point, deep into a conversation about orgasms, we split up into separate rooms and raced to see who could get there first. None of this seemed weird. We were 20, then 21, then 22, with few boundaries, and friends were still way more important than boys.

I am now 35, and these women and I are spread among different cities and mostly married. But when we get together, sex inevitably still comes up, and in the last year or so, a new aspect of it has entered the discussion: a lack of desire, at least the kind that we imagine catches a person unaware, which has been likened to a hunger or a drive. The type we imagine most men feel often, and teenage boys all the time, ready to be triggered by anything from a bodacious \mathfrak{J} written on a

blackboard to a visible bra strap.

"I could never have sex again and be totally fine," one friend said to me recently, and while at first that seemed drastic, once I turned it over in my mind, I realized that I basically felt the same way. But it wasn't that I didn't enjoy sex. I did. She did too, she said. It was just that unlike other women we knew who chased it single-mindedly, we didn't have much urge to seek it out. She wasn't worried, but I was less sanguine. Pursuing sex, and not just out of obligation, was fundamental to what I assumed it meant to be a good partner.

Was there something wrong in my marriage? Was this unavoidable, 10 years into a relationship? Were hormones to blame? On the other hand, had I ever really sought sex for sex's sake alone? When I think back to my early twenties, even then sex felt more like a product of other impulses than an end in and of itself. I'd be attracted to someone and want to be close to him, and this sometimes led to hanging out late at night, and that often led to sex—I think?

As it happens, these questions are at

the center of a long-running debate that erupted last June when a Federal Drug Administration panel recommended, for the first time, the approval of a drug to treat female desire-the final vote was expected by August 18. Flibanserin, as it's known, is owned by a company named Sprout Pharmaceuticals and is meant for women with a disorder that some academics and feminist activists say doesn't exist, at least as a biological entity, but that others-MDs, equally adamant women's-health activists-believe afflicts 10 percent of American women: very low desire that lasts at least six months, prompts emotional distress, and isn't caused by medications, depression, physical illness, relationship troubles, or simply an unskilled lover (whether such factors can be decisively ruled out is, as you might expect, much contested). The lack of clarity about the condition is even reflected in its shifting name. Flibanserin was developed to treat what's known as hypoactive sexual desire disorder,

a month. Taking the drug raised that to 4.75 such interactions, though in comparing these results to the control group's, researchers concluded that Flibanserin was responsible for only 0.88 of the uptick, the other 1.2 being attributable to the placebo effect.

But what to make of this? One of the most interesting things about the dispute is that it takes place far enough into asyet-unsettled terrain that there are no easy answers. So you consider yourself a feminist: Do you support a drug that 40 percent of the women who've tried it (in contrast to 25 percent of the control group) said meaningfully improved their condition? Or do you argue that 11 additional successful sexual outings a year don't outweigh the risks of taking a pill that in the short term can cause dizziness, nausea, and fainting, and whose long-term effects are unknown? So you consider yourself sex-positive: What then?

At the heart of the matter is what we

colicky babies that mostly contained morphine, for one. The rest of the time the campus, as it's known (it's so gargantuan that buses shuttle visitors in from a parking lot half a mile away), is so void of humans as to feel practically apocalyptic.

Before the meeting in June, a more general session was held here last October for the FDA to hear directly from patients about how much risk they'd consider acceptable in a sexual dysfunction treatment. All the major female-desire stakeholders were on hand—and the scene was more media circus than scientific meeting, or drug-company drama as performance art.

There were the pharmaceutical reps in sleek suits, looking like something out of *Men in Black*, and the doctors, many of whom had enough conflicts of interest to stock a pharmacy. Before addressing the panel, the speakers had to list their conflicts; with one, I quit counting after 20. Though whatever you might assume

THE DEBATE FRACTURES REALITY INTO TWO DISTINCT UNIVERSES, AND IN EACH, EVERYTHING MAKES COMPLETE SENSE—UNTIL THE MOMENT YOU STEP INTO THE OTHER.

or HSDD, but in the latest *Diagnostic* and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, published in 2013, this diagnosis was expanded to include women with arousal deficits and renamed female sexual interest/arousal disorder, or FSIAD (arousal is marked by physiological changes such as flushed skin and genital swelling; desire refers to the psychological wish to do something sexual).

Flibanserin works by constricting the release of the neurotransmitter serotonin, which is thought to foster a sense of well-being but also to stoke inhibition, and by increasing norepinephrine and dopamine, the chemicals associated with the rush of falling in love (and taking heroin). A main measure of effectiveness for the drug is the number of so-called "sexually satisfying events," defined as acts of intercourse, oral sex, genital stimulation, or even masturbation, that a patient—"not the partner," Sprout emphasizes-deems as such. In three large-scale Flibanserin studies, the female subjects, all premenopausal and in monogamous, heterosexual relationships, were previously, on average, having 2.67 pleasurable "events"

know about how female desire works and what that tells us about how much of it women can reasonably expect. Ideally, here is where we'd turn to research, but as the Flibanserin data suggest, science breaks down when trying to quantify something as ineffable as desire. In a way, the debate fractures reality into two distinct universes, and in each, everything makes complete sense until the moment you step into the other, and then the inverse becomes true. What is undeniable, though, is this: Millions of dollars, maybe billions, are at stake, along with what constitutes American women's sense of sexual gratificationor, maybe, of what it means to be "normal," if there ever can said to be such a thing when it comes to sex.

The FDA's headquarters are on the border of DC and Maryland, in an office park where, as the day begins and ends, floods of people rush through doors that lead to sprawling buildings with warrens of rooms and displays of products the agency has helped pull from shelves over the years: "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," a drink for

that means should be measured against this: In June, some of the same doctors returned to testify to the need for Flibanserin or something similar, and when they described what it was like to have patients implore them for a drug to boost their libido and have nothing to offer, at least two began crying.

Around a dozen carefully done-up patients were there too, flown in by drug companies to detail their anguish at having low desire. They described "duty sex" and taking so much topical testosterone, "I smelled like a guy and my girlfriends were attracted to me," one said. (Or as Barbara Gattuso, 66, lamented to me later, "You don't feel like a woman. You feel like something has been torn out of you.")

And then there were the activists, some ardently for, others ardently against a female desire drug. The vibe was fraught. In between sessions, the antidrug camp huddled together, whispering angrily. One woman put on headphones to drown out a certain MD whenever he spoke—that was how angry he made her—and another complained about a patient who'd shown up in red

patent leather heels: "What was she saying with those shoes? They scream sex."

Across the room, the patients were also huddled and equally irate. "That lady, I could kill her-I don't need to fix myself up here," a thirtysomething woman said, gesturing to her head. She was talking about psychiatrist Rosemary Basson, MD, the director of the Sexual Medicine Program at the University of British Columbia, who'd just told the panel that 90 percent of women referred to her clinic for low interest or arousal either screened positive for depression or were taking antidepressants, which can dampen libido, the implication being that FSIAD was best addressed psychiatrically.

One way to understand the split between the activists is to understand the historical divisions in the women's movement. In support of the drug, roughly speaking, are so-called "equality feminists"; they tend to be first or second wavers who have deep roots on Capitol Hill and see this as the latest in a long line of straightforward battles against gender bias in medical research. It's a history that stretches back to at least 1990, when one audit of the National Institutes of Health found there were just three gynecologists on staff-and 39 veterinarians. These women have coalesced behind a campaign called Even the Score, which is partially financed by Sprout and two other pharmaceutical firms and is animated by the "gross disparity" between the number of medications for male and female dysfunction. As Even the Score chairwoman Susan Scanlan put it in a booming voice at the FDA, "There are 26 drugs for men and 0 for women!"

This undoubtedly sounds absurd, not to mention sexist (which the FDA categorically denies), and Even the Score gathered more than 60,000 petition signatures protesting the situation. They even put out an online spoof of a Viagra commercial (hashtag: #womendeserve) featuring a sultry lady reclining in a beachfront cabana. "What the fuck," she says. "Are we really so far behind that we don't think women have the right to sexual desire?"

The position of Even the Score, and the drug companies, is that FSIAD has a strong biological component. They like to talk about studies such as one published in the *Archives of Internal Medicine* in 2005 that tracked 447 postmenopausal women with low desire and found that for those on a low dose of oral estrogen, a testosterone patch increased their

sexual activity by 79 percent. (A few preliminary studies have implied hormone therapy might be effective for premenopausal women as well.) They also bring up published research that has used fMRI scanning to compare the brains of women with and without HSDD. In one such report, 36 women watched erotic movies; those with HSDD appeared to have less activity in the entorhinal cortex, the area of the brain where we lay down emotional impressions, leading the investigators to hypothesize that subjects retained few pleasurable memories of sex, leaving nothing to spark its pursuit. (Though it must be emphasized that brain-imaging research is still in its early stages-in a notorious example of the limits of the field, Dartmouth scientists used an fMRI machine to find cognitive activity in a dead fish.)

On the other side of the activist divide are those who might be called, in old-school parlance, the "difference feminists." This camp tends to focus on the ways in which women's sexuality is unlike that of men. The 26-0 cry is misleading, they contend, because 9 of the 26 male medications are Viagra variants intended for arousal disorder, namely erectile dysfunction, which, compared to low desire-women's number one complaint-is often relatively simple to resolve by increasing blood flow. There are no drugs approved by the FDA to jump-start desire for either women or men, they point out. (The remaining 17 are all testosterone-based formulations, which are sometimes prescribed for low libido for both sexes, but this is an offlabel use.)

To the "difference" faction, HSDD must be considered in a larger context— "Unaffordable child care, violence against women, Hollywood standards of beauty, an ongoing sexual double standard," says Thea Cacchioni, PhD, a sociologist and the author of the forthcoming Big Pharma, Women, and the Labour of Love, ticking off a few factors that she thinks are associated with low desire in women-and is rarely purely biological. Cacchioni and her compatriots are partial to surveys such as one published in 2010 in the Journal of Sexual Medicine in which more than 85 percent of women diagnosed with HSDD listed multiple contributors to their sexual indifference, including stress (60 percent) and feeling bad about their looks (41 percent). What many women with low libido are missing, Cacchioni says, is an awareness of both the societal forces that interfere with desire and the components of a healthy sexual relationship. "In the same breath as they're saying they have no relationship problems, they're talking about 'duty sex,'" she says.

Even if 10 percent of women do have a biological disorder that would respond to desire medication, the drug critics fear "diagnosis creep," the well-documented phenomenon in which the pool of candidates for a treatment expands as pharmaceutical marketing ramps up. Consider this: In a 2008 survey of 2,207 women published in the Archives of Internal Medicine, 36 percent of the respondents had low desire, but only 8 percent were distressed about it. Could a savvy advertising campaign convince the 28 percent unperturbed by their flattened libidos that they in fact had a problem-one that required a pharmaceutical solution?

Leonore Tiefer, PhD, a New York University psychiatry professor who has long fought the medicalization of normal variants of sexuality, believes such a pathology creep has already happened with depression and anxiety. "I know a lot of psychiatrists, and they tell me people walk in their doors all the time and say, 'I'm just not the person I want to be; I want something.' Do you really think everybody on the face of the earth has a mental illness? It's absurd."

Many of the arguments made by the antimeds contingent sound like they could be summed up like this: If American women weren't so oppressed, they'd want to get it on more often. But their views about desire are actually more nuanced than that. Last May, I had coffee with Smith College's wellness education director, Emily Nagoski, a public health PhD who describes herself as a "sex nerd" and who was unafraid to speak loudly about erotic minutiae, even when the drony music quieted and we were some of the only people in the room. (I should have guessed: Her recent book, Come As You Are, has a bright pink cover featuring a change purse opened to look like a vagina.)

Nagoski believes there are two different but equally valid types of desire: spontaneous, which can be prompted by nothing more than a few chords of a particular song or a stray pheromone, and responsive, which emerges only once you're in a pleasurable sexual scenario. The latter being the kind, I realized, with which I was far more familiar these days.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 600



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In 1985, 31-year-old Nancy Silverton moved to New York from Los Angeles to take over the kitchen of a restaurant called Maxwell's Plum with her then husband Mark Peel. Anita Lo was studying French literature at Columbia University. At age 11, in Birmingham, England, April Bloomfield had dreams of joining the police force. Meanwhile, a toddler named Christina Tosi was living in Springfield, Virginia, probably licking whatever bowl of batter her grandmother had put in front of her. Men ruled the food world-David Bouley, Eric Ripert, and Jean-Georges Vongerichten among them-and were celebrated in the pages

Over the next two and a half decades, as the word "celebrity" became affixed to "chef" and cooking professionally became a focal point of pop-cultural discourse, women were generally left out of the conversation. In the last couple of years, that has changed as the media—and, subsequently, the public—has actively begun to *cherchez la femme* in the toque. That's one reason that when it came time to celebrate our birthday, there was more recognized female talent to choose from.

And yet the standouts were obvious: Today, Silverton is the co-owner of Osteria Mozza and Pizzeria Mozza, with outposts in L.A., Newport Beach, and Singapore. Lo has one of the first chef-driven, upscale small restaurants in the country; 15 years in, Annisa, in New York's Greenwich Village, remains a destination for critics and foodies. Bloomfield is the coowner of five landscape-changing restaurants, the first of which, Manhattan's The Spotted Pig, put British gastropubs on the U.S. dining map in 2004. Tosi is the chef, cofounder, and owner of New York City's Momofuku Milk Bar bakeries, home of the famous Compost Cookie and bottled Cereal Milk. Each has authored at least one cookbook. Collectively, they've racked up numerous awards, garnered Michelin stars, and made the television

Last month, Bloomfield hosted Lo, Silverton, and Tosi for lunch at the John Dory Oyster Bar in Manhattan. Each chef brought a dish (for Bloomfield's Indian Summer Salad, see the next page), and her unique perspective on the last three decades, to the table.

ELLE: What's most obviously changed in the

food world over the last 30 years?

Nancy Silverton: Television! I think it's safe to say that all of us got into this business because we love to cook, right? That's not true with everybody. Dr. Tim Ryan of the Culinary Institute of America was saying that now the students that enter the school first go to media training before they go to cooking school. I didn't start cooking because I wanted to act, or because if I cooked, then I'd make it big because I'd get on television.

Christina Tosi: The access is different. Before, if you wanted access, you would have worked for someone, right? Where now if you want access to someone's food, there are so many different ways that you can do it, even just through cookbooks, through websites, through blogs.

ELLE: Any predictions for the future of the food world?

April Bloomfield: Middle Eastern food. CT: The pendulum will continue to swing between fine dining and casual. It's really interesting to [watch]: Every time it swings to fine dining, it doesn't just swing to fine dining. It swings to fine dining with some crazy evolution.

NS: That's regional, though. Because you

of ELLE.





Above: Silverton, who brought homemade gelato, moments before cutting the cake.

know, Los Angeles, for so long, has not been able to support fine dining. I mean, we have two restaurants [Providence and Mélissel, and that's it.... It has a lot to do with Wall Street [in New York], for instance. [In L.A.] you'll never see a Le Bernardin. Hollywood drives Los Angeles, right? So the Hollywood executives, they're wearing blue jeans and T-shirts and they're not eating at Le Bernardin, which is a shame, because when you want that celebratory experience, you have two choices, which are great choices, but....

ELLE: Are you noticing any differences with the generation of cooks starting out now?

AB: You have to learn the foundations first...and that's an issue now, because kids don't want to put in the time, and they don't want to put in the effort of the process of learning and absorbing, and the building of your career.

Anita Lo: Technology is also adding to that. You know, you can just put something in a bag and put it in water and put on a timer. I'm finding cooks coming to me who don't even know how to sauté something.

ELLE: Switching gears, what is it like, as chefs, to also be entrepreneurs?

CT: I think being a female and being younger, people don't take you as seriously, which, for me, is like, "Don't take me seriously. I don't really care. You can take me however you want." They're still kind of looking behind you for, like, a grown-up man in a suit.

AL: I think there are [still] a lot of [women]

BLOOMFIELD'S INDIAN SUMMER SALAD

"It's a really clean and fresh dish-a deconstructed version of the Salad Sandwich from my new book, A Girl and Her Greenswhich makes it a bit easier to share among a big group at a potluck," the chef says of her dish. "This salad has plenty of crisp vegetables, which everybody loves as well."

Yield: 12 servings 2 cups sugar snap peas, strings removed and split in half 2 cups mini Gold Bar squash, cubed 2 cups Opal basil, roughly torn 3 cups cherry tomatoes (preferably Sun Gold), halved 3 cups mini breakfast radishes, halved (if the tops look fresh, leave them on) 4 whole Persian cucumbers, sliced on a diagonal into obliques 5 scallions or spring onions, thinly sliced on the bias 2 lbs assorted salad

greens (butter lettuce, little gem, chicory, radicchio, dandelion greens) 2 cups Salad Cream (see recipe below) Freshly squeezed lemon juice, to taste Extra-virgin olive oil, to taste Sea salt, to taste (preferably Jacobsen)

Gently toss all ingredients (excluding the lemon juice, olive oil, and sea salt) together in a large bowl. Finish with a few drops of lemon juice, and drizzle with olive oil and a hefty pinch of sea salt.

Salad Cream

Yield: 2 generous cups 12 large eggs ½ cup extra-virgin olive oil ½ cup heavy cream 4 tablespoons red wine vinegar 2½ generous tablespoons Dijon mustard 2 very small garlic cloves, diced 2 teaspoons Maldon or another flaky sea salt A handful of tarragon leaves, roughly chopped Fill a medium pot at least halfway with water and bring to a boil over high heat. Use a slotted spoon to gently add the eggs to the water. Cook the eggs for precisely 10 minutes (set a timer); carefully drain the hot water. Submerge the eggs in cold running water until completely cool. Lightly tap each egg against the counter to crack the shell, then peel; halve lengthwise and pop out the yolks. (Reserve the whites for another purpose, like egg salad sandwiches -or nibbling.)

Use the back of a spoon to press the yolks through a mesh sieve and into a food processor. Add the oil, cream, vinegar, mustard, garlic, sea salt, and 2 teaspoons water and process until very smooth and creamy. Add the tarragon and pulse to incorporate. Dressing will keep in an airtight container in the refrigerator for up to two days.

For all the potluck recipes, go to elle.com/30-Party

who have opened many restaurants but couldn't raise money to open their own places in New York. It's unfortunate.

ELLE: Inroads have certainly been made. How have opportunities for women improved?

NS: To answer honestly, I've never had an issue, and I was never brought up to think there was an issue. So the restaurants that I was lucky enough to work at were restaurants that were run by young, open-minded-it turned out-gentlemen. But I never thought that I couldn't be anything other than what my own skills and devotion limited me from being.

AB: Yeah, same as me. I didn't go into this business thinking I was a woman in a man's world. I had a goal: I just wanted to work hard, earn my own money, and be successful-that was my ultimate goal. I never really had any problems being in a kitchen.

NS: With being abused or not taken seriously?

CT: No, not more than any other cook on a line, where it's like, you learn to take criticism and that's about it.

AB: You absorb and you suck it up and you work hard. You keep your head down, you ask questions, you learn, you make mistakes, you learn from your mistakes, and then, you know, you go to another restaurant. And usually you pick restaurants you really admire or the chefs you admire. You wanna work there, you want to learn from them. No, I never had an issue with being a woman. NS: My heroes, at the time when I was just starting my career, were Barbara Tropp and Joyce Goldstein and Alice Waters and Judy Rodgers. You know, it was just women I looked at. If they could do it, then I could.



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SEPARATED AT BIRTH

As Paul Ford's twins grew, he couldn't stand the fact that because of the wage gap, his daughter would always lag behind his son financially. Then he hatched a brilliant plan...

My wife Maureen and I are standard-issue modern parents. Our children are standard-issue twins, a boy and a girl, 3¾ years old. We push my daughter toward the toy trucks and my son can hug all the dolls he likes; nothing is "for boys" or "for girls." We want them to feel unconstrained by gender, free to pursue their interests.

Yet Abe is a typical little boy. Everything is urgent. He yearns to kick balls and hit things with sticks; he is in a state of perpetual wigglehood. We keep his hair short. We keep Ivy's long. She's cuddly and talks about ponies. She insists on dresses. And she starts to dance the moment pop music is playing, moving Coachella-style (free arm waggle,

toe touch, arms out and spinning, repeat) but right on the beat. Abe tries to dance too, but...well....

We tell them that a girl can do anything, be anything. But the world constantly interferes with our intentions. One week, both kids seemed to grow several inches and needed new underwear immediately. We went to Target but could find only the Hello Kitty and Avengers varieties. At that moment, parents truly committed to erasing the boundaries between genders would have stomped out of the store and found a place that sells handmade, natural-fiber undergarments free of gender signifiers, but for God's sake we were already at Target. So since that trip my daughter has been covering her nethers with icons of a mouthless cat and my son obscures his with Thor. A small battle lost.

When you have kids, you realize how gender roles are part of the deep structure of the world, and how quickly those roles seep into tiny, growing brains. There's a photo of a little girl on the box that holds my daughter's doll; the toy truck says "back up" in a male voice. The women at

day care painted my daughter's toenails and not my son's. He was jealous, so my wife painted his toenails too—and then we worried that the ladies at day care would be upset (they weren't, really).

Sometimes my wife and I discuss what it would take to raise our children with true gender equality, the kind that progressive parents are supposed to achieve, the kind they talked about in the 1970s. I think it would require us to move to the moon.

Plus, my daughter looks so cute in a dress with bows in her hair. Holding hands with my son in a pair of shorts. That's an acceptable happiness, right, taking pleasure in that?

But at the same time my son needs to know that "feminine" things are as important as masculine. Like, I don't know, knitting. We'll have failed as parents if our son rejects knitting as beneath his station. And yet if my son does not want to knit, we must not force him to. Nor will we push our daughter away from knitting, should she wish to take it up. These are the things my wife and I discuss. We are raising children, not state-



ments; the world is what it is. Except...

There's this thing a lot of men say—I've said it myself. We say, "Of course I'm a feminist; I have a daughter." But men have had daughters for as long as there have been humans. I'm calling myself out on this. I'm saying, Okay, if I'm serious about equality for my daughter, is my muddled "everyone is equal" vigilance enough? Is it enough to tell our daughter that she can be whatever she wants? How can we *ensure* she can be whatever she wants?

Look at the big, wide world: We're 95 years out from the constitutional amendment that gave American women the vote—the 19th, to be precise—and yet, as is oft tweeted out, women make 78.3 percent of what men do (this from census data). That's the world my daughter is entering.

There are a lot of other studies that

be those who can work with huge volumes of symbolic information, who can move data around in meaningful ways. The problem is, the things that we're told will be most valuable in the future are, today, controlled by men. Programming and engineering are notoriously male-dominated. If robots are going to do more manual labor, and if to succeed you'll need to be in the robot business, then the future is going to belong to the Abes, not the Ivys. It's disturbing.

And then I realized, Maybe I can buy my way out of this one.

My wife and I are 40. We weigh too much and sleep too little and exist for our children: to feed them even though they throw our food; to get them to go to bed even though they refuse to go.

Maureen and I met 10 years ago. You could say I was a struggling writer, but I was just struggling. I was washing my

have enough money for full-time child care for two babies, so we decided I'd make the money and she'd stay home. It's a very familiar moment in a lot of lives, this moment of economic divergence.

The plan was she'd be out for a year, then we'd send the kids to day care and she'd get a job. That didn't work. We did send the kids to day care, but Maureen still isn't back in the workforce. She's tried everything. She attended a two-year construction-project management program and graduated with excellent grades. She sent out an insane flurry of résumés, found a mentor, called headhunters.

She prepared our taxes with such care that our accountant hired her part time. She did such a good job helping manage a nonprofit that its executive director offered to turn her into a project manager—but for the software business, and Maureen wants to be in construction.

Older women who work in that field

I WOULD ENJOY KNOWING THAT WE'D PAID DOWN ALL THE OBVIOUS TAXES THAT WOMEN PAY ON WOMANHOOD, STARTING WHEN MY GIRL WAS JUST LEARNING TO DRESS HERSELF.

show women make less than men, and will continue to do so, despite the fact that in America, at least, more women are graduating from college than men. For example, the World Economic Forum published a report entitled 2095: The Year of Gender Equality in the Workplace, Maybe. ("Maybe!") That document says that women do more than four hours of unpaid work every day, whereas men do two and a half.

Women are caregivers across the globe. Caring for children, or for sick parents, keeps them from paid employment. Around a quarter of American women quit jobs for family reasons; 10 percent of men do. It adds up: A woman on average will make \$434,000 less than a man over her career, according to a Center for American Progress study. The gap is much greater if you compare men and women who went to college—\$713,000.

Meaning if we raise our daughter as the "equal" of our son, we'll still have come up 21.7 percent short. How do we give Ivy the same opportunities as Abe? Do we praise her 21.7 percent more? Hug her 21.7 percent harder?

I know that prognostication is dicey, and that my children's world will be very different from our own. Robots will build more screens; computers will be less devices and more ambient omnipresences. The people who succeed will clothes in the bathtub, and my paychecks went uncashed in a shoebox. Maureen told me to do my laundry and helped me balance my books.

She made more money than I did back then, and her life was the one with more options. At the time I was a computer programmer and writer. This was a basically useless combination, like being a carpenter who sings.

So along we went, both of us working—some good years, some lean ones. When we got married, I promised to keep us in the lower middle class. That meant both parties would work: We'd rent an apartment, manage to afford health care; our kids would go to state schools.

But then, around 2010, a bunch of things happened. I was a nerd who understood publishing at the moment when publishers wanted to understand nerds. So I started to make more money than my wife. She had a job in construction, training carpenters how to use different materials. She liked the work a lot.

Then she got pregnant with twins. The pregnancy had complications. Her doctor insisted we move to an elevator building immediately, to keep my wife off of stairs. Craving security, we bought an apartment, spending every cent we had.

So we had twins on the way and little cash to spare. I was making more, Maureen less. We did the math, and we didn't have taken my wife aside to explain just how sexist construction can be. But other people have told us about a hiring freeze—her male classmates in her two-year program are also looking for jobs. Many of these same people advise her to wait, to stay in the industry. "It needs women," they've said.

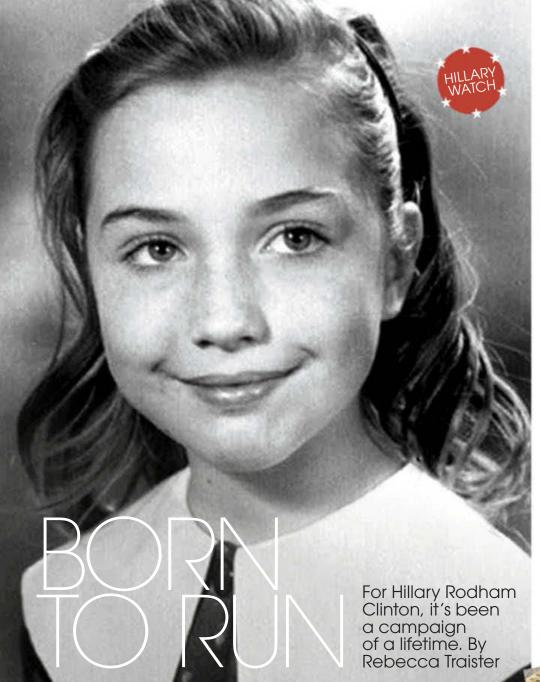
And we can afford to do this, to wait. So we do. Hoping it will pay off in long-term happiness. But there is also a gap between us. She earns money doing book-keeping, but she is sometimes ashamed of how insignificant the amount is. She's got too much brain to not be busy. She's earning negative compound interest on her choices—including the choice to stay home with the kids—while I just keep accelerating. She sends out more résumés; I just started a company.

During our time together, I've gotten to know the story of her life, played it back many times. Every time she decided to change her path—to go into construction, to return to school—it took substantial effort and planning, people were critical, and sometimes it just didn't work. And every time I decided to change something—I was going to go to graduate school, then just sort of...changed my mind, wasn't in the mood—it worked out fine.

Plenty of women will read this story and shrug: She just should have tried

CONTINUED ON PAGE 660





the world in a glorious crusade/Not to kill ourselves with a nameless gnawing pain/But to practice with all the skill of our being/The art of making possible."



HE WAS SOOOO SEXY!: In 1974, Hillary turns down several job offers in Washington, DC, and follows her Yale Law School boyfriend to Arkansas, where he wants to run for office. She makes the trip with her friend Sara Ehrman, and when they arrive in Fayetteville, they're greeted by a crowd of Razorbacks fans hanging from the lampposts. According to Washington Post reporter Liza Mundy, Ehrman was so horrified that her "beloved Hillary Rodham, her highpowered hope for the future, was about to settle in a town full of frat boys wearing pig hats" that she "started to cry."

Becoming the leader of the free world takes more than ambition (yes, glorious, admirable, fanfuckingtastic female ambition). It takes making mistakes and absorbing defeat. It takes hard work and happy (or not so) accidents. And it takes sincere effort to make the world a better place, at least some of the time. Herewith, the achievements, tactical maneuvers, gender jujitsu, and often bizarre circumstances that have coalesced to put Hillary Clinton first in line to become the nation's 45th president.

BUTTERFLY EFFECT:

"Since Xmas vacation, I've gone through three and a half metamorphoses and am beginning to feel as though there is a smorgasbord of personalities spread before me," 20-year-old Hillary Rodham writes to a friend in 1967. Her political critics would later decry her changes of mind as flipflopping. But Ralph Waldo Emerson ("Consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds") would be impressed!

1969 SHE'S NO. 1:

The first student ever to deliver a commencement speech at Wellesley Collegeone that would garner glowing coverage in Life-Hillary speaks out forcefully and eloquently about the value of public protest. She finishes with a poem about political pragmatism (yes, there is such thing as poetry about political pragmatism) that suggests the butterfly's personality may have been more fixed back then than she knew: "And you and I must be free/Not to save

LEANS IN, WAY BEFORE LEANING IS

A THING: "I suppose I could have stayed home and baked cookies and had teas, but what I decided to do was to fulfill my profession, which I entered before my husband was in public life," Hillary says during Bill's first presidential run, in response to a reporter who'd asked her whether her career created conflicts of interest with

would try

husband

to push her

aside and run

things herself."

her husband's political life. Lesson learned? Messing with Americans' delusional sentimentality about motherhood is dangerous business.

<mark>1993</mark> THE LIVING, BREATHING RORSCHACH TEST:

Days after the Clintons move into the White House in 1993, a rumor begins circulating in publications from Newsweek to the Chicago Sun-Times that Hillary got so furious with Bill that she broke a lamp during a fight. Over the years, the rumor transmogrifies-she'd actually hurled the lamp at him; it wasn't a lamp, it was a book; it wasn't a book, it was the Bible-though it's never proven. But Fierce Hillary sticks, New York Times columnist Gail Collins writes, because she "stirred up anxiety in many Americans...unresolved concerns about working wives, powerful women, and the proper role of the First Lady. By passing along the rumor that Mrs. Clinton had physically attacked the president, people were expressing their secret fears that she (and maybe by implication all women)

1993
IMITATION IS THE
SINCEREST FORM OF
FLATTERY: Making good
on his promise of a "two for

FLATTERY: Making good on his promise of a "two for one" presidency, Bill Clinton enlists his significant other to revamp America's healthcare system. After enormous study (and maybe not enough political kiss-ass), she fashions an ambitious plan. She's pilloried for it. It runs afoul of the insurance and pharmaceutical industries, Congressional Republicans, and Dems dismayed at the insularity of her healthcare team. Her plan will also serve as a template for health-care reform enacted in Massachusetts in 2006 by then governor Mitt Romney and in the whole nation in 2010 by Barack Obama.



A TRUTH THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN SELF-EVIDENT: "Human rights are women's rights and women's rights are human rights," HRC declares at the Fourth World Conference on Women in Beijing—and

rallying cry today. After the meeting, countries around the world expand gender quotas for women in politics and pass new laws against, among other things, genital

her words remain a feminist

mutilation and wife burning. "Most impressive," writes Linda Tarr-Whelan, former U.S. ambassador to the UN Commission on the Status of Women, will be "watching a new mindset take hold that women are the most underutilized resource in the world."

1998

GIVE THAT WOMAN A LAMP: Sure, Hillary was probably correct that there was a large conservative network (aka the "vast right-wing conspiracy") out to get her husband and his administration. It is also true that her husband received oral sex from "that woman," a White House intern, making it pretty tough for the feminists who supported Bill (and loved Hillary) but who, just a few years post-Anita Hill, were endeavoring to educate Americans on the meaning of workplace sexual harassment.

1999 SHE'S ALL EARS: **As**

part of her campaign to fill the seat of retiring
New York senator Daniel
Patrick Moynihan, Hillary embarks on a "listening tour" of conservative upstate
New York, where many have speculated she'll be a tough sell. But her passion for small-bore economic policy talk shines through:
Hillary stages surprise wins in several of the state's northern rural counties,

proving she can win over voters on the opposite side of the aisle. The listening tour becomes a practical campaign model for Clinton, especially since sweeping oratorical uplift doesn't seem to be her métier. Her Senate campaign's most memorable highlight, however, comes during a televised debate in which Republican Rick Lazio leaves his own podium and aggressively approaches Hillary, brandishing a pledge to ban soft money from her campaign. The bullying optics show her as the lone (pure, righteous, besiegedchoose your favorite adjective) woman in a maledominated political game.



2000DRESS FOR SUCCESS:

Around the turn of the millennium, Hillary hits what New York Times style writer Vanessa Friedman recently called her "trousersuit groove," a "quasiuniform" that features pants and a longish jacket in a rainbow palette. "[Its] familiarity and subconscious accessibility combat the increasing noise around female dress," Friedman observes, "while nevertheless acknowledging, and exploiting, a certain level of gender differentiation."

2001 YOU CAN'T WIN WITH SOME PEOPLE: On

January 3, 2001, Chelsea and Bill—now former POTUS hold the Bible on which Hillary is ceremonially sworn into the U.S. Senate. It's her first turn at her own elected political power, but



many will forever swear that her win was merely a product of the sympathy vote. "Hillary can move up only when she is pushed down," writes New York Times columnist Maureen Dowd at the time; eight years later, MSNBC's Chris Matthews will aver, "The reason she's a U.S. senator, the reason she's a candidate for president, the reason she may be a front-runner, is that her husband messed around."



DO WOMEN ALWAYS HAVE TO DO TWICE AS WELL AS MEN TO BE THOUGHT HALF AS

GOOD?: Short answer: Yes, or at least they have to be twice as deferential to those men. Long answer: Despite Republican Trent Lott's prediction/wish that Hillary be hit by lightning before she walks into the Capitol, the former First Lady goes over like gangbusters in Congress. She drinks John McCain under the table, pours coffee for her (male) colleagues, and moves to the center politically, cosponsoring legislation with notorious right-wingers. Hillary makes it her business to beef up her foreign policy cred, a forward-looking move for the heretofore domestic (policy) doyenne. She becomes the first senator from New York to serve on the Armed Services Committee and pushes for an array of health, financial, and educational benefits for veterans; with Virginia senator Jim Webb, she calls for an investigation into the efficacy of military body armor for soldiers in Iraq and Afghanistan. She also gets a spot on the Senate Committee on Environment and Public Works; the

Committee on Health, Education, Labor and Pensions; and the Special Committee on Aging. HRC helps secure \$21 billion for development at the World Trade Center site and fights for medical support for first responders. Former antagonists think of her, approvingly, as a "workhorse, not a show horse," and she has a broad enough base of support to do something only a handful of American women have ever done before: run for president.

HINDSIGHT IS 20/20:

In 2002, Hillary votes for the Iraq War, a decision that will return to haunt her. At the time, she has her reasons: a natural hawkishness, the difficulties she'd face as a junior senator from New York opposing the invasion just a year after the 9/11 attacks-not to mention that any woman with an eye on the White House flies the dove at her peril. But 12 years later, she'll admit the vote was a mistake.

MR. HILLARY: Entering the Democratic primary, Hillary heeds the words of her campaign manager, Mark Penn: "Most voters in essence see the president as the 'father' of the country. They do not want someone who would be the first mama.... [But] they are open to the first father being a woman." Penn's advice is not, on its face, absurd. It's been 225 years with no women in the Oval Office; there is no historical evidence that this nation is eager to elect a

woman; in 2006, almost 40 percent of respondents to a CBS News/ New York

Times poll said that the country wasn't ready for a female president. But Penn's



strategy backfires, resulting in an awkwardly pugilistic campaign persona for Hillary, who, for instance, tells the hosts of *The View* "We can't be patsies" when dealing with China.

2008 GENDER REBOOT (OR, SEXISM IS A WILY OPERATOR): Hillary

loses the Iowa caucus, and the media throws a party on her freshly dug grave. The ensuing five days before the New Hampshire primary are surreal: During a debate, Hillary is asked to comment on the assertion that while she's "the most experienced and the most electable"

candidate, voters "are hesitating on the likability issue.... They seem to like

Barack Obama more." Fortyeight hours later, two men interrupt her as she's giving a speech, waving a banner that reads "Iron My Shirt." Then, at a town-hall meeting, Hillary tells her journostalker Chris Matthews that she doesn't "know what to do with men who are obsessed with me"; in response, Matthews later pinches her cheek. Finally, a voter at a campaign stop asks her how she manages it all, prompting Hillary to become slightly congested and watery-eyed. Though not a single teardrop falls, her "crying" will be widely used to explain how, despite a poll showing her 13 points behind, Hillary

stages an upset. But was it the crying? Maybe the New Hampshire women who put her over the top were just as exasperated as Hillary herself—and used the ballot to flip the media the bird.

SEIZES THE BULLY

PULPIT: Hillary shows a heretofore hidden aptitude for soaring rhetoric when, after a brutal six-month primary battle, she concedes the Democratic nomination for president. "As we gather here today," she tells the nation on a sweltering June day, "the fiftieth woman to leave this Earth is orbiting overhead. If we can blast 50 women into space, we will someday launch a woman into the White House. Although we weren't able to shatter that highest, hardest glass ceiling this time, thanks to you, it's got about 18 million cracks...."

IN GOOD COMPANY:

What do Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, and James Buchanan have in common? They were all secretaries of state who became president. On November 4, 2008, Barack Hussein Obama is elected the first black president of the United States and surprises supporters and critics alike by promptly asking his bitter primary opponent to serve as his you-know-what.

Clockwise from top: Jim Young/Reuters/Corbis; David Hume Kennerly/Getty Images; Frank Carroll/NBC/Getty Images; Scott Olson/Getty Images; Chris Maddaloni/Getty Images





SCORE OUT OF 100 POINTS

HOLLAND 89 PTS POLAND Grey Goose' 84PTS Absolut'

84 PTS 84 pts







My American Handmade Vodka beats the giant "Imports" every day. That's because we distill it six times, use old-fashioned pot stills we built ourselves, and taste test every batch to make sure you get only the best. Try American!





VODKA

Crafted in an Old Fashioned Pot Still by America's Original Microdistillery

AUSTIN * TEXAS

WELLED & NOTTLED BY FIFTH GENERATION, INC. AUSTIN, TX. 40% ACC.

Spirit Journal

Unanimous Double Gold Winner!!! **World Spirits Competition** "America's first craft sippin' vodka"

Wall Street Journal

'Smooth, I mean really smooth!" CNN



* Titos Vodka.com * Handcrafted to be savored responsibly.





Your husband got two tickets. Parking tickets. Not concert tickets.

Wash away your day with the new Night-time line by Summer's Eve."



The new lavender Night-time line by Summer's Eve. The Cleansing Wash, Cloths, and Bar are made with natural botanical extracts that calm and soothe, to help you unwind naturally and sleep peacefully. And the pH-balanced formulas, which are dermatologist- and gynecologist-tested, work with your body's natural chemistry so you go to bed feeling clean and fresh. Which is the perfect ending to any day.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIFF MATERIAL:

On May 2, 2011, U.S. special forces kill Osama bin Laden. White House photographer Pete Souza takes a picture of national the president and Clinton, watching a live feed of the mission. At its dramatic over her mouth—giving the image "its emotional resonance," according to the New York Times, and visually positioning her at the heart of the White

LOLZ: Hillary becomes a meme when two young male fans start a Tumblr called Texts From Hillary, featuring a series of captioned photos of the secretary, texting one-handed and looking like a badass, in shades and a big old she puts men including Ryan Gosling and her husband in their places while commiserating with tough broads Arianna Huffington and Meryl Streep, offers a new-appreciative!frame for powerful womanhood. This is a crucial development in a country that has always had trouble celebrating

a couple of years in advance of another run at the White House, Hillary isn't just an emasculating threat; shelike Supreme Court justice the Notorious RBG, her compatriot in rediscovered (Of course, the revelations about the private e-mail account Hillary kept at the State Department a less-flattering spin.)



SEPTEMBER 2014 THE ROYAL BIRTH:

Hillary becomes a grandmother when Chelsea and her husband Marc Mezvinsky welcome baby Charlotte to the world-and she finally gets to take advantage of Americans' sentimentality about









ASK E. JEAN

Tormented? Driven witless? Whipsawed by confusion?

Dolls, we're sitting in the luxury box seats at the greatest show on earth. And for ELLE's swank 30th Anniversary Issue—ELLE! I love you!—I'd planned to boom through a couple of decades of Ask Eeee letters, tabulate the "30 grandest things" women most often mention they wished they could do, and—voilà!—edify the planet.

Bah!

It turns out that I and 60,000 Ask Eeee correspondents all either wish for the same things—to be happy, to fall in love, to use our talents to lessen the suffering in the world, to see our children thrive, to be better than we used to be, and to wear a size 6 (2, 14, 22, 8)—or we want something so impossibly idiosyncratic (seeing two hairdressers at the same time, for instance) that I put aside the letters, kept the idea, and, for ELLE's glamorous 30th, lashed together the Dangerous List.

It's not a Bucket List. You won't see those lovely perennials "Write a novel!" or "Compose a country song!" I figure you're doing that *every* day. This is more like an Elation List—30 unsubtle, rather feral adventures. So run, get a pen. Get ready to strike off things you've already done and add new ideas of your own. (This summer I've been doing No. 18—Make a Secret Childhood Dream Come True—and *boy*! Am I in a state of elation! I'm so elated I haven't slept more than three or four hours a night for weeks!)

We don't get to choose the color of our eyes, or the epoch we live in, or the planet we are born on. But we can choose our moments.

Hail, women! Let's make the best of them with...

THE 30 THINGS EVERY WOMAN SHOULD DO BEFORE SHE TURNS 90 (OR EVEN 89)

1. RUN FOR OFFICE

Throw your hat in the ring: city council, state senate, Congress. Or do you want to spend your one beautiful and prized life letting the male race go on deciding what's good for us?

2. SPEND A WEEK IN THE WILD—ALONE

Yes, the "outdoors," that lovely spot you hike through in between exiting a cab and entering Bergdorf Goodman. But if you venture deep, deep into the outdoorswhere the trees are the celebrities and the birds run the Twitter accounts-it becomes the place where you strip away branding and status, where looks and money mean nothing. Go! Strap on the boots! Fortynine bucks a night for a cabin on Airbnb! Anyway, when was the last time you were alone-without a smiler, liar, flatterer, chatterer, schemer, or texter within miles? Go to the woods! You'll live an adventure tale so gripping that you may discover where you really live, and what you live for.

3. BE HEADSTRONG ABOUT SOMETHING— THEN NEVER GIVE IN

Bubble with bonhomie as often as you choose, but when it comes to the goal you're most passionate about—ending racism, saving the dolphins, getting your kids through college—be a demon. Stubbornness and perseverance are what brought Marie Curie two Nobel Prizes, not "liking" every goddamn thing about rocks.

4. DIVE OUT OF A PLANE

Climbing on the scales and being publicly weighed—while wearing your shoes and a jumpsuit—is the terrifying part. Soaring two and a half miles up in the air, jumping out the plane door, and plunging at 120 miles per hour toward your death—then salvation? That's the fun part.

5. TELL FORTUNES LIKE MR. ROCHESTER IN *JANE EYRE*

You love turning the tables on fate, right? For No. 5, there's no need to dress up, no need to hang a sign. Weirdly, if you simply tell people you're "good at telling fortunes," 90 percent of them will reply: "Oh? What's mine?" Then when you say their future looks "spectacular," it can actually have a greater effect on their prospects than 50 pep talks.

LEARN TO CODE

Or I'm afraid your next job will go to someone who knows Miss Ruby-on-Rails.

7. SHOOT A QUIVER OF ARROWS AT YOUR ENEMY

Yes, yes, we must not go around shooting at people. But to *hell* with being politically correct. Pin a photo to a tree and shoot the bugger.

8. DO NOTHING. (IT'S AN ART! IT'S A SCIENCE!)

Reading the massive research explaining why your most inventive ideas arise when you're futzing around is a waste of your time. Doodling a tulip with your 40 gel pens is not.

9. SWIM NAKED (IF YOU CARE TO) IN THE WORLD'S FIVE GREAT OCEANS

And if you splash like a water nymph through the Pacific, Atlantic, Indian, Arctic, and Southern Oceans and want extra credit, gold stars will be awarded for skinnydipping in the Amazon, the Nile, the Mississippi, and the fabled rooftop pool of the Four Seasons Hotel Seattle.

10. IF YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE CHARMING LUNATICS WHO INSISTS ON TIDYING UP, DO THIS:

Clutter is your art, your history. Clutter is the museum of your soul. So, do what the Louvre does. At 6 P.M. every Monday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday (9:45 P.M on Wednesdays and Fridays!), go through your museum and throw out all the boring people.

11. EUTHANIZE YOUR EGO

There will come a time in its life when your ego will take

such a thumping that you must drive it to the country, lay it gently on a blanket, and let it look up at the Milky Way. This will help it put things into perspective. Then send it to the second star to the right, and straight on till morning.

12. TAKE A CELEBRITY TO BED

Twenty-two years of Ask Eeee letters tell us that almost every woman in America gets two or three chances to leap into the begonias with a famous person. Take yours! It's delicious. (And even more delicious to be criticized for having done it! Ha!)

13. DANCE THE HABANERA IN HAVANA

Cleopatra went to Rome. Julia Child went to Paris. *You* go to Cuba!

14. BECOME A MINISTER, WICCAN PRIESTESS, PROFESSIONAL CELEBRANT, ETC.

Though the illustrious Hunter S. Thompson carried his Ordination Certificate (\$5 at the time) from the Universal Life Church in his wallet, he was most fond of his Minister's Parking Permit. Yes, you can help people in prison, visit the sick in hospitals, and marry your friends (see No. 15), and you can also get a small tax break!

15. SAVE THE FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE

You may think you're just setting up two friends on a blind date. But what if they fall in love? What if they go forth? What if they multiply? It means you'll have had a hand in the creation of the next generation. So with the future of mankind at stake, be a yenta! Fix up your friends. Mazel tov!

16. GO WITH YOUR LOVE UP THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL (OR DOWN THE

PACIFIC CREST TRAIL)

Or both, eh? It's less dangerous than sitting home every weekend.

17. DON'T BE SO SURE ABOUT THAT

"I want to beg you as much as I can, dear sir," says Rilke in his *Letters to a Young Poet*, "to try to love the *questions themselves*." Quantum physics has proved that nothing on this earth is certain. Your success may turn into failure, your failure may turn into success; everything you see, including this beautiful ELLE, changes, so in the end, it's your courage to carry on, dear lady, that counts!

18. MAKE A SECRET CHILDHOOD DREAM COME TRUE

Your Auntie Eeee was raised in a country schoolhouse, across from a graveyard, high in the hills of Indiana. Since the age of four, I've yearned for playmates. So this summer (one of the best of my life!) I built a mobile game called Damn Love it's posh, evil, and hi-larious. You try to beat your friends at breaking up a (fictional) couple in love. Download it for free at—Lord! I never thought I'd ever write these words in my life!—Google Play and the Apple App Store.

19. TAKE A PRIVATE CABIN ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS

There are magical journeys and magical trains, but this is the most shimmering fantasy train on earth—the thing seems almost more cinematic than real. If you are a nonmagical woman and still want to get high, ride the Peruvian Central Railway—the highest (13,000 feet!) in the world. A doctor is on board to administer oxygen.

20. BUY NO MORE JUNK FOREVER

The cheap bullshit you possess, kumquats, possesses you.

21. STOP TRAFFIC WITH A TWO-FINGER WHISTLE

Let lesser mortals drunk with self-importance call Uber. *We'll* hail taxis by blowing high notes like Miles Davis.

22. MAKE OUT AT A DRIVE-IN MOVIE

The greatest invention of woman is kissing. The stupidest invention of man is virginity.

23. CLIMB MOUNT KILIMANJARO

"Change Your Hair Color,"
"Achieve Your Ideal
Weight," and "Get in Shape"
will not appear on the
"30 Things Every Woman
Should Do" list, because
when you summit Kilimanjaro, you'll return a completely different woman.

24. RELIVE YOUR FAVORITE SUMMER

For a weekend, you will not think, sleep, or eat 2015. Instead, you'll wear the same clothing you wore your favorite summer, eat the same food, watch the same movies, listen to the same music, go to the same places, talk on the same phones, date the same boys or girls, post selfies on the same platform (interoffice mail?), and, to utterly regain your youth, follow Oscar Wilde's advice and repeat your follies.

25. LEARN CPR

Then please move next door to Auntie Eeee, who lives in No. 2 on the No. 16.

26. STOP APOLOGIZING FOR NOT HAVING KIDS

(Or for having kids, right?) To the concerned half-wits who ask, say: "I'm ecstatic just the way things are." Why should your happiness be subject to the opinions of others? In a moment the half-wits will be gone from the earth. And in another moment, the earth will be gone too.

27. FOR 24 HOURS, BE A JAIN NUN

Follow the five *Mahavra-tas*: No hurting living creatures. No lying. No boffing. No stealing. No attaching. It's like falling into a vat of honey in another universe.



28. RESCUE A DOG

This is Mr. Hoss. The lad weighs in at 75 pounds (and his smile weighs in at about 7,000!). He's an English Bulldog mix rescued from a kill shelter in Georgia and is now up for adoption at TheLastResortRescue .com. By the by, when you visit your local shelter or ASPCA, give the cats a kiss. They're the ones running the Genius Bar.

29. KEEP A WABI-SABI STATE OF MIND

Once you're steeped up to the eyelids in wabi-sabi the philosophy that celebrates beauty in things imperfect and impermanent—you will find an old woman more beautiful than a young one, and an unconventional woman most interesting of all.

30. THE UTTERLY FABULOUS "30 THINGS EVERY WOMAN SHOULD DO" ROAD TRIP

On this trip, we'll pack up and only go to places named after women. Hello, Bertha, Alabama! Yo, Helena, Montana! 'Sup, Sigourney, Iowa, and Magdalena, New Mexico? Here we come! See you on the road, darlings!





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Jourdan is wearing New Eye Studio® Lasting Drama® Waterproof Gel Pencil in Cashmere White. ©2015 Maybelline LLC.





"I got into fashion by accident," Armani says. "I had the opportunity to state my vision and my style, creating clothes that would change attitudes and make people feel good."

"Karolina doesn't just
wear clothes—she
interprets them, bringing
out the contrasts and
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Embroidered-silk dress,
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THE BRIGHTEST STARS IN THE FASHION UNIVERSE JOIN THEIR MUSES TO INTERPRET 30 YEARS OF...

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EVERYTHING IS LLUMINATED

WHO BETTER TO EMBODY THE ELLE SPIRIT THAN **KEIRA KNIGHTLEY**. BEAUTIFUL, TALENTED, WELL-READ,

OPEN-MINDED, OPINIONATED, FEMINIST,

FASHION-FORWARD, AND, LIKE ELLE...

DELIVERED 30 YEARS AGO. BY HOLLY MILLEA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAOLA KUDACKI STYLED BY SAMIRA NASR

Whenever Keira Knightley is talking, she does so with the urgency of having just witnessed a robbery attempt. No matter the topic, you can feel her need to say what she needs to say concisely and clearly, in a rush of words wrapped and ribboned in a thick Middlesex English accent. Everything sounds all very exciting. It's a genetic trait—the *D* in her DNA being drama. Two years married to the dapper indie rocker James Righton, with whom she has a new baby anointed Edie, the actress celebrated her thirtieth birthday in March, the events of which she's regaling us with uninterruptable speed: "I was heavily pregnant, I couldn't drink-what is the point of having a thirtieth birthday if I couldn't get phenomenally drunk? But my husband took over, arranged a lovely lunch at one of my favorite restaurants, 20 of us, and they were all being so sweet, like, 'Look, you can have a great time and be sober!' And it's fine apart from the fact that they started drinking at about one. Then they came back to our house-they'd covered it in balloons that said my name and happy birthday and all that and they got completely obliterated. They were there until two or three in the morning, absolutely drunk, and I was there eight months pregnant, completely sober. So it was lovely, but it wasn't what I'd imagined a thirtieth birthday was going to be."

Then she says something surprising: "My twenties were pretty crap."

Really? With those mink eyes, the golden-ratio bone structure, the rosebud mouth, and perfectly imperfect teeth? With 35 films and two Oscar nominations (for 2005's Pride & Prejudice and last year's The Imitation Game)?

"My career was absolutely amazing; in fact, I don't think my career will ever get better than it was in my late teens, early twenties," Knightley says. "But as a person, you're changing so much and you're trying to figure stuff out. Some people go wild and have a great time and throw caution to the wind, and I was the complete opposite. I was very shy. It took me a lot of years to try and stop pleasing a lot of people and allow myself to have fun. It's the difficult thing of getting out of your own head. To stop going, 'Oh, there's something I should be doing, there's a way I should be behaving, I should be dressing....' All of those *shoulds*, you can drown in them."

Let's discuss the curious case of Keira Knightley: the cool phenomenon of seeming older when young, and younger now that she's turned 30. She was only 17 when writer-director Richard Curtis cast her as the newly wedded Juliet in *Love Actually*—already a veteran with 18 screen credits, but at the same time, "She didn't seem to be this *actress*," says Curtis, who wrote *Four Weddings and a Funeral, Notting Hill*, and *Bridget Jones's Diary*. "The great problem with actors is that they get formal or become a heightened version of themselves." He chuckles. "We were having lunch the last day of shooting [*Love Actually*] and she was describing 'some pirate thing' she was going to do. No idea whether or not it would be good, and no particular interest. Just the idea she was going to be able to fight with a sword."

Eager to explore extremes, a just-barely-20 Knightley went from *Pirates of the Caribbean*'s cutlass-carving damsel to literary heroine Elizabeth Bennet to the real-life drug-addicted bounty hunter Domino Harvey in such quick succession that *Pride & Prejudice* director Joe Wright recalls watching his star "wearing her empire dress out on the lawn, practicing her nunchucks." Wright went on to cast Knightley in his adaptations of *Atonement* and *Anna Karenina*, chronicling her growing up onscreen, "from a girl, to a sexualized woman, to someone liberated and brave." It's not unlike watching fancy home movies in exquisite period garb. "She always connects those period characters

to the present," says indie filmmaker Lynn Shelton, who directed Knightley as an emotionally stunted slacker in the underrated *Laggies*. "You feel that physicality and modern spirit in all her roles. She's very real."

Such is her facility and screen impact that it took the actress only five days of shooting six scenes to break our hearts in this month's *Everest.* Knightley portrays Jan Hall, whose husband, Rob, a professional climber and guide, did not survive the 1996 Mount Everest disaster and famously called his pregnant wife via satellite phone from the top of the mountain, where he was stranded in a storm, to say good-bye to her. "When Keira's onscreen, she's us," says the movie's director, Baltasar Kormákur. "She's at home with a child, and the guy is dying on the mountain. You need an extremely strong actor to do that in the moments she gets."

At 30, Knightley, having survived her crap twenties, is adventuring into a more interesting phase of life and career. Of all her characters—setting aside Elizabeth Bennet "because everyone sees herself as Elizabeth Bennet," Knightley says—she identifies most closely with "a combination of [the women she played in] *Laggies* and *Begin Again*," the latter casting her as a Norah Jones-y singer-songwriter dumped by her burgeoning rock-star boyfriend played by Adam Levine. ("It was my favorite film of the year," Curtis says. "To take on the *singing*! I absolutely adored it.") The films complement each other, showcasing the inner, rather than outer Knightley. "I've been terrified of doing that kind of naturalism because I never really wanted to explore *me*," she admits. "So very literally these characters were my way of trying to explore myself."

In them, she possesses a lightness of being reminiscent of her earliest years in front of the camera. She's full of hurt—and possibility. It's so great seeing her in civilian clothes, stumbling on the problems of people in the real world. It's great to see her in America! "I love the grubby bits that make us human," Knightley says. "I love to dig into characters and find the weirdnesses and bring them out and make them shine."

ELLE: You star in lots of films based on novels. I spoke with your *Jack Ryan* director, Kenneth Branagh, who said, "Keira never had a newspaper or novel out of hand." What books do you personally hold dear?

KEIRA KNIGHTLEY: Somerset Maugham, the one about Gauguin ...oh, you can tell I've got serious baby brain!...*The Moon and Sixpence.* Then Jeanette Winterson—huge influence. That kind of almost magical realism she creates and the gender bending and the droll female character. And *The Fountainhead.* As much as I'm not for the Ayn Rand politics, the idea of the Howard Roark character for anyone creative is an incredibly inspiring thing.

I could go with Tolstoy—but that's so obvious. I read *War and Peace* when I was 18 and again when I was about 25. As much as everybody says it's the best book ever written—I think it is the best book ever written!—you feel like such a wanker when you read it. My husband read it last year, and it took him ages. He's like, 'If I take this on the tube, people are just going to think I'm a wanker!' But you read it and you just think, Yes, this sums up the whole of humanity.

ELLE: What films are your touchstones?

KK: *Lost in Translation* was a big one. I love that musical that Björk's in—*Dancer in the Dark*. I remember seeing it when I was making the second *Pirates*, so I reckon I was about 21, and I just sat there and sobbed in a very vocal way that I'd never done watching a film before. It's a painful experience watching that,







but it's also kind of so unbelievably...not life affirming because she dies at the end, but it has that incredible cathartic quality. Which is why I've always loved drama so much. I love that thing of being forced to feel empathetic for people you don't know in situations you can't really comprehend. You're taught how to comprehend them through a film. It is manipulating your emotions, but in a way that allows you to grow if you let it. It's magical.

ELLE: I suppose acting can be a form of therapeutic acting out. KK: I had a certain little bit of work where I was really interested in exploring the things in myself that I really didn't like, like jealousy being a big one. So *Never Let Me Go*, the character in that, I used her in a way to examine that emotion. I suppose in a funny way to try and expel it.

ELLE: You don't strike me as the jealous type, at all.

KK: I played it before I was 25, and I'd watched people who were so, so amazingly...oh God...happy, maybe? [Laughs] And I'd go, How the fuck did that happen? How can you be such a sorted human being? Probably I was jealous of that. People are always jealous of what they don't have or what they perceive themselves not to have. Compare yourself to anyone, and you'll always find yourself wanting. You imagine that other life. Therefore you imagine it to be ten times better than where you are. Therefore you feel jealous of that person or thing you're imagining. I definitely fell into that—and do fall into that trap.

In almost any other human emotion you can find something positive. But jealousy in itself becomes entirely corrosive. ELLE: Have you ever been in therapy?

KK: Oh, fuck, yeah! [Laughs] I've totally done therapy. I highly recommend it. I don't do it at the moment. But in my early twenties when I found everything completely overwhelming, 100 percent, I did it! Are you kidding? I think when you're in those moments in your life, and you want to get through them...you have to do whatever it is to help you get over it. You have to give it a go. Try anything that might help.

ELLE: I recommend drinking.

KK: I have to say actually, at a certain point, going out, having a fucking good dance, getting drunk, and falling over, can really fix a whole load of problems. I mean, until you turn into an alcoholic because that's the way you're coping with everything. Obviously that's a whole other problem. But yeah, I say getting a load of girlfriends and going for a really stupid dance and getting drunk is an excellent thing!

ELLE: You've been married for a little over two years. How did you know you were in love?

KK: Hmmf, I don't know. God...I don't know. Christ...how do you know when you're in love? Um, probably just when you just want to spend all of your time with somebody? I think that's it, really. Yeah.... It's someone you feel entirely comfortable being yourself with. That's it, really, isn't it?

James and I were talking about this last night: We both have this nervous thing about silences. Particularly if we're going out to have a good time around dinner tables, we find that we just talk the whole time, and we were actually thinking that maybe we're going to be that couple that people stop inviting. Because we're just talking, and we're being really boring.

ELLE: You said that when you met, it wasn't love at first sight. KK: It was probably lust at first sight! [Laughs] Love comes afterward. I think it's humor. Humor is the big one. It's funny what attracts you to somebody. I have no idea what that thing is. You can't put it into words, can you? Have you ever tried to set two friends up? It absolutely never works. These two people like the same things; they like going to the same places; we're

friends, so they like the same people. That doesn't mean there will be anything between them. So it really is a mystery what makes people get on. We always think that we can control everything, and you can't at all. I think it's very romantic.

ELLE: Tell me about life with Edie.

KK: The love thing is astonishing. It's a very primal, primal love. That's quite extraordinary. And the ability to have no sleep and continue going. It's not pleasant—I never thought that I could actually do it for the amount of time that I've done it.

Also, I have to say, as a woman, you hate certain parts of your body. You go through those periods where you look in the mirror and you think, Oh, if only I had different legs or arms or whatever. You go through pregnancy and labor and then feeding the kid and you go, Wow, my body is totally amazing, and I'm never going to not like it again, because it did *this*, and *this* is fucking extraordinary!

ELLE: You're fine with going topless on film, yet you won't show your bottom. What's up with that?

KK: I have no idea! I'm so small, I just never had a problem [showing my breasts], and also I always used to go on holidays in Europe, and if you go to the beaches, everybody's topless and my mum was always topless. So it was never an issue. I've always been completely fine with the top but not the bottom. And I still am, particularly now that I'm breastfeeding because they're just out the entire time. It's a whole other thing with the bum. It's just one step too far. I do understand that it makes no sense. Humans, we're nonsensical beings.

ELLE: I find it telling that when you were little, you thought you'd grow up to be a man.

KK: I was completely convinced. I thought that's the way it works. Did you ever notice boys and girls playing? Girls are always in charge, very little ones; it changes when they're about 11. But before 11, the girls are always the bossy ones—they come up with the games. The boys generally follow the girls.

One of my best friends was a boy—he's a man now, we've been best friends since we were two—and I would always boss him around and tell him what to do and I still do! [Laughs] So clearly girls grow up to be men and boys grow up to be women! ELLE: Much more fun to be a woman—the clothes, the makeup, the multimillion-dollar beauty contracts.... Honestly, do you wear Chanel's Coco Mademoiselle?

KK: I do! It was my perfume before I signed to be the face of it. It was the first women's perfume I've ever worn because I always found them too sickly and sweet. I always wore men's scents before, and then a friend bought me Coco Mademoiselle for my birthday when I was 20. And I signed with them at 21, and I've worn it ever since. And I'm not lying—it's lovely! I even got to go and see how it's made.

ELLE: Then there's that other side to you and your life. You started doing charity work from a young age for UNICEF, Oxfam, and Comedy Relief.

KK: We went to Ethiopia, into the slums, when I was 18. Walking through—I had never seen poverty like it. Dire poverty. And it began to rain and so many people came out of their houses and invited us in for coffee and shelter from the rain. I thought, These are people with nothing: no running water, no sanitation, no access to medical aid—nothing. And they saw that it was raining and a group of strangers were walking down the street, and they said, 'Do you want to come in, take shelter, have a cup of coffee?' Often I go to these places and I feel very unhelpful, because you go through a refugee camp in South Sudan and people think that you're a doctor—because that would be helpful—or an aid worker, and you're like, 'No,

continued on page 661







































































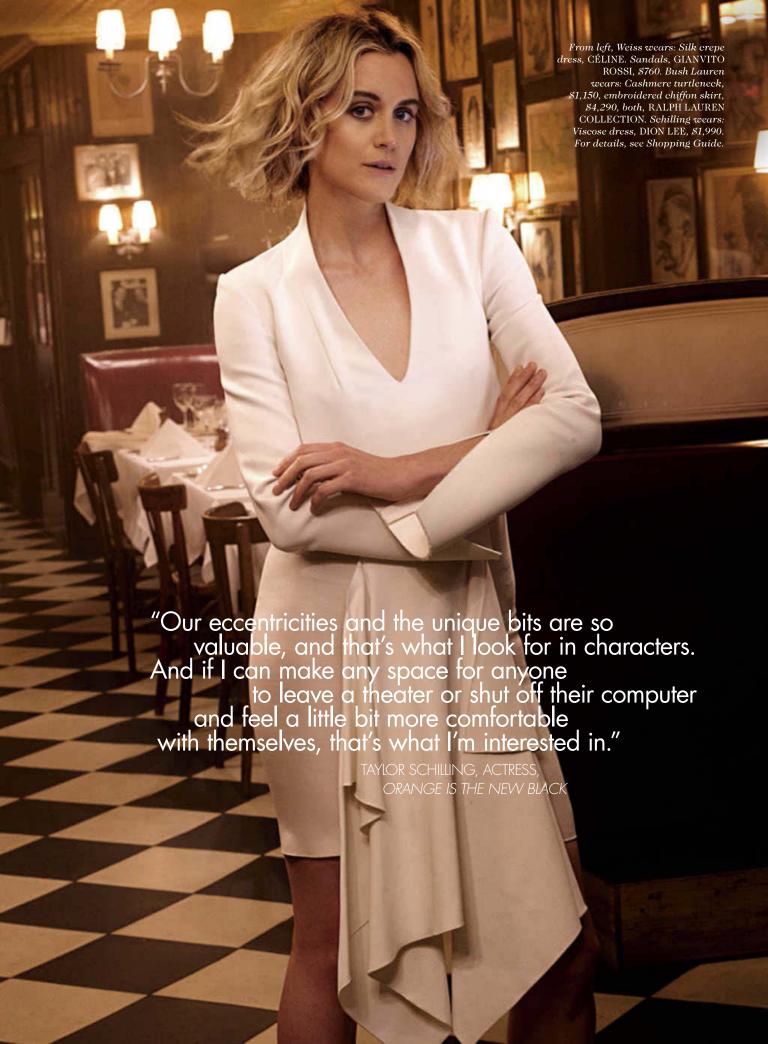




WHAT DOES THE MODERN 30-YEAR-OLD LOOK LIKE? TO WHAT DOES SHE ASPIRE? TO PARAPHRASE FREUD, WHAT DOES SHE WANT? AS THIS GROUP OF OUTSTANDING MUSICIANS, COMEDIANS, POLITICIANS, ARTISTS, ACTIVISTS, NOVELISTS, ATHLETES, AND ACTORS—ALL OF WHOM ARE 30 THIS YEAR—PROVE, THE ANSWER IS: EVERYTHING.







NO MORE

By Lizzy Goodman

During my thirtieth year, the White Stripes' "Little Room" was on heavy rotation in my West Village studio (the first apartment I'd ever had on my own).

Well you're in your little room And you're working on something good But if it's really good You're gonna need a bigger room And when you're in the bigger room You might not know what to do

I had a little-room problem. My whole mantra in my twenties had been "Let's see if I can...," and I filled in the blanks. Let's see if I can find a place to live in New York City. Let's see if I can figure out how to ride the subway without getting lost or mugged. Let's see if I can pay my bills. Let's see if I can get paid to write. Then, a little later, let's see if I can get in to watch Beyoncé play SNL and hold my own in an interview with Nick Cave and get credentialed for the Marc Jacobs show and be sent to the Bahamas on assignment and maneuver my way behind the velvet curtain so I can discover whatever there is to discover back there. My twenties were all about promise-about being a promising daughter, a promising student, a promising writer—and seeing if people would take me seriously. Seeing, ultimately, if I could take myself seriously.

Along the way, an unexpected thing happened: I started to become the

person I'd been pretending to be. All the work I'd done trying to fool people into believing I could write turned into my actually knowing how to write. All the effort I'd put in to getting boys to perceive me as glamorous and cool and sexy turned into actually feeling, occasionally, glamorous and cool and sexy. All that time spent convincing myself I could earn power and influence resulted in the barest beginnings of some real power and influence.

When you don't yet know what you're capable of, insecurity can serve, weirdly, as a safety net. If you fail, you still carry in your pocket the possibility that tomorrow you'll succeed. Once you succeed, that game is over. When I turned 30, "Let's see if I can" became "And now I must." That's how it's been ever since. Every so often I miss being young and unsure of myself, a wideeyed striver romantic. But mostly, I'm too busy for such dreaminess. What a gift it is, the death of promise.

ANNUS HORRIBILIS

By Caitlin Flanagan

If you're in your midtwenties and feeling adrift-if things haven't panned out the way you'd imagined they wouldthe thing to do is to find someone in the same situation and get married.

Go confidently in the direction of your dreams! Or, at least, rush blindly forward in the direction of your life

hack. But not so quickly that there isn't time for a large wedding; this will tell people you mean business. Registering for household goods will also add heft to the enterprise: Twelve place settings of Coalport Majestic Blue china and a German coffeemaker the size of a gas station can't help but soothe any rising panic; the very fact that you can simultaneously put in motion an impulsive plan and make so many discrete consumer decisions means that you're thinking soundly as well as acting intuitively. If you do everything just right, and you get a little lucky, something very exciting will happen to you when you turn 30: Your marriage will fall apart. Well, look at you-all grown up and visiting a divorce attorney!

How can I describe the misery of that year? It's impossible because it wasn't an intrinsically miserable situation. We didn't have any children, and the union didn't explode in any dramatic way. We just realized that if we were going to get on with our lives, we each had to be free to do it on our own. But it felt like a disaster because I was...30. Thirty was not the age at which one was supposed to present the world with a humiliating failure. Nor was it the age to fail at something most of my friends hadn't even attempted yet. There was something ghastly about being divorced at 30. It seemed that any future romantic situation would have to begin with a horrible admission: "I've already been permanently rejected once; I'm

prepared for anything."

But it was at work that I ultimately found a way out of my despair. Not that I discovered myself through meaningful effort exerted toward a purpose larger than myself-as an employee, I was no prize. (Unless weeping over a photocopier five minutes before you have to teach tenth grade English constitutes a pedagogical advance.) But I was moping around so much that a coworker took me aside and gave me some advice I never forgot. She had also just turned 30, and she told me that 30 only looks old from the perspective of the twenties; from the perspective of the thirties—it was infancy. "We're the youngest people in their thirties anywhere in the world," she said. We were the kindergartners of the thirties, the newest of the new. Yes, my twenties were over, my marriage was over, but something else was beginning. I could look at my life that way-like I was starting out. I borrowed

continued on page 648











continued from page 642

some money from my parents and rented an apartment in a safer building; I registered for a writing class at night school; I went on dates and told men that my marriage had ended because of "ennui," which gave the unintended but not unuseful impression that I was an insatiable hellcat. In the end, everything that I thought would happen in my twenties happened in my thirties: I became a writer; I got married and it stuck; I had children. And whenever I have a birthday with a zero in it (which has happened twice since 30), I tell myself: "I'm at the beginning. Anything can happen."

THE VERY BEST AGE

By Candace Bushnell

December 1, 1988, was the night of my thirtieth birthday. It fell on a Thursday, which made it even better. Back in 1988, Thursday night was the night to go out. Everything crazy happened on Thursday nights. Friday and Saturday were still amateur nights, so after Thursday night was over, you weren't expected to make an appearance until early Sunday evening, which was the new Friday night.

Back then I cared a lot about my birthday. For my thirtieth, I orchestrated a madly glamorous celebration at the hottest restaurant in town, one of those downtown McNally places. It was a seated dinner for 20 at a table behind a pulled-back curtain on a slightly raised platform, which gave the diners a sense of being in a play. This was deliberate: In those days, restaurants were considered another form of New York theater. It was the height of the '80s, when New York was known as Fun City. In retrospect, it's a bit astounding how decadent the party truly was. Each person at the table had had sex with at least two other people at the table; at least six people had cocaine in their pockets. Everyone smoked. No one was worried about the tab. I'm sure I wore something sequined and fantastic, because I remember feeling so happy that night.

Now I'm supposed to admit that, actually, I was petrified about turning 30—but that simply isn't true. As a child, I'd learned to quickly spot and dismiss all the crap that society tries to shove down one's throat about being a woman—including how "terrifying" it is to turn 30. It's the first in a number of milestones in which society insists on reminding us that we're getting "old" and our shelf life is about to expire.

Don't listen to any of it. For me and most other women I know, our twenties were the worst time in our lives. I remember feeling confused and, when I wasn't confused, feeling like I was on a never-ending seesaw of excitement, struggle, despair, hope, occasional homelessness, and determination. What got me through my twenties were all my girlfriends who'd actually turned 30. They reassured me that 30 was secretly the best, most important birthday a woman could have. Like a reverse Cinderella, my life would magically improve on the dot of midnight. My brain would mysteriously expand, and somehow all the things that didn't make sense in my twenties-how and why people behaved the way they did, how to play the game—would all be made clear. At 30, I would know How to Do Things, including How to Make Actual Money. I'd be smarter. I wouldn't get fooled like I did in my twenties. And you know what? All those friends were right.

HIP TO BE SQUARE

By Sandra Tsing Loh

I remember my thirtieth birthday well. It was to be a fresh start. My twenties were over, and good riddance.

The skanky dorm parties, Bartles & Jaymes grape wine coolers, futons reeking of cat pee, books on cinder blocks, bad boyfriends who were broke, my hair! It was a bad perm, growing out really weirdly. I'd asked for loose Renaissance Faire ringlets like Jane Seymour's, but—being half Asian—I ended up looking like a forgotten Taiwanese member of The Jackson 5.

For my birthday "party"-instead of the usual squalid mob dancing before a color organ, followed by someone vomiting on a bush-I'd handpicked the perfect quartet: my (good, grownup) boyfriend, his best friend, my best friend, and me. For the perfect thirtieth birthday evening, we'd go out for sushi before attending a Laurie Anderson concert. Laurie Anderson was cool, and going would be cool. A fledgling performance artist myself, I had recently decided to go by "Sandra Tsing Loh" instead of just "Sandra Loh" (Tsing is my middle name) because I thought it sounded more downtown and Yoko Ono-ish. For my turning-30 haircut, I chose the fetching aerodynamic pixie Demi Moore sported in Ghost.

Sitting with my spine gracefully erect at the sushi counter, wearing pants that

I recall, for some reason, had zippers up the ankles (a futuristic style we might call rock 'n' roll military), I began to have a quiet out-of-body experience. A group I thought would be a barrel of fun—these were our favorite people!—were failing to launch. My boyfriend and I liked our best friends, yes, but it appeared—who knew?—that our best friends did not like each other. They poked crankily at their California rolls and picked little fights about how albacore is fished and what wasabi is actually made of (is it a vegetable?).

The Laurie Anderson concert was 45 minutes away in an imposingly large, dark arena. I kept waiting to be swept along with giddy enjoyment or at least a satisfying sense of cool, but to be honest, I wasn't smart enough to follow it (I think it had something to do with technology and alienation). Final slap: While washing my hands in the crowded bathroom, I saw that my pixie cut resembled, rather than Demi Moore's, a somewhat chubbier version of tennis player Billie Jean King's.

So, in the end, my thirties would be a journey of trying to become a grown-up, but to do that cast as myself. It turns out I'm a dork who really loves singing along with Rodgers & Hammerstein musicals—a birthday party tradition I started at 32, hand-Xeroxing 30 lyric books for my dork friends. My wedding at 34 featured not only a really disastrous hair pile I was talked into but also fabulous drunken interpretive dancing to Mozart and Miles Davis. I never tried any more celebrity haircuts, but at 36, I got my eye bags lased. Best decision ever. Grape wine coolers, though? Still never a good idea.

I COMPLETE ME

By Rebecca Traister

This was my life at 29: I was single—like a nun—and had been for the two years since my last relationship. I loved my job and worked at it all the time; I lived in an alcove studio apartment; I did not have a savings account; I spent evenings out with friends; I smoked a pack of cigarettes a day; I was happy.

That year, as my 30th birthday drew near, I noticed a spate of magazine stories about how women staying single (Sexy! Social! Young!) longer meant that "30 was the new 20." Instead of greeting these pronouncements with relief, I recoiled from them. I knew what they meant: that because my peers and I weren't married yet, we weren't real

continued on page 651





continued from page 648

grown-ups and could keep on prepartying.

But I wanted to be a grown-up. Or rather, I was pretty sure I was a grown-up, my days and nights full of relationships, responsibilities, ambitions, and desires. This wasn't a dress rehearsal for an adulthood that would only begin when (and if) a man showed up to authenticate it. Also, let's be real: I definitely didn't want to be 20 again.

So I vowed to start living like an adult, a person who had a future and could exert some control over it. First, I decided that I'd have a baby at 35, whether or not I had a partner. This decision was precipitated specifically by a medical condition: I'd known for a while that I had fibroid tumors and that if I wanted kids, I'd need surgery and carefully timed pregnancies. I was always running numbers in my head-"If I met someone at 36, fell in love at 37, had surgery at 38..."—but when I turned 30, I realized that I could turn off the anxious late-night arithmetic by making the baby-making call on my own.

I told my doctor, my parents, and my friends that at 34, I'd have the surgery and then plan to get pregnant at 35, either by a friend or a sperm donor. In advance of that, I'd quit smoking, start a savings account, look for a bigger apartment.

Everyone was supportive. Even if they scratched their heads at my urgency or my conviction that I'd be single five years down the road, they responded to my excitement and equanimity, both of which I'd acquired by setting a date for my future that wasn't contingent on some other person appearing before the bell rang.

I'm 39 now, writing this in the days before my 40th birthday. Here's how the last decade turned out: I opened a savings account the day I turned 30; the next year, I quit smoking. At 32, I met a man while eating dinner at a restaurant and we fell in love, and I moved into his (larger) apartment. He was iffy on children, but I told him that I had a plan and that I hoped he'd join me in it. I had surgery at 34. We had our first daughter when I was 35, our second four months ago. It all happened according to my timeline, just not on my own.

I can't be sure how it would have gone had I not met my husband. I know lots of single mothers these days, and just because I once imagined doing it by myself doesn't mean I would've had the stones to pull it off, economically or emotionally.

What I'm sure about, however, is that the energy with which I powered around the corner of my twenties and into my thirties gave life to my life. By accepting myself as a full person, not just one waiting to be completed, I rushed toward my future so as not to let it pass me by.

PSYCHIC TRAUMA

By Sara Corbett

Just before I turned 30, I went to see a psychic. I'd never done something like that before. Truthfully, I hadn't given the future much consideration at all. I was not a planner. I lived in a sunny apartment with a fun-loving boyfriend who wore ripped jeans seven days a week. We owned an old pickup truck, ate our meals off mismatched dishes bought at yard sales, slept till noon on Saturdays, and carried health insurance policies that would kick in only during a catastrophe. Sometimes we flirted with other people, just to see how that felt.

My mother wasn't disapproving, exactly, but she did often ask when I planned on settling down. The answer was never. Or, more accurately, someday. "In my thirties," I'd tell her. Part of me wanted to arrive at some approximation of stability and grown-upness—and part of me wanted to never, ever get to that place at all.

Which is where Elaine, the psychic, figured in. I saw her as a quick fix, an easy way to get a few answers about money, work, marriage, and kids and then go back to leading the life I was already living. I'd long ago internalized the notion that psychics were wacky bohemians with dark eyes and long fingernails, and I assumed that if anything, Elaine would love that I was defying my mother's hopes about settling down.

In fact, Elaine was short haired and round faced and had the earnest bearing of an elementary school teacher. We sat in her cluttered home office, my astrological charts spread out on the desk between us. Elaine told me that she had a strong sense that I'd been a pianist in a past life, though not a famous one. She told me that in this life, I'd never go broke, that I was in a good relationship, and that I was going to have children. A dark look then crossed her face. She seemed to be second-guessing herself on whether to say the next thing. But she went ahead and said it, almost apologetically: "You will know great pain." I saw that she had tears in her eyes.

Three months later, my mother died

in a scuba-diving accident. She and my father had been on vacation; I hadn't even called them to say good-bye before they left. My mother flew home in a coffin, accompanied by my father, who was wan and in shock. I tried to remember her voice. I tried to remember everything she'd ever said to me and then panicked when I couldn't. The world became a surreal, strangely lit place. There was a perversion to the sun in the sky, to anything beautiful or regular, to people shopping for groceries or driving their cars.

For months, I carried around a single Kleenex I'd found in the pocket of one of my mother's coats, protecting it fiercely, knowing that eventually it would shred and I'd have to throw it away. I was 30 years old, and if a few months earlier I'd thought of myself as a lighthearted half-adult, I was now anxious and paranoid about the future. You will know great pain. What had the psychic even meant? Had she glimpsed the coming tragedy? Or had she somehow brought it on, simply by uttering that phrase? Could I check the box next to "Great Pain" on life's inventory, or was this, horribly, only the beginning of it?

Her words rattled me so deeply that I never told anyone about what she'd said, not even my boyfriend in the ripped jeans, whom I eventually married. By the time I was 32, we'd bought a house and had a baby, just as my mother had wanted. But still, Elaine's prophecy hovered at the outskirts of my happiest moments, like an unexploded bomb in the corner of each day.

After years of quietly worrying, I finally dumped the whole story on my friend Sue, who, while I was riding around in a pickup and flirting my way through my twenties, was running marathons and training to be an obstetrician. She spent her thirtieth birthday delivering babies in a New York City hospital; I was drunk and in Marrakech for mine. We've always, since we were 15 years old, balanced each other out. The first thing Sue did was lambaste me for wasting money on a psychic. The second thing she did, hearing that I'd been doomed to a life of great pain, was laugh.

She's a doctor, of course. She sees great pain every day. She sees birth and sometimes death and all the joyous and devastating things that lie in between. Sue rolled her eyes. "For God's sake, Sara," she said, "everyone knows great pain at some point."

Why hadn't I thought of this before? I can't really say. I was young and self-involved. When it came to great pain,

continued on page 658













I planned to be untouchable, though of course I wasn't. None of us are. We just can't know when, or how often, the bombs will go off. But we can keep on living, despite them and because of them. Realizing this, maybe, is what it means to reach grown-upness for real.

GOOD VIBRATIONS

By Louisa Kamps

My ex-boyfriend—the latest in a string of serious, until suddenly they weren't, relationships—made a quick courtesy call, swinging by the candlelit lounge where I was celebrating my thirtieth birthday.

On his way to another party, he explained; just wanted to say hi. Yeah, that's cool, I told him, nodding with my best we're-all-grown-ups-here game face. But as I watched him shove out the door—helplessly imagining that fine back of his naked in my bed—I had to suck in air to hold back tears.

So it was with a great guffaw that I found myself a few minutes later unwrapping a small nubbly and rubbery vibrator. One of my best girlfriends had grabbed it on a lark en route to the party. And while the irony of receiving this obscenely flesh-toned yet utterly banal device just after my ex departed was exquisite, I felt my face growing hot with shame: What would my male friends think? That I was loveless and desperate? The thought of them imagining me vibing away solo in my bedroom, ad infinitum, made me want to slide under the table and hide.

Yet as the night wore on I felt my embarrassment slip away, inch by inch. Several men at my party, come to think of it, also happened to be single, and that didn't make me question their long-term romantic prospects. Later, as the vibrator-giver and I huddled with two guys we'd both known since college for a postparty dinner, the revelations deepened. In the seven-plus years since graduation, all four of us had been sharply schooled by life. One of the guys, drinking Coke, had recently gotten out of rehab. The other was, he confessed, moving back in with his parents because the new business he'd started was collapsing. And a close girlfriend revealed, not for the first time, that she, like me, felt severely bruised every time a relationship to which she'd pinned high hopes imploded. These painful admissions were more liberating than depressing, however. The shared state of entering our fourth decade with some tarnish

on the brass seemed not only just but proper, a true marker of growing up and as good a place as any to pause and reset coordinates.

While I couldn't help but respect the barreling energy I'd sunk into mate seeking in the big city in my twenties, I could also see that if I wanted to advance professionally, it was time to give more emotional juice to my work, less to finding a marriageable man. And the vibrator, waiting patiently in my purse, seemed to articulate exactly what I needed to do now: lie down in the weeds for a while—by myself—breathe deep, and figure out what and whom I could really love.

A decade on, I can report that the birthday gift worked its magic. I'm happily employed—thanks in no small part to the doubling down on time and effort I put into learning the craft of writing—and my decision to stop obsessing over finding the one allowed me to meet him, as annoyingly rom-com as that may sound. When the Smithsonian comes calling for my effects, I hope they aren't too shy to take my surprisingly useful gift: I'd be honored if my story inspires any red-blooded American woman turning 30 to get a vibrator of her own.

WHY THE HELL NOT?

By Roxane Gay

When I turned 30, I had my already-fractured heart broken by yet another lover who dumped me via e-mail on Valentine's Day. It was, in retrospect, for the best. Our relationship was ambiguous, and my love was not requited, to say the least. Still, I was devastated. The following month, I was at a recruitment fair representing the University of Nebraska–Lincoln, where I worked in the communications department. I was still numb from the end of my relationship and convinced I'd die alone.

Across the aisle was a lively woman, Betty, recruiting for Michigan Tech. She told me about her school in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, a place I'd never heard of. I saw Betty again at the airport as we departed, and she brightly encouraged me to apply to Michigan Tech's rhetoric and technical communication doctoral program. She shoved a brochure in my hand, and she was gone. I'd long planned on getting my PhD, but in creative writing. I didn't really know what rhetoric or technical communication was. Nonetheless, when I stepped into my empty apartment, on the verge

of tears because I was back in my lonely life, I decided to apply.

Because I'd ended up sending in my application late, I assumed I'd be considered for the following academic year. But as summer began, I got a phone call. There was a place for me in the PhD program, with a fellowship, tuition remission, and lots of other perks.

Not wanting to go alone, I convinced my youngest brother to finish his degree in civil engineering at Tech. In early August, we watched the movers load everything we owned into a huge truck, and we drove north in my Ford Explorer to a part of the country neither of us had ever visited, where we knew no one, and where, we heard, it snowed more than 300 inches a year.

As we drove up, the landscape became more picturesque but desolatemiles and miles of lush trees towering over the two-lane highway. Having spent a great deal of my life amid endless acres of golden cornfields in the Midwest, I was unsure I'd ever seen anything so green. And then there was the water: Lake Superior, crystal blue and as vast as an ocean. Certainly it was all beautiful, but where were the people? What if we broke down? As night fell, deer flitted across the road, their eyes silver in the darkness. When we finally arrived in our new town, we met our landlady, to whom I'd spoken only over the phone. She exclaimed, "I didn't know you were a colored gal!"

We were strangers in a strange land. The street signs were in both Finnish and English. I learned about copper mining, waterfalls, and coping mechanisms for winter, which all involved drinking. It was a chance to start over, but that first year was still hard.

Every day from October through May, my brother and I sat by the lone window in our apartment and counted the number of consecutive days it snowed. His car froze to the ground, and we thawed the tires free with hair dryers. I attended a local bacchanal called Winter Carnival and saw massive ice sculptures brought to life. I made lifelong friends, but I was still lonely. I threw myself into school and learning something wildly different from what I knew. In time, I stopped thinking about my ex. I stayed for five years and earned my PhD. I poured myself into my writing and wrote stories about this strange place and what it was like to live there. I fell in love with that place, with myself, and eventually, someone else.



Sex researchers tend to view responsive desire as more prevalent among women than men, whether due to nature or nurture, though the data is scant. In her book, Nagoski estimates that about a third of women are primarily responsive (she cites a Portuguese study that found 31 percent of the 3,687 female respondents only accessed desire once they were aroused) and that the opposite is true for about 75 percent of men, meaning they're frequently visited by an impulse to have sex that seems to appear out of nowhere. But by the time we talked, she'd decided that perhaps the difference wasn't so stark: After publishing a New York Times op-ed on the subject, she'd gotten three times more e-mails from men than women saying responsive desire finally gave them words to describe their experience.

Publicly stating that women are the responsive sort has put Nagoski in the awkward position of seeming to affirm sexist stereotypes—after one article about her book in the New Scientist, she told me, someone tweeted that she was a "stupid fucking bitch." "People were really mad that I was reinforcing a cultural narrative that women don't want sex as much as men," she says. "Which is difficult because the numbers do reinforce that." Far from affirming retrograde assumptions, though, she thinks this reflects the fact that for women, desire tends to be more sensitive to emotional context, whereas men have a tighter feedback loop between being physiologically aroused and desire. Maybe because, Nagoski says, when men are turned on, they have "a nice, obvious visual clue."

That there are two types of desire is derived from the work of Basson, the Canadian psychiatrist who so enraged the patient at the FDA meeting. In 2000, Basson published the first nonlinear model of desire, premised on the theory that, for women at least, the reasons we decide to have sex go far beyond urgent passion. Desire might not need to come first. In fact, waiting for desire to arise before arousal might mean you never get to sex at all. Subsequent studies, Basson believes, have affirmed her model. In one, published in the Archives of Sexual Behavior in 2007, men and women alike reported having 237 reasons for engaging in sex (exercise, boredom, and revenge all make the list, along with keeping warm). The concern that one's sexuality is aberrant can itself be a problem, Basson says; she's found that just assuring patients that what they're experiencing is normal can be profoundly helpful.

It made me think of the first time I ever talked to anyone honestly about sex. I was 15, on a sleepover with two friends, and we spent the night in the throes of the kind of massive information download that as an adult I can't quite fathom. Finally, I got up the guts to mention, as casually as I could, that I sometimes masturbated. My friends didn't laugh or make a big deal out of it. They just replied, matter-of-factly, that they did too. And in that moment, an act I thought might be shameful was transformed into something normal. I can still remember how viscerally relief flooded my body.

What would be best, Nagoski believes, is if people came to recognize that while spontaneous desire is fun, it's not necessary for sexual pleasure. "Women with responsive desire are suffering, but only because they believe they're broken," she insists. "Not because they are. And you can't medically treat the belief that you're broken."

Lori Brotto, PhD, a psychologist based in Vancouver, Canada, developed a mindfulness

program that attempts to engage the shame provoked by low desire, along with the anxiety and inhibition that can cause it. Over eight weeks, participants graduate from sitting quietly and mentally scanning their bodies, a common mindfulness exercise that in this case includes a focus on, say, the labia, to doing things like briefly using a vibrator, then trying to nonjudgmentally note the emotions that come up. And it's shown some promise. In a preliminary study published in 2008 in the Journal of Sexual Medicine, 26 women who participated in three mindfulness sessions registered improvement in desire, arousal, and general sexual satisfaction. A number of women who've gone through her program, Brotto says, have told her it prompted them to contemplate that there was more to desire than blood flow or neurotransmitters. "I'm always struck by women who say, 'When this started, all I wanted was a pill," she observes. "'But now I'm realizing that even if a pill was available, I wouldn't use it."

Last November, Nagoski participated in a webinar set up by Sprout to allow health professionals to talk with a patient who'd done well on Flibanserin. During the conversation, Nagoski asked the pseudonymous "Cara" if sex was ever pleasurable for her. "She said, 'Oh yeah, I have orgasms,'" Nagoski recounts. "It became clear to me that she has intact responsive desire, but everyone around her was telling her that without spontaneous desire, she wasn't normal."

I too spoke with Cara, a week after she'd learned, via an e-mail from her husband, that the FDA panel had recommended Flibanserin's approval. "I bet you're thrilled to see this," he wrote. "I bet you're even more thrilled," she shot back.

In spite of having been raised Catholic, Cara told me, she'd started having sex at 16 ("Not that I was trashy," she added) and for years had been into it, until her desire abruptly plummeted after her first child was born. Taking Flibanserin increased her interest, but after her supply ran out, she and her husband went back to once-a-week sex, on Saturday mornings, and maybe Sundays too. "If he's lucky," she said. She enjoyed it, but afterward she felt more relief than anything else, and she never craved it in between, which made her husband think she didn't care about him. Her goal, she said, wasn't to constantly be in the mood-one patient who testified before the FDA panel announced that she wanted "to feel desire 24/7"-but just to return to the level of desire she'd experienced in the past.

This echoed what I'd heard from a few doctors, which is that a minimal improvement is ideal, since a drug that worked too well could never get okayed. "You want to restore women's natural drive," said psychologist Leonard DeRogatis, PhD. "You don't want women dragging men into the bushes to have their way with them." (And incidentally, if that hasn't already become the premise for a feminist sexploitation film, someone please get on that.)

"Maybe I am just on the responsive thing," Cara told me, referring to her talk with Nagoski, which she said had resonated with her. So I wasn't quite expecting what she said next, when I asked if she thought she'd feel better about her lack of spontaneous desire if only she weren't constantly getting the message that something was wrong with her. "No," she said. "Flibanserin showed me there was something missing, and it was recoverable, and Flibanserin was recovering it for me."

A culture that embraced responsive desire was "a nice idea," Cara continued, then paused. It seemed as if she couldn't quite conceive of such a world. "It's just not the world we live in."

SEPARATED AT BIRTH

harder; she should volunteer more; she should get out of construction; and so forth. But others will read it and sigh and say, "Sounds familiar."

The thing is, men just get to make more choices, take more risks. We get to change our minds more often. And we don't end up removing ourselves from economic circulation for a year or more when we have children, not usually. It looks like that when I survey my friends, and it looks like that when you read the statistics.

My wife does not have a full-time job, and she wants one, and that is out of our control. In 2015, my wife makes much less than me, and barring something surprising happening, she probably always will.

She is my equal, but the world keeps telling her that she isn't. I don't want that for Ivy.

There is an overall American deal, I think. Not everyone gets it, but everyone should. And the deal is that you get to invent yourself at least once or twice, the way Samuel Clemens became Mark Twain. You get to start a company or write some poems or build a house in the woods. I'm a writer simply because I said, "Tm a writer," and after years of my saying it, people agreed to publish my work. In other words, in my opinion, the American dream means all of us have the right to be an obsessive pain in the ass and do what we want for a few years. Even if it doesn't pan out.

But for women, those few years are automatically assigned to child-rearing. If a woman doesn't have children, then she can take more chances with her career. If she does have children, forget it.

I don't really need to tell you this, do I? But can I make an observation? Without recognizing it, Maureen and I assumed that the money she made would go for child care. This doesn't make any sense, really. We share a bank account; our money all goes to the same place. But somehow we decided it was her job to earn enough to finance day care. Think about it: I expected my wife to justify the freelance work she was doing by covering child-care costs. It's weird. But we just took it for granted.

Sometimes I imagine Ivy's future. I can see my daughter as many wonderful things, but now I imagine her at age 35, a junior vice president, stepping purposefully from her office one morning to walk down a number of interlinked, carpeted corridors, smiling at peers who, like her, have successfully navigated their way to a peak career moment at a peak technology and media firm. This is my daughter, entering the clinic at the giant company where she works, where everyone is professionally nice and dressed in medical white. No one is going to question her judgment or second-guess her. They'll put her under a local anesthetic and extract a cluster of eggs for grading and freezing.

I mean, that is the natural consequence of ambition, right? Deferred child-rearing? Frozen eggs? Apple and Facebook will pay for it now, after all. Another weird solution to the problem of ambitious women.

How much difference, in hard dollar figures, will there be between my daughter and son? If they go to college, they'll enter the workforce in 2032. Let's say my daughter's starting salary (adjusted for inflation) is something like \$80,000. Further adjusted for inflation, getting out into 2070 or so, we're looking at somewhere between \$1 million and \$3 million of lost wages for her, at least according to my spreadsheets. It's a huge number and it bums me out.

For a girl born in 2011 to have the same opportunity as her brother—for her not to have to repeat the challenges faced by her mother-I need to identify and contribute to an investment vehicle that can yield \$3 million. That's daunting.

Maybe things will get better-the World Economic Forum did predict that we could have equal wages for men and women by 2095, but that's a long way out, and my girl's childbearing years are going to be between roughly 2022 and 2050. Time to start saving.

I'm thinking I'll call it the JTG fund, for Jump the Gap. I'm working with a lawyer to organize it. Right now I'm not sure how often I can afford to do this, but at least I'll take my fee for this articleseveral thousand dollars-and put it in a separate account. I have no idea how to turn that into a few million dollars, but I do know that putting money in the bank is better than not doing it. So once I'm paid, this thing becomes real.

I've been telling my friends about my idea. Interestingly, one of the first questions they ask is: What if your son is gay?

I don't know why they ask this, but they do. There are a lot of false equivalencies in this world. Like assuming that child-care costs are somehow my wife's responsibility. But so what if he's gay? If anything, that will give him more options; he'll be able to focus on his career, and there will be no risk of an unplanned pregnancy. He can wait until he's 50 to have a kid, should he want one. That's the way of sperm. He'll be exhausted, but he won't be broke.

And what if your daughter doesn't want children? Well, then, she'll have some extra cash.

Won't your son be jealous?

I don't know. Probably some days. Just because we're doing this for our daughter doesn't mean we're done with our son. There are going to be college funds. If he needs money, and we have it, we'll give it to him.

This isn't about favoring one child. The parents I know in their sixties and seventies are still shelling out to subsidize a down payment on a house or to put a grandchild in private school. Children could always use some help, some easing in the world

So I'm not saying that we won't help Abe as much as we can. If he were hurt in some way that required special technology to move around, we'd go all in. We'd sell the apartment to buy the technology if we had to. But we can't predict that.

We can predict that, because of the systematic economic inequities, our daughter will not be on the same financial footing as our son. And so why not start now? If the wage gap is going to be there for the rest of our lives, and we know we want to help our children for the rest of our lives, it seems like the most ethical thing to do. (It's odd to think that if we have grandchildren, they'll be born into this same wage gap.)

I've been thinking of the right way to structure the fund. Perhaps it could be set up to disburse 25 percent on top of her salary, once a month. A nice bonus. Or maybe it's better to just make it a plain old trust, let her have the whole lump sum when she reaches a certain age-35?

But what if she wants to be a mom at 25? That might be wonderful for her and the kid, especially if she could afford help. It's hard to even imagine a young, ambitious, college-educated woman of the kind we plan to raise having a child in her midtwenties, but...isn't that also a great age to have a child? (Not to mention that Ivy could get pregnant at 19 and decide to keep the child, and then, chances are, she'd really need

What if she gets rich and your son is poor and she

doesn't want to share any of her money? What if she uses the money to buy heroin? Or to join a cult? What if it makes her feel that she's somehow better?

I think that if we do a decent job raising our children, they will know and understand why we did this, why we gave one child more money than the other. Because we'll point out the inequities in our own relationship, the inequities we grew up with, the thousand generations of inequities, and tell our kids that this mattered to us, that giving them an even playing field mattered.

I hope my daughter is not addicted to heroin. It would be an awful waste of this opportunity if it went up her arm. If my son needs money, I hope she'll share it.

Îsn't it weird to be thinking about your daughter's childbearing years while she's three?

Yes, it's terrible. We don't want to control her with money. We don't want to be up in her uterus. That's no place for parents to be.

I think basically we have to teach her to be financially responsible, careful. Then we have to give her whatever money we can save to make up the wage gap-and back away. Because the whole point of this plan is to allow our daughter to take more risks, to schedule her own life, to find balance between her private and professional lives. I hope she doesn't give all the money to a cult. I hope no one exploits her. I hope she opts to have the fund be disbursed slowly, or leaves it alone to earn interest.

But I don't want control. I want the opposite; I want to know that I created freedom for another person, freedom that otherwise might be impossible. I'd enjoy knowing that we'd paid down all the obvious taxes that women pay on womanhood, starting when my girl was just learning to dress herself.

After the bank account is established, we'll be 1/250th of the way there. It's a long way to go. I suppose we could just will her our apartment, which is turning out to have been a good investment, but that does feel like true favoritism; this is where my children grew up. It wouldn't be kind to my son.

There's another criticism here, one that no one has offered to me but that bothers me: Why don't I take the money and put it back into the world? Help with basic literacy, fund a women's health clinic, build a school somewhere? Why dump all this cash into a woman who will have access to education, who will be accorded many privilegesa decent public education, clean and even stylish clothes, as many books as she can read, dozens of digital devices and toys?

I hear that. I should do more. But this is...my daughter. This is the situation I can manage, the responsibility given to me, and it's an immediate one. I am doing this because of a deep and abiding love for my children, and because I want there to be more fairness in their world. I hope that transfers to the broader world.

And I am doing it, with my wife's consent, because we agree that Maureen's situation is frustrating. She's paying an awfully high price for her gender, my wife-underemployed, underutilized. She wants to participate but isn't sure how.

We can't go back and change our decisions or return to the parity we had as a couple in 2003, any more than we can get back our ungray hair or go on impromptu vacations. We wouldn't want to, because of all that has come between that year

My daughter does not know yet that she is not as free and equal as my son. I would like it if she never has to learn that. I will solve the problem in an American way, by purchasing her equality and hoping for the best. This is a gift I can give to my family.

WOMAN IN FULL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 600

I'm an actress.' And that's entirely unhelpful in a refugee camp. The only thing you can help with is to try to raise money.

ELLE: You're coming to New York to make your Broadway debut this fall in a new adaptation of Émile Zola's novel Thérèse Raquin. How do you memorize all those words?

KK: I'm asking myself the same question. At the moment they're not going in. I hope that by October when the play opens, they will be in there.

ELLE: You've turned down the role of Thérèse more than once in the past.

KK: Because I had no fucking idea how to do it, and I was completely terrified by it. I still have no idea how I'm going to do it, and I'm completely terrified by it! I thought that that was a good reason to say yes. It keeps coming back like a boomerang; I thought, Fucking hell, I'm going to have to face it. So I'm facing it. In many ways she is a completely hideous creature and she does hideous things, and yet...what I find interesting is you can completely see how you could start at one place and end up doing the thing that she does, which is murdering her husband.

Zola is very famous for being the king of naturalism-or realism? Really looking at humanity. Looking at human beings as animals. Taking religion out of it and looking at them at their basest level-their wants and needs in a purely animalistic way. If you give into those desires, they can destroy you.

It's a very, very dark journey and very dark piece of work. It's almost on the cusp of being horror. It's about being haunted. It is going to be a lot of fun.

ELLE: I'll raise a glass to that!

KK: If I wasn't breastfeeding, I'd 100 percent be having a glass of wine with you. Save a glass for

ELLE: Where will we find you in 10 years?

KK: The one goal I ever had was to become an actress and I did that. Set yourself goals, and you also set yourself up for disappointment. I'm much more like, Let's see where the wind will take us. I'm more like that now than I ever was. Like, let's try and have fun, be as loving as we can, and see where we end up.

ELLE: Wherever it is, you always end up in good company. Are you game for a game? What comes to mind when you think of your Pirates of the Caribbean costar Johnny Depp?

KK: Johnny Depp is lovely and has lots of really good red wine.

ELLE: A Dangerous Method, Michael Fassbender.

KK: Fun, fun, fun, fun! With lots of exclamation marks!

ELLE: The Imitation Game, Benedict Cumberbatch. KK: Awww, sweet. He's my mate.

ELLE: Begin Again, Mark Ruffalo.

KK: One of the kindest men in the entire world and positive-so amazing.

ELLE: Domino, Mickey Rourke.

KK: I fucking love Mickey Rourke. He taught me

ELLE: Love Actually, Hugh Grant.

KK: Driest wit ever. Terrifying if you're on the wrong side of him and sensational if you're on the right side of him.

ELLE: Anna Karenina, Jude Law.

KK: Lovely man, wonderful actor. He's so ridiculously good looking. People don't understand that he's a character actor.

ELLE: Bend It Like Beckham, Jonathan Rhys Meyers. KK: I nearly knocked him out with a football to the head and nearly gave him a concussion. So, I'm sorry!

COVERS

Leather jacket, \$4,790, calfskin belt, \$595, by Ralph Lauren Collection, visit ralphlauren.com. Stretch-polyamide swim bottoms by Rochelle Sara, \$118, visit rochellesara.com. Rose gold and diamond earrings by Pomellato, \$49,500, call 800-254-6020 or visit pomellato.com. Silver-plated brass Cuffs by Jennifer Fisher, \$1,225, visit jenniferfisherjewelry .com. Silver cuff by Saskia Diez. \$629, visit saskia-diez.com. Double-jersey dress, \$4,680, pin, \$850, leather gloves, \$675, by Prada, visit prada.com, Silver-tone, rhinestone, and pearl drop earrings, \$785, stud earrings, \$695, by Balenciaga, at Balenciaga (NYC), (Fold-outs) Viscose dress by Chanel, \$3,350. call 800-550-0005. Rose gold and pink spinel earrings by Pomellato, \$28,750, visit pomellato.com. Silk-blend jacket by Loewe, \$2,350, visit loewe.com. White gold, ceramic, and diamond earrings by De Grisogono, \$41,200, at De Grisogono (NYC), visit degrisogono.com.

FIRST LOOK

PAGE 301: Coat, \$6,150, trousers, handbag by Balenciaga, similar styles at Balenciaga (NYC). Necklace by Bulgari, at Bulgari stores nationwide, call 800-BULGARI or visit bulgari .com. Pendant, chain by Jennifer Alfano, visit jenniferalfano .com. Ring by Jennifer Fisher, call 888-255-0640.

TRENDS & ACCESSORIES

PAGE 304: Scarf by A Détacher, visit adetacher.com. Sweater by Gabriela Hearst, collection barneys.com. PAGE 306: Watch by Fendi, \$18,000, to special order at Fendi boutiques nationwide. PAGE 324: Handbag by Jimmy Choo, call 866-524-6687 or visit jimmychoo.com. PAGE 326: Boot by Hermès, at Hermès stores nationwide, call 800-441-4488. PAGE 328: Blouse by Duro Olowu, at Duro Olowu stores nationwide. PAGE 330: Cope by Maje, visit us.maje.com. CODE by M.Patmos, visit patinanantucket. com. PAGE 345: Watch by Van Cleef & Arpels, \$89,000, at Van Cleef & Arpels stores nationwide. Watch by Cartier, \$115,000, call 800-CARTIER or visit cartier.com. Watch by Hermès, at Hermès boutiques nationwide. Watch by Jaeger-LeCoultre, \$57,000, call 877-JLC-1833. PAGE 346: Handbag by Chloé, visit neimanmarcus .com. Saddle bag by Altuzarra, visit barneys.com. PAGE 348: Bracelet, ring, \$364,000, by Chanel Fine Jewelry, call 800-550-0005. Sandal by Gianvito Rossi, collection at matchesfashion .com. PAGE 350: Pumps by Louis Vuitton, call 866-VUITTON or visit louisvuitton.com. PAGE 359: BOOT by Hermès, \$13,400. call 800-441-4488 or visit hermes.com. Cuff by Tiffany & Co., \$12,000, visit tiffany.com. PAGE 364: Rings by David Yurman, \$12,500 each, visit davidyurman.com. PAGE 372: Boot by Marc Jacobs, at Marc Jacobs stores nationwide, Ankle boot by Jimmy Choo, at select Jimmy Choo stores nationwide, call 866-524-6687, Boot by Alexander Wang, at Alexander Wang (NYC). Boot by Chanel, call 800-550-0005. PAGE 374: Handbag by Miu Miu, at select Miu Miu boutiques nationwide. Handbag by Fendi, at Fendi (NYC). Bucket bag by Dooney & Bourke, at Dooney & Bourke stores nationwide. Bucket bag by Ralph Lauren Collection, at select Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. PAGE 377: Rings by Nikos Koulis, \$97,000-\$450,850, call 800-558-1855. Necklace by Harry Winston, visit harrywinston.com. Clover charm by Loquet London, \$5,395, visit loquetlondon .com. Watch by Bulgari, \$44,600, call 800-BULGARI or visit bulgari.com.

WORKBOOK: FDITORS' FDITION

PAGE 390: Suede cape by Sonia Rykiel, collection at kirnazabete. com. Viscose turtleneck by Carven, at Carven (NYC). Wool frousers by Acne Studios, visit acnestudios. Pearl earring by Ana Khouri, \$6,000 (for pair), collection at Dover Street Market (NYC). Rose gold and diamond necklace by Bulgari, \$3,050, at Bulgari stores nationwide, Gold-plated brass bracelet by Vita Fede, \$435, visit vitafede.com. Gold bracelet by AUrate, \$2,600, visit auratenewyork.com. Gold and diamond ring by Marc Bicego, \$4,640, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Suede pumps by Jimmy Choo, \$595, visit jimmychoo.com. Crepe top by Les Copains, visit lescopains.com. Tweed trousers by Carven, at Carven (NYC). Gold necklace by Huckleberry Ltd, \$1,900, collection at Roseark (West Hollywood), Pearl-detail bracelet by Eddie Borgo, \$250, collection at net-a-porter.com. Gold bracelet by Anita Ko, \$15,975, visit anitako.com. Gold ring by AUrate, \$1,200, visit auratenewyork.com. Gold ring by J.

Hannah, \$310, visit ihannahiewelry.com, collection at Steven Alan stores nationwide. Gold and diamond ring by Selin Kent, \$310, visit selinkent.com. Shoulder bag by Fendi, \$3,750, at Fendi (NYC). Patent leather sandals by Valentino Garavani, \$1,145, at Valentino boutiques nationwide. PAGE 392: Velvet-detail coat by Carven, visit carven.com. Silk top by Les Copains, visit lescopains .com. Printed pants by Tibi, visit tibi.com. Gold-plated silver alloy bangles by Elizabeth and James, \$125-\$195, visit zappos.com. Gold-plated brass cuff by Robert Lee Morris, \$250. Gemstone and rose gold rings by Jane Taylor Jewelry, \$3,215-\$3,575 each. Suede bucket bag by Ralph Lauren Collection, visit ralphlauren .com. Velvet pumps by Rubert Sanderson, collection at shoescribe .com. Faux-fur dress by ICB, visit icbnyc.com. Tights by Falke, collection at bloomingdales.com. Gold and lapis lazuli cuff by Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co., \$7,200, visit tiffany .com. Leather and patent leather pumps by Pierre Hardy, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC).

SHOPS

PAGE 395: Necklace by Lauren Klassen, collection at modaoperandi.com. Bracelet by Vita Fede, visit vitafede .com. Bracelet by Jennifer Fisher, call 888-255-0640 or visit jenniferfisherjewelry.com. Wristbands by American Apparel, visit americanapparel.net. PAGE 418: Blouse by Topshop Unique, at Topshop (NYC). Handbag by Guess, collection at macys.com. PAGE 398: Coat by Ann Taylor, at Ann Taylor (NYC). Coat by Rag & Bone, at Rag & Bone stores nationwide. Coat by Club Monaco, at Club Monaco stores nationwide. Coat by Zara, similar styles at zara.com. Coats by Scotch & Soda, at Scotch & Soda stores nationwide, visit scotch-soda .com. Coat by Polo Ralph Lauren, at select Polo Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. PAGE 400: Coot by Paule Ka, visit pauleka .com. Coat by Coach, at select Coach stores nationwide. Coat by Yigal Azrouël, collection at saksfifthavenue.com. Coat by Polo Ralph Lauren, visit ralphlauren.com. Trench COOT by Tomas Maier, \$5,100, at Tomas Maier (NYC). Trench COOT by Bouchra Jarrar Paris, \$5,450, collection at ikram .com. PAGE 402: Skirt by McGuire, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. Skirt by Gap, visit gap.com. PAGE 404: Top by Bebe, at Bebe stores nationwide. Bongle by Swarovski, at Swarovski boutiques nationwide, call 800-426-3088. Skirt by Guess, collection at Macy's stores nationwide. Tie by Diesel, collection at farfetch .com. Blouse by Alice + Olivia by Stacey Bendet, at Alice + Olivia by Stacey Bendet boutiques nationwide. Blazer by H&M Studio, visit hm.com. Handbag by Michael Kors Collection, call 866-709-KORS. PAGE 406: Skirt by Rebecca Minkoff, call 866-838-6991. Handbag by Etro, at Etro (Beverly Hills). Trousers by Saunder for Brand Assembly, exclusively at lordandtaylor.com, Trousers by Marissa Webb, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC). Crossbody bog by Longchamp, at Longchamp boutiques nationwide. Skirt by BCBGMaxAzria, at BCBGMaxAzria stores nationwide. T-shirt by Michael Michael Kors, at select Michael Kors stores nationwide. Pump by Marni, at Marni boutiques nationwide. PAGE 408: Jacket by Figue, visit figue.com. Handbag by Chanel, call 800-550-0005. Choker by Rodarte, collection at latestrevival.com. Sneaker by Golden Goose Deluxe Brand, at Golden Goose Deluxe Brand (NYC). PAGE 414: Sweatshirt by A.P.C., at A.P.C. (NYC). Handbags by Fendi, collection at nordstrom.com. Backback by Alexander Wang, at Alexander Wang (NYC). PAGE 416: Shirt by INC International Concepts, collection at Macy's stores nationwide. Jeans by True Religion. at True Religion stores nationwide. Sandal by Giuseppe Zanotti Design, at Giuseppe Zanotti Design boutiques nationwide. Cuff by Anita Ko, \$16,800, visit anitako.com. Bangle by David Webb, \$19,500, at David Webb (NYC, Beverly Hills), call 844-811-WEBB. Rings by Gucci, visit gucci.com, PAGE 422: Jacket, pants by Boss, at Hugo Boss stores nationwide, call 800-HUGOBOSS. Necklace by Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co., \$25,000, visit tiffany .com. Necklace by Bulgari, at Bulgari stores nationwide, call 800-BULGARI, Flots by Immy Choo, \$725, call 866-524-6687 or visit jimmychoo.com. PAGE 430: Pantyhose by Fogal of Switzerland, at Fogal of Switzerland (NYC). Handbags by Prada, \$24,400-\$34,200 each, visit prada.com.

THE ELLE LOOK

PAGE 558: Jacket, top, skirt by Louis Vuitton, call 866-VUITTON or visit louisvuitton.com. PAGE 559: Boots by Alexander McQueen, at Alexander McQueen (NYC). PAGE

572: Gown by Carolina Herrera, at Carolina Herrera (Dallas, L.A.). PAGE 573: Dress, cuff, sandals by Salvatore Ferragamo, call 866-337-7242. PAGE 563: Boots by Nicholas Kirkwood for Erdem, collection at Dover Street Market (NYC), net-a-porter .com. PAGE 564 Dress, gloves, boots by Emanuel Ungaro, collection at George C (Ontario, Canada), Curve (NYC). PAGE 565: Coat, tank, scarf, oxfords by Michael Kors Collection, call 866-709-KORS, Jeans by Michael Michael Kors, at select Michael Kors stores nationwide. Watch by Michael Kors, visit michaelkors.com, PAGE 560: Jacket, turtleneck, pants, necklaces, belt, pumps by Dries Van Noten, collection at Jeffrey (NYC), Julianne (NYC), IF (NYC), Blake (Chicago). PAGE 566: Earrings by Dior, at Dior boutiques nationwide, call 800-929-DIOR. PAGE 578: Coat, \$15,000, mules, top, gown, \$10,000, by Donna Karan New York, visit donnakaran .com. Rings by Lynn Ban for Donna Karan, visit lynnban .com. PAGE 579: Earring by Repossi, collection at Barneys New York. PAGE 569: Top, pants, pumps by Jason Wu, collection at neimanmarcus.com, PAGE 575; Blouse, skirt, rings by Coach, visit coach.com. PAGE 576: Coat, blouse, trousers, pumps by Derek Lam, at Derek Lam (NYC), Egyrings by Jamie Wolf, \$5,990, visit jamiewolf.com. PAGE 577: Sweater, dress, belt by The Row, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC). PAGE 568: Top, \$7,500, skirt, shorts, beret, rings, pumps by Gucci, visit gucci .com. PAGE 574: Dresses by Diane von Furstenberg, similar styles at DVF (NYC). Earrings by Diane von Furstenberg by H.Stern, at H.Stern (NYC). PAGE 583: Dresses, blouse, bodysuit, leggings, earrings, boots, pumps by Missoni, at Missoni (NYC). PAGE 584: Skirl by Dolce & Gabbana, \$7,995, at select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide. (Crew credits): Alexander McQueen. Chloé: hair by Tracie Cant at Premier Hair and Makeup, Karina Constantine at CLM Hair & Makeup for M.A.C Cosmetics, fashion assistant Esperanza de la Fuente; Anna Sui, Christopher Kane, DVF, Erdem, Jason Wu, The Row, Emanuel Ungaro: hair by Pasquale Ferrante at Artlist for Wella Professionals; makeup by Daniel Martin for Dior Beauty; hair assistant: Thi Hang Le; Calvin Klein: hair by Pasquale Ferrante at Artlist for Wella Professionals: makeup by Maki Ryoke at Tim Howard Management for Chanel Beauté; hair assistant: Thi Hang Le; Carolina Herrera: hair by Ted Gibson at Jed Root Inc. for Ted Gibson Beauty; makeup by Bobby Buijsic at Judy Casey Inc. for Nars Cosmetics: Coach: hair by Adam Markarian at Bryan Bantry Agency for Wella Professionals; makeup by Bobby Bujisic at Judy Casey Inc. for Tarte $Cosmetics; \textbf{Derek Lam, Proenza Schouler:} \ hair by \ Jordan\ M\ for$ Bumble and bumble; makeup by Tsipporah for Dior Beauty; Dior: hair by Guido for Redken; makeup by Peter Philips for Christian Dior Makeup Dolce & Gabbana, Missoni, Tod's: hair by Patti Bussa at Green Apple Italia; makeup by Daniela Galeazzi at Facetoface; Donna Karan: hair by Joyce Cohen at Pierre Michel Salon: makeup by Berta Camal at Jed Root Inc.; Dries Van Noten: hair and makeup by Rudi Cremers at Touch by Dominique Models Agency for M.A.C and Redken; Ferragamo: hair by Armando Cherillo at Atomo Management; makeup by Tanja Friscic at Atomo Management; Gucci, Michael Kors, Victoria Beckham: hair by Pasquale Ferrante at Artlist for Wella Professionals; makeup by Talia Sparrow at Kramer + Kramer; hair assistant: Thi Hang Le; Lanvin: hair by Adam Markarian at Bryan Bantry Agency for Wella Professionals; makeup by Daniel Martin for Dior Beauty; Loewe: hair by Pasquale Ferrante at Artlist for Wella Professionals, makeup by Anneliese at Judy Casey Inc. for Laura Mercier; hair assistant: Thi Hang Le; Louis Vuitton: hair by Damien Boissinot at Jed Root Inc.; makeup by James Kaliardos; hair assistant: Angelika at Read Brown; Narciso Rodriguez, Valentino: hair by Pasquale Ferrante at Artlist for Wella Professionals; makeup by Matin at Tracey Mattingly for Willa; hair assistant: Thi Hang Le.

WOMAN IN FULL

PAGE 593: Jacket, belt by Ralph Lauren Collection, visit ralphlauren.com. Earring by Pomellato, \$49,500 (for pair), call 800-254-6020 or visit pomellato.com. Cuffs by Jennifer Fisher, call 888-255-0640 or visit jenniferfisherjewelry.com. Cuff by Saskia Diez, visit saskia-diez.com.

EVERYTHING IS ILLUMINATED

PAGE 597: Edirings by *De Grisogono*, \$41,200, at De Grisogono (NYC), visit degrisogono.com. PAGE 599: Dress by *Chanel*, call 800-550-0005. PAGE 601: Dress, pin, gloves by *Prada*, visit prada.com. Edirings by *Balenciaga*, at Balenciaga (NYC).

ROAD TO MARRAKECH

PAGES 602-603: Top, skirt by Loewe, at Loewe (Miami). Earrings, bracelet, rings by Lisa Eisner Jewelry, collection at Maxfield (L.A.), Colette (Paris). Bucket bag by Salvatore Ferragamo, at Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide, call 866-337-7242. Boots by Hermès, at Hermès stores nationwide, call 800-441-4488. PAGE 604: Coat by Céline, \$28,600, at Céline (NYC), Earrings, bracelets, rings by Lisa Eisner Tewelry, collection at Maxfield (L.A.), Colette (Paris). Boots by Hermès, visit hermes.com, PAGE 605; Necklace by Lanvin, at Lanvin (NYC), Necklace by Lisa Eisner Jewelry, collection at Maxfield (L.A.), Colette (Paris), Scarf by Electric Feathers, visit electric feathers.com. Slippers by Gucci, at select Gucci stores nationwide, visit gucci .com. PAGE 606: Coat, \$13,575, top, \$13,195, pants by Giorgio Armani, at Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide. Earrings, rings by Lisa Eisner Jewelry, collection at Maxfield (L.A.), Colette (Paris). Boots by Christian Louboutin, similar styles at Christian Louboutin (NYC). PAGE 607: Gown, \$7,950, belt by Lanvin, at Lanvin (NYC). Necklace, bracelets, rings by Lisa Eisner Jewelry, collection at Maxfield (L.A.), Colette (Paris). Bucket bag by Salvatore Ferragamo, at Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide. Slippers by Gucci, at select Gucci stores nationwide, visit gucci. com. Shirt, pants by Dries Van Noten, collection at By George (Austin). Sandals by Gucci, at select Gucci stores nationwide, visit gucci.com. PAGE 608: Coat, handbag, \$9,000, by Chanel, call 800-550-0005. Top, pants by Electric Feathers, collection at Electric Nest (Brooklyn). Necklace, rings by Lisa Eisner Jewelry, collection at Maxfield (L.A.), Colette (Paris). Boots by Lanvin, at Lanvin (NYC). Jeans from What Goes Around Comes Around, similar styles at What Goes Around Comes Around (NYC), Shoes by Pierre Hardy, at Pierre Hardy (NYC). PAGE 609: Blouse by Electric Feathers, collection at Electric Nest (Brooklyn), Necklace, rings by Lisa Eisner Jewelry, collection at Maxfield (L.A.), Colette (Paris). PAGE 610: Pants by Electric Feathers, collection at Electric Nest (Brooklyn). Necklace by Lanvin, at Lanvin (NYC). Earrings, necklace, rings by Lisa Eisner Jewelry, collection at Maxfield (L.A.), Colette (Paris), Slippers by Gucci, at select Gucci stores nationwide, visit gucci.com. PAGE 611: Cape by Valentino, \$5,990, at Valentino (San Francisco), Jumpsuit by Electric Feathers, collection at Electric Nest (Brooklyn). Necklace by Lanvin, at Lanvin (NYC), Necklace, bracelets, rings by Lisa Eisner Jewelry, collection at Maxfield (L.A.), Colette (Paris). Bucket bag by Salvatore Ferragamo, call 866-337-7242. Boots by Hermès, at Hermès stores nationwide, call 800-441-4488. PAGE 612: Dress, shorts by Gucci, visit gucci.com. Necklace, belt by Lanvin, at Lanvin (NYC). Necklace, bracelets, rings by Lisa Eisner Jewelry, collection at Maxfield (L.A.), Colette (Paris). Slippers by Gucci, at select Gucci stores nationwide, PAGE 613; Dress, bell by Louis Vuitton, at select Louis Vuitton stores nationwide, call 866-VUITTON.

MAD MAX

PAGE 614-615: Jacket, skirt, collar, boots by Versace, call 888-721-7219. Belt by Moschino, at Moschino (NYC). Tights by American Apparel, visit americanapparel.com. Rings by Tuleste, visit tuleste.com. PAGE 616: Bodysuit by Fausto Puglisi, visit faustopuglisi.com. Belt by Deborah Drattell, visit deborahdrattell .com. Socks by We Love Colors, visit welovecolors.com. Platforms by DKNY, at select DKNY boutiques nationwide, PAGE 617: Coat by Valentino, \$6,990, at Valentino (NYC). Unitard by BalTogs, at Discount Dance Supply boutiques nationwide, Belt by Raina Belts, visit rainabelts.com. PAGE 618-619: Sweater, pants, belt by Balmain, collection at Barneys New York, Maxfield (L.A.). Unitard by BalTogs, collection at discountdance .com. Bracelets by John Hardy, visit johnhardy.com. Rings by Tuleste, visit tuleste.com, Platforms by DKNY, at select DKNY stores nationwide. PAGE 620: Coat by Bottega Veneta, \$5,950, call 800-845-6790. Bodysuit by Body Wrappers/Angelo Luzio, visit bodywrappers.com. Visor shield by Mykita & Bernhard Willhelm, at Mykita boutique (NYC), visit mykita.com, Belt by Raina Belts, visit rainabelts.com. Platforms by DKNY, at select DKNY stores nationwide. PAGE 621: Bodysulf by Body Wrappers/Angelo Luzio, visit bodywrappers.com. Earrings by Tuleste, visit tuleste.com, collection at openingceremony.us. Watch by Shinola, at Shinola (NYC), visit shinola.com. Backpack by Moschino, at Moschino (NYC). Tights by Emilio Cavallini, visit emiliocavallini.com. PAGE 622-623: Watch by Nixon, visit nixon.com, Handbaa by Bottega Veneta, call 800-845-6790. Socks by We Love Colors,

visit welovecolors.com. Platforms by DKNY, at select DKNY boutiques nationwide. PAGE 624: Coot, dress by Miu Miu, visit miumiu.com, Unitard by BalTogs, collection at Discount Dance Supply boutiques nationwide. Bracelet by Hermès, at Hermès boutiques nationwide, call 800-441-4488 or visit hermes.com. Handbag by Chanel, at Chanel boutiques nationwide, call 800-550-0005. SOCkS by American Apparel, visit americanapparel.com. Pumps by Moschino, collection at Opening Ceremony boutiques nationwide. PAGE 625: Coat, sweater, skirt by Prada, visit prada.com. Unitard by BalTogs, collection at discountdance.com. Platforms by YRU, collection at ashburyskies.com, dollskill.com. PAGE 626-627: Coat, pullover by DKNY, collection at Macy's stores nationwide. Tights by Adidas by Stella McCartney, visit adidas .com. Hat by Moschino, collection at select Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Backpack by Fendi, \$5,300, visit fendi.com. Socks by American Apparel, visit americanapparel.com. Plotforms by YRU, visit v-r-u.com.

BEYOND THE PALE

PAGE 628-629: Blazer, skirt by Topshop Unique, at Topshop (NYC). Turtleneck by Magaschoni, visit magaschoni.com. Knee socks by Falke, collection at The Sock Hop (NYC). Pumps by Bottega Veneta, call 800-845-6790. Clutch by Max Mara, at Max Mara (NYC). On him: T-shirt by T by Alexander Wang, collection at eastdane.com. Pants by American Apparel, visit americanapparel .com. PAGE 630: Coat by Prada, \$24,890, at select Prada boutiques nationwide. Dress by Fendi, visit fendi.com. Knee socks by Falke, collection at The Sock Hop (NYC). Pumps by Emporio Armani, at select Emporio Armani boutiques nationwide. On him: Turtleneck by MSGM, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC), Saks Fifth Avenue (NYC). Jeans by AMI Alexandre Mattiussi, collection at Gentry (NYC), PAGE 631: Dress by Dolce & Gabbana, \$7,995, at select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide. Knee socks by Falke, collection at sockhopny.com. Bracelet by Simon G. Jewelry, \$19,470, visit simongjewelry.com. PAGE 632: Jacket, skirt by REDValentino, at REDValentino (Las Vegas), Blouse by Orla Kiely, at Orla Kiely (NYC), visit orlakiely .com. Ring by Carelle, \$5,850, call 800-225-7782 or visit carelle .com, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Knee socks by Falke, collection at sockhopny.com. On him: Coat by MSGM, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. T-shirt by American Apparel, visit american apparel.net. Ponts by 34 Heritage, visit 34heritage.com. PAGE 633: Blouse by Altuzarra, collection at Nordstrom stores, visit nordstrom.com. Bra by Hanro of Switzerland, visit hanrousa.com. Skirt by Carven, collection at modaoperandi.com. Ring by David Yurman, at David Yurman (NYC), visit davidyurman.com. Knee socks by Falke, collection at sockhopny.com. Handbag by Prada, at select Prada boutiques nationwide, visit prada.com. Pumps by Bally, call 844-44BALLY. PAGE 634: Jacket by REDValentino, at REDValentino (Honolulu, HI). Dress by Paul & Joe Sister, at Paul & Joe (L.A.), visit paulandjoe .com. PAGE 635: Dress by Dior, call 800-929-DIOR. Blouse by Orla Kiely, at Orla Kiely (NYC), visit orlakiely.com. Ring by David Yurman, at David Yurman (NYC), visit davidyurman.com. Tights by Falke, visit falke.com. On him: Shirt, points by Gucci, at Gucci stores nationwide, PAGE 636; Coqt by Miu Miu, \$10,345, at select Miu Miu boutiques nationwide. Dress by Diane von Furstenberg, at DVF (NYC). Bracelet by Tod's, at Tod's boutiques nationwide, visit tods.com. Ring by Colette, collection at Alchemist (Miami). Knee socks by Falke, collection at The Sock Hop (NYC). On him: Shirt by Gucci, at select Gucci stores nationwide, visit gucci .com. Trousers by MSGM, visit msgm.it. PAGE 637: Blouse by Chanel, at select Chanel boutiques nationwide, call 800-550-0005. ${\tt Bracelet}\ {\tt by}\ {\it Chopard}, {\tt at}\ {\tt select}\ {\tt Chopard}\ {\tt boutiques}\ {\tt nationwide}, {\tt call}$ 800-CHOPARD or visit chopard.com. Tights by Falke, visit falke .com, Pumps by Miu Miu, at select Miu Miu boutiques nationwide, visit miumiu.com. Handbag by CH Carolina Herrera, at CH Carolina Herrera (Beverly Hills).

THIS IS 30

PAGE 6.39: Dress by Elie Tahari, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue (Beverly Hills). Dress by Michael Kors Collection, at select Michael Kors stores nationwide. Dress by Brunello Cucinelli, at Brunello Cucinelli (NYC). PAGE 640–641: Dress by Céline, at Céline (NYC). Sandals by Gianvito Rossi, collection at Barneys New York. Turtleneck, skirt by Ralph Lauren Collection, visit ralphlauren .com. Dress by Dion Lee, visit dionlee.com. PAGE 643: Dresses by Temperley London, visit temperleylondon.com. Umbrella by Barneys

New York, visit barneys.com, PAGE 645: Shirt by Calvin Klein Collection, at Calvin Klein Collection (NYC). Shorts by Victoria Beckham, collection at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide, Resin bangles by Erickson Beamon, \$350 each, at Erickson Beamon (NYC). Pumps by Gianvito Rossi, collection at net-a-porter.com. Dress by Mugler, collection at Curve (NYC). Lucite bangles by Kenneth Jay Lane, \$50-\$62 each, similar styles at Kenneth Jay Lane (NYC), Pumps by Manolo Blahnik, to special order, call 212-582-3307. Coat by Bottega Veneta, call 800-845-6790. Pumps by Iimmy Choo, at select Iimmy Choo stores nationwide, PAGES 646-647: Turtleneck by Versace, similar styles at Versace boutiques nationwide. Skirt by Marc Jacobs, visit marciacobs.com. Lucite bangle by Rustic Cuff, \$72, visit rusticcuff.com. Pumps by Christian Louboutin, visit christianlouboutin.com. Coat by Miu Miu, at select Miu Miu boutiques nationwide. Dress by Versace, at select Versace boutiques nationwide. Lucite bangles by Rustic Cuff, \$72 each, visit rusticcuff.com. Pumps by Christian Louboutin, visit christianlouboutin.com. Jacket, skirt by Delpozo, at Delpozo (NYC), visit delpozo.com. Sweater by Blumarine, visit blumarine.com. Sandals by Giuseppe Zanotti Design, at Giuseppe Zanotti Design stores nationwide, Jacket, skirt, brooch by Prada, at select Prada boutiques nationwide, visit prada.com. Bangles by Rustic Cuff, visit rusticcuff.com. Pumps by Christian Louboutin, at Christian Louboutin (NYC). PAGE 649: Dress by Boss, at select Hugo Boss stores nationwide. PAGE 650: Coat, dress by Marina Rinaldi, at Marina Rinaldi (NYC), Oxfords by Florsheim Limited, visit florsheim.com. Coat by Akris, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue (NYC). Unitard by Capezio, visit capezio.com. Oxfords by Church's, visit church-footwear.com. Coat by Emporio Armani, at Emporio Armani boutiques nationwide. Bodysuit by Wolford, visit wolford.com. Brogues by Aquatalia by Marvin K, visit aquatalia.com. Coqt by Iris von Arnim, visit irisvonarnim .com. Bodysuit by Wolford, visit wolford.com. Pumps by Tamara Mellon, visit tamaramellon.com. Coat by Protagonist, collection at theline.com. Bodysult by Wolford, visit wolford.com. Oxford by AGL, visit agl.com. PAGE 652: Coot by Sally LaPointe, to special order, call 212-226-7277, T-shirt by Michael Stars, visit michaelstars .com. Jeans by 7 For All Mankind, at 7 For All Mankind stores nationwide, Pumps by Christian Louboutin, at Christian Louboutin (Chicago). Coat by Burberry, visit burberry.com. T-shirt by Alternative Abbarel, visit alternative apparel.com. Jeans by Levi's Vintage Clothing, visit levi.com. Pumps by Brian Atwood, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue (NYC). Coat by Burberry, visit burberry.com. Tank by Cotton On, visit cottonon. com. Jeans by Levi's Made & Crafted, visit levi.com. Pumps by Christian Louboutin, similar styles at christianlouboutin.com Coat by KLS Kimora Lee Simmons, at select KLS stores. T-shirt by Cotton On, at Cotton On stores nationwide, Jeans by Frame Denim, at Saks Fifth Avenue (NYC). PAGES 654-655: Coat by Vince, at Vince stores nationwide, Blozer, furtleneck by Misha Nonoo, collection at Satine (L.A.). Vest, pants by Marissa Webb, visit marissa-webb.com. White gold earrings by Vhernier, at Vhernier (Beverly Hills, Miami). Dress by Giambattista Valli, collection at Saks Fifth Avenue (NYC). PAGE 656: Gowns by Herve Leger by Max Azria, collection at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, PAGE 657: Top, skirt, belt by Balmain, collection at Bergdorf Goodman (NYC), Maxfield (L.A.). (Crew credits): Bigelow, Nanna Øland Fabricius aka Oh Land, Hughes, Lane, McKinnon, Nauven, Pacheco, Rawat: hair by Charlie Taylor at Honey Artists for Kérastase; makeup by Cyndle Komarovski at Honey Artists for YSL Beauty; set design by Rob Strauss; fashion assistants: Sara Taves, Elliot Soriano. Amoruso, Blackett, Felix, Gealey, Morin, Teigen, Vonn: hair by Danilo at The Wall Group for Pantene; makeup by Jo Strettell at The Magnet Agency for Dior Beauty; set design by Andy Henbest at Frank Reps; fashion assistants; Martina Caetano, Kayla Camerucci. Bush, Evans, Fazlalizadeh, Ferrera, Kirke, McCain, Nonoo, Obreht, Schilling, Elise Stefanik, Weiss, Wilde, Wu: hair by Charlie Taylor at Honey Artists for Kérastase; makeup by Cyndle Komarovski at Honey Artists for YSL Beauty: fashion assistants: Elliot Soriano, Sara Taves. Anciso, Carrera, Holmes, Kendrick, Plaza, Refaeli, Winstead: hair by Judd Minter for Aim Artists; makeup by Jo Strettell at The Magnet Agency for Dior Beauty; set design by Andy Henbest at Frank Reps; fashion assistants: Martina Caetano, Kayla Camerucci.

Prices are approximate. ELLE recommends that merchandise availability be checked with local stores.

THIS MONTH FOR VIRGO: (AUG 23–SEPT 22) Tricky Neptune is still in your commitment house, so begin September wary of contractual agreements and use your knowledge of a partner to make informed decisions. When it comes to amorous meetings, Venus joins Mars on the 1st in your house of secrets, making any clandestine relationships ill advised. You're now in the finest period in over a decade for finding love, so don't waste energy on less-than-perfect prospects. The 13th's solar eclipse will see positive life changes that encourage security and stability. Pluto will be ideally angled, adding the chance for more romance. If happily coupled, you may receive good news about a child or a pregnancy, and elsewhere in your chart creative pursuits could reach a thrilling breakthrough. During Mercury's retrograde from the 17th to October 9th, demand payments owed to you in order to truly reap the benefits of the 27th's lunar eclipse in your financial house. If you need resolve—and VIP support—Mars in Virgo from the 24th to November 12th will shore up all the strength you need.

YOUR YEAR AHEAD: Jupiter orbits in your sign until next September, so you'll enjoy the fruits of your hard and compassionate labor. At work, a series of lucky breaks will impress higher-ups, and you'll make many important new contacts and lasting friendships. Single? One of those friendly faces may become more. Travel will take you not only to far-off places but also to new levels of enlightenment, as your creative output will blossom beautifully. Other important moments in your timeline arrive with a series of eclipses: September 13th of this year, and next year's March 8th, March 23rd, September 1st, and September 16th. You could find yourself with a handful of home-life issues given that Saturn will be in your domestic house, but just know that the big sacrifices Saturn requires will ultimately lead to big gains, so do your best to fearlessly stay the course.

LIBRA (SEPT 23-OCT 22)

If you receive mixed signals from someone special on or around the 1st, have faith that romance will bloom in the following weeks, specifically on your redletter days: the 8th and the 22nd. And after the 27th's lunar eclipse, a love or business partnership may change dramatically. Neptune could obfuscate matters, so don't make any rash decisionsthere are big life changes at the hands of eclipses, and, further, Mercury retrogrades on the 17th. Professionally, if you've just wrapped up a major project, get ready to indulge in a new creative pursuit, possibly involving your home. The solar eclipse on the 13th indicates a friend's consultation would be beneficial, and you could even use his or her advice if you've been troubled by a nagging fear or a bad habit. In any case, friendly Pluto will guarantee a lasting resolution, and congenial Saturn will ensure plenty of domestic progress.

SCORPIO (OCT 23-NOV 21)

Your career is already gangbusters, but the meeting of Mars and Venus on the 1st in your house of honors will only increase your favor with VIPs and subordinates. And on the 6th, when Venus leaves retrograde, your popularity will skyrocket. However, after so much devotion to your career, the universe will bestow better life balance. Plan get-togethers after the 13th, when a solar eclipse reunites you with old pals and introduces fresh ones, among them a possible (and powerful) new ally. Regarding any major decisions this month—possibly stirred by the 27th's lunar eclipse, to heavily influence your health and/or professional life-table them until after Mercury's retrograde, from the 17th to October 9th. If you need stabilizing vibes to see you through any



issues that arise, friendly Saturn will see that your head stays on your shoulders.

SAGITARIUS (NOV 22-DEC 21) Thanks to good-fortune Jupiter, your career is on the rise. Events will demonstrate how dearly your judgment and creativity are appreciated by your industry, and after the 13th's solar eclipse—and then Mars in your fame sector starting on the 24th-you'll be in a prime negotiating position. In matters of the heart, single Sags may encounter an intriguing romance when they least expect it on or around the 8th. If you're attached, your partner will adore your spontaneity. If you've been itching for a getaway, good days for travel-the 1st and the 22ndbookend your September. At the end of the month, near the 27th's lunar eclipse, a domestic or creative matter will reach critical mass. Your desire to remain steady and calm will be within reach, but opposing Neptune will make matters confusing. Dig patiently for facts and use your best judgment, especially considering you may be discussing pregnancy or an important creative pursuit.

You may have started to travel last month, and as September dawns, you'll see no reason to return home. Expect to continue roaming until after the 13th's solar eclipse. Intellectual goals, such as a publishing project or higher education, should also be successful, and the meeting of Venus and Mars on the 1st is perfect for furthering such pursuits. However, as you reach midmonth, re-

sist signing documents or making other weighty decisions, for Mercury retrogrades from the 17th until October 9th. Given your career will be affected during this time, focus on bolstering existing projects or business relationships. By the 27th's total lunar eclipse, your focus will shift to household changes. If moving or renovating, you'll most certainly have to make some unexpected adjustments, but in the end, you'll be elated with where you end up. Remember: Happy home, happy life.

AQUARIUS (JAN 20-FEB 18)

After a generous fiscal finish to August, the 13th's solar eclipse brings another influx of cash-via an inheritance, a contest, or a bonus-and you'll need to decide how best to manage it. In love, Mars embraces Venus on the 1st in your marriage sector; thus committed couples may decide on an amorous trip, or perhaps a honeymoon. For those dating, when Mercury slides into retrograde on the 17th (to stay until October 9th), try rekindling a past romance rather than starting a new venture. Glorious days to see sparks fly: the 22nd and the 27th, when a lunar eclipse will bless travel. Alternatively, this eclipse could clear the way for a lucrative business deal. But if you reach a contract, mind Mercury and wait until October to sign. Meanwhile, Saturn will have moved into your house of groups and friendships on the 17th. You'll be ready to take charge of an enthusiastic troop of people, all of whom will share your humanitarian spirit. Use your recent financial fortune to do some good in the world.

PISCES (FEB 19-MAR 20)

When Venus and Mars meet in your career house on the 1st, you'll have many opportunities to showcase your talents in a new way. Then, on the 6th, Venus emerges from retrograde, further positioning you to launch a big project with adequate funding. Mars's presence is strong until the 24th, so you'll have all month to reach success. Your romantic ties will solidify and sweeten this month, especially after the 13th's solar eclipse, when some may find themselves planning to wed. However, as Mercury retrogrades on the 17th, abstain from making any agreements, including marriage, until October 9th, when the communication planet regains regular orbit. Also, hold off on large purchases. You can resume big spending after the 27th's lunar eclipse, which will gift you a small windfall, thanks to a well-connected friend directing you to a new opportunity.

ARIES (MAR 21-APR 19)

The 1st's union of Venus and Mars is optimal for meeting new people, notably a special someone at a party or event. If you're coupled up, make this day a lovely dinner date at the very least-or feed your spontaneous side and book a trip. Another shining day for love? The 22nd, when Venus flirts with Uranus in Aries. In your career, you can expect to see changes as the month opens, but nearly all of them will be advantageous. And after the 13th's friendly solar eclipse, this trend will accelerate. The eclipse may also bring a health matter to your attention, but it won't be grave in nature. With research, you'll find the right treatment for any ailments or anxieties. A second eclipse in Aries on the 27th indicates a close romantic or business tie may reach a turning point. This time, you'll know whether to stay or go. Concurrently, you may transform your own looks or lifestyle. Embrace these changes, and comforting stability will surely follow.

TAURUS (APR 20-MAY 20)

This month, your love life is improving by the hour. It's a welcome change, ever since a volatile business or romantic relationship from the past made you suspicious of new connections. Thankfully, Jupiter, the great healer, will renew your optimism for a full year. The 1st is the ideal day for an intimate or large party at home, and the 13th's solar eclipse could easily release your emotional floodgates. Capitalize on this opportunity by opening your heart to all kinds of matches; one may prove especially long-lasting. If you're attached and hoping for a baby, the stork might fly straight through your window. The month ends with a total eclipse of the 27th's full moon in your house of secrets. An unsettling confidence may be revealed, but if it concerns someone else, you're in a position to protect yourself. Still, if you need to consult someone, even a professional, about a troubling concern, friendly Saturn in the midst should ensure positive results.

GEMM (MAY 21-JUNE 21)

Your home life will be a bright spot for the coming 12 months, but for now, the 13th's solar eclipse will encourage any property or familial plans. If you buy, rent, or move in the two weeks after this eclipse, expect to remain there for years to come. Mars, also in your domestic sector from the 24th through mid-November, will help identify your dream domicile. If you didn't receive excellent career news

last month, you will by early September, thanks to August 29th's full moon, orbiting with Neptune, still exerting heavy influence. Celebrate with a sojourn anytime until the 23rd, but heed Mercury's retrograde on the 17th, after which any crucial plans will need to be put on hold. Rather, use Mercury to reconnect with an old flame who's been on your mind. In your social sector, friends will share many brilliant ideas on the 8th. Be sure to listen with intent, as the outlook for business ventures with someone close to you appears positive—and quite lucrative.

CANCER (JUNE 22–JULY 22)

Lots of cosmic energy in your travel houses suggests a reward for your recent hard work: a sun-filled trip in early September. Anywhere you go looks blessed, and after the 13th's solar eclipse, bring a partner for some relationship restoration. You'll have the funds to make any getaway more luxurious than usual, thanks to Venus and Mars conjoining on the 1st-to then beam Uranus-and teeing you up for a profitable and praiseworthy career victory. Expect more uplifting professional news within a week of the 27th's lunar eclipse, supported by Saturn and Pluto. On the 23rd, you'll be faced with an important decision. What it's regarding could present anywhere in your chart—and with the Sun and Saturn in cahoots, whatever is determined will be for eternity. Lastly, in romance, disruptive Saturn finally leaves your dating sector on the 17th, not to return until 2041. Use your newfound resilience to finally find the one you've been waiting for.

[JULY 23-AUG 22]

This month ushers in one of your most rewarding financial periods to date. Neptune may cloud the picture during the first week of the month, but as long as you ask for backup and wait to sign contracts until after the 13th's solar eclipse-but before Mercury retrogrades on the 17th-you'll stay healthily in the green. The 1st, when Venus and Mars meet in Leo, is a fine day for romance, as your charm will be catnip to admirers. Coupled up? Celebrate with an intimate night in with your one and only. If you're unattached, you may meet someone intriguing, but play it cool-things may not jibe until a week or two later. Mars will continue to tour Leo until the 24th, giving you a platform for any ideas in your private or professional life. Present them during the first three weeks of September for the highest chance of approval. With your enhanced control and drive, you're in line for a highly productive fall.

HE'S TALKIN' TO YOU

In celebration of ELLE's 30th anniversary, Mickey Rapkin goes a few rounds with New York's finest: living legend **Robert De Niro**

The word *iconic* is thrown around so often these days it's practically lost all meaning. And then there's Robert De Niro. He's a seven-time Oscar nominee and twotime winner (Best Supporting Actor for The Godfather: Part II; Best Actor for Raging Bull). He also transformed downtown New York when he colaunched the Tribeca Film Festival in 2002 in the wake of 9/11, and he expanded our palates by investing in NYC eateries Tribeca Grill, Nobu, and Locanda Verde. De Niro was born and raised in Manhattan to artist parents who, despite separating when he was just a toddler, both left indelible marks. In 2014, he appeared in Remembering the Artist, Robert De Niro, Sr., an HBO documentary about his late father that sought to preserve the painter's legacy as one of the great abstract expressionists of his time, while also shedding light on De Niro Sr.'s fraught relationship with his homosexuality. Neither his father nor mother ever remarried. De Niro, for his part, wed Grace Hightower in 1997, and the couple even renewed their vows in 2004. At 72, he has six children, four grandchildren-and, this month, The Intern, in which he plays a senior citizen who starts working for a Millennial-dense fashion website. To honor ELLE's 30 years, De Niro looks back on the historyand the women-of his own legacy.

ELLE: What did your father teach you about women?

ROBERT DE NIRO: [Laughs] He didn't teach me anything. We didn't have long discussions of "Son, I want to tell you about women and this and that." I mean, he had a lot of women friends, I noticed. Women that might have been interested in him but, you know...

ELLE: Your mom was a celebrated painter. Why did she give it up?

RDN: She was very practical. She was also an academic. She proofread theses for professors and so on. She had a

typing business. The rationale at the time, she said, was that she had to support me. *ELLE*: Do you think she missed it? *RDN*: I'm sure part of her probably did. I can't answer that.

ELLE: In some ways, *Raging Bull* is a movie about jealousy. Have you struggled with jealousy in your life?

RDN: When Marty Scorsese and I would talk about jealousy—at that time especially, in the '60s, it was about free love and this and that and people not being jealous or some kind of communal-type sharing of sexual experiences. And there was that going on. But I said—and we said—that's not something we understand. You love somebody, you're jealous. You get upset. And that's that. That I can relate to. The other stuff, I don't know what it's about.

ELLE: I'm surprised. You grew up in a bohemian household. Your parents were friends with Tennessee Williams and Anaïs Nin.

RDN: Well, even then, they were young. It's one thing to intellectually feel or think you're going to be one way. But then when something happens on a visceral level—you're jealous or let down by someone—it doesn't matter if you're an artist. You're still going to feel betrayed. ELLE: Is there something you wish you could tell your 30-year-old self about women?

RDN: Oh, sure. But I can't think of anything that would be an answer I could say to you. Don't be offended.

ELLE: I'm not. You're a man of few words.

RDN: There's things you know just by being alive longer and around more—you certainly look at the world differently.

ELLE: What advice did you give your eldest son Raphael on his wedding day? RDN: Not on his wedding day, but I give advice to him about getting older, growing up, and being consistent and persistent in what he does. That's a tough one. Your kids are in their lives. You can give advice, but it won't matter. They're gonna do what they feel they should be doing in any case. ELLE: What do you remember about the night you met Grace Hightower?

RDN: Oh that's, that's too personal. Not this time. Some other time, yeah. [*Laughs*] She made a good impression.

ELLE: How was working with Bernardo



Bertolucci in 1900?

RDN: It was a long shoot for me. And a very ambitious film for Bernardo.

ELLE: That's it? You were 26 and shooting in Italy! Did you have any trepidation about getting naked onscreen?

RDN: Yeah, I forgot about that. I haven't seen it in so long. I should see it.

ELLE: Did you feel sexy?

RDN: No, I didn't feel sexy then.

ELLE: In *The Intern*, your character schools the next generation of men in the art of chivalry. He opens doors for women and has a handkerchief ready. Were you like that?

RDN: Sometimes. [Laughs] The handkerchief is going too far. But sometimes yes, and others not. It was also the '60s. Women wanted to be independent. You'd say, "Then you should open your own door." Or even, at times, "Pay your own way."

ELLE: Some people might refer to *The Intern* as a chick flick. Is there a chick flick you'll admit to enjoying?

RDN: Which are they? Give me a list of some of the ones—

ELLE: When Harry Met Sally?

RDN: I liked *When Harry Met Sally* a lot. It's a terrific movie. Absolutely. That's a good example.

ELLE: You've been vocal in your support of Hillary Clinton's candidacy. What would it mean for this country to have a female president?

RDN: Well, for that reason, it would be important. Almost more important is that she is who she is. She's paid her dues. She's been through the mill.

ELLE: More than once.

RDN: Yeah, and withstood it. She deserves to be president. She's prepared. She'll make mistakes. Everybody does. It's a hard job, to say the least. She's as qualified or more qualified than anybody else. And paid her dues. Period.

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